Collier's

March 1, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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THIS IS GARBO

BASEBALL PREVIEW

NEW ORLEANS' MARDI GRAS (SEE PAGE 44)

WHAT IKE BELIEVES

A
"Thirt

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MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
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Party for Bill

It was something more than just an anniversary celebration . . .

"You should have seen the size of that cake! It was *that* big and it was decorated to look like a kitchen range and it had thirty-two candles put in circles where the burners would be!

"Why thirty-two candles? Because Saturday was the thirty-second anniversary of the opening of my appliance store down on Broad Street. And what a party it turned out to be!

"Milly—that's my wife—arranged the whole thing, and was I ever surprised! Honest, I never knew I had so many good friends. Both my sons were there with their families, and my brother came all the way from Cleveland with his. A fellow never realizes how many nieces and nephews and grandchildren he has until he sees them all in one place at one time.

"What's that? Oh, no—it wasn't a family party one hundred per cent. A good many of the merchants down my way dropped into the store to shake hands. You know, people like Tom Everett, Ben Abrams and the others. And Milly saw to it especially that Joe Wilson would be there.

"Why Joe especially? Well, you see, this party was really a little more than just an anniversary celebration. Because as of this week, I'm turning the whole business over to my two boys—lock, stock and barrel—and Milly and I are heading up to the lake cottage to take life easy.

"And what does that have to do with Joe? I'll tell you. Back in the days when I first started in business, Joe Wilson was just starting in *his* business—as agent for the New York Life. Well, Joe used to stop at the store every once in a while just to talk about things in general, and I'll be doggoned if he didn't convince me before long that I ought to do some serious thinking about the future. There was Milly to be considered, the two kids who were just hardly out of their cribs, and the business which wasn't on too firm a footing.

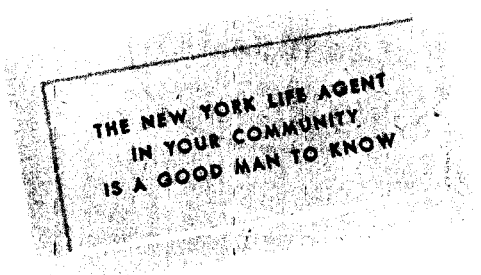
"To make a long story short, it was the life insurance Joe got me to start with then—and add to later—that helped more than anything else to make the party as happy for everyone as it turned out to be.

"Wouldn't have been complete without Joe, though. You ought to go over to his office and talk with him one of these days.

"No, come to think of it, you'd better ask for Joe Wilson, *Junior*. The one I'm talking about is getting all set to retire himself in a couple of months.

"Must believe in his own medicine!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



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March 1, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

In old New Orleans, there is no other day of the year to compare with the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. It's Mardi Gras, with riotous parades and colorful costumes signaling the end of the Carnival (from Latin meaning "Farewell to meat") celebration that precedes the more somber Lenten season. This year Mardi Gras (literally "Fat Tuesday") falls on February 26th, and artist Chen-Chi pays it and New Orleans homage with the gay water colors on our cover and on page 44.

Week's Mail

Interpreting the Teacher

EDITOR: I have no way of knowing whether it was by accident or by design that Collier's included in consecutive issues two magnificent short stories (The Twisted Hand, by Lester Atwell, Dec. 29th; Wizard of the Court, Jan. 5th) that interpret ever so eloquently the problems and difficulties, also the faith, hope and charity, of the good teacher.

I can think of nothing finer than for Collier's to continue to release materials that interpret the mind and heart of the true teacher to a public long since accustomed to a caricature of her. Such an editorial policy would be in contrast to that of other publishing concerns that do not seem to realize the essential character of free public education in a democracy, and the importance of the profession of teaching.

These stories are better than articles. I appreciated your campaign in behalf of better schools during the latter months of 1946, and participated in it by writing, at your invitation, a short paragraph for publication. I have high hope that you are "at it" again, albeit you are proceeding more subtly.

PAUL R. TAYLOR, Superintendent,
El Reno City School, El Reno, Okla.

Hawaiian Made Easy

EDITOR: As an exponent of Hawaiian, Bill Stapleton (Hula Kids, Jan. 12th) is an excellent photographer.

The Hawaiian word for child (or kid) is not spelled as he spells it, and if it were spelled as he spells it, it would not be pronounced as he indicates. The word is *keiki*, not *keike*. For kids, he uses *keikes* and says it rhymes with "take ease."

In Hawaiian, the plural of a noun is formed by using a prefix and not by adding *s*. A couple of other reasons for not writing it *keikes:* (1) every Hawaiian word must end in a vowel, (2) there is no *s* in the 12-letter Hawaiian alphabet.

In Mr. Stapleton's phrase, *"tutu holokus pupule"* (which he says means "crazy costumes") there is the same mistake of using the nonexistent *s* to form the plural. That first word, *tutu*, is an impossibility, for there isn't any *t* in the Hawaiian alphabet either.

He makes beautiful pictures, and I should like to see more of them. But next time, get somebody else to write the text.

JOE JORDAN, Lexington, Ky

We've consulted an expert on the Hawaiian language who tells us that Bill Stapleton was correctly informed as to contemporary, colloquial usage. The final *s is* used, though technically incorrect. And the "tutu" is part of a current and common expression.

Russia's "IKE"

EDITOR: I read the excellent article Russia "Eisenhower" Is Preparing, Too, by Hanson W. Baldwin (Jan. 12th), with a shudder. Is it not clear that, regardless Russia's lack of productive facilities, whi

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are supposed to render her incapable of engaging in prolonged warfare, her fanatical leaders are driving the world toward catastrophe?

As I see it, there is just one way out of this mess—world federation. If Russia will not have it, let's go ahead without her, as fast as is practicable, but with the door perpetually open for her eventual entry.

This does not mean that we can neglect the defense program at home or abroad. We would be fools, indeed, to do that. What I mean is that we must see beyond the defense program to the need for raising a standard to which the world's depressed nations and the world's depressed peoples can repair. That standard is the blue and white of the United Nations which can be made to mean hope, stability and peace to hundreds of millions who will otherwise go after the red flag of Russia unless we seize the opportunity to transform the UN into an instrument capable of enacting, interpreting and enforcing world law.

PALMER VAN GUNDY,
La Canada, Cal.

. . . Russia's "Eisenhower" Is Preparing, Too is a terrific tribute to our democratic free press. A comparable article could not happen in Russia's magazines.

By evaluating Marshal Zhukov frankly, Mr. Baldwin has reminded us of the power needed to meet him (Zhukov) on the battlefield, should the occasion arise.

Truly human, if not humane, the marshal's brutality and military brilliance (at a time when we were allies) and his popularity, "demotion" and reinstatement of late bear study and extreme watchfulness.

In reading the article, its last few words, "But never without suspicion; in Soviet Russia, 'Mr. Big' must always be whittled down to size," somehow reminded me that our own recent history would be recorded as a "whittling" . . . that of MacArthur.

F. VIRL PETERS, Schofield, Wis.

Courageous Mme. Auriol

EDITOR: Three Cheers for Jacqueline Auriol of France!

After reading your article, Fastest Woman in the World (Jan. 12th), my far-fetched wish was someday to meet her.

She is a woman with real courage and beauty that come straight from the heart!

EVELYN HILL, Madison, Wis.

No Question About It

EDITOR: I was interested in your article, Is Cancer Hereditary? (Jan. 12th). Even a backwoods poultryman like me knows that cancer in fowls—known variously as leukosis, range paralysis, etc.—is hereditary. Not only are certain strains of birds more naturally susceptible, but seemingly the disease is contagious to those natural suscepts by contact with infected birds on premises.

I personally bred up a strain of immune birds, as have many other poultrymen, by diligent care and selection. Still, cancer is considered the most costly disease to the poultry industry.

If someone would furnish any good poultryman with a few thousands a year so help could be hired to slaughter the whole flocks for examination, anyone of reasonable intelligence could keep a notebook which would give the rates of susceptibility and other interesting facts.

MRS. ZOLA A. GRONDAHL, Staples, Minn.

Veteran Dentists

EDITOR: I have read the Painless Parker story (Jan. 5th-12th-19th) and enjoyed it. As to his being the oldest dentist in the country, that is a mistake.

I have practiced since 1888. One dentist in Missouri has been in the practice much longer than I have. He is Dr. W. R. Reed, Mexico, Missouri. He practiced one year at Macon and 10 years in the Dance Office at Mexico. He is ninety-four years old, has 17 of his natural teeth, has never lost a day from his practice in all these years.

We have several dentists in this part of the state who have practiced more than 50 years—four of them in Springfield, Missouri. R. J. WINN, D.D.S., Bolivar, Mo.

Dr. Parker's longevity claim was actually more modest. The article stated, in Part I: "He is, he says, the third oldest dentist in the U.S. and Canada still in daily practice."

Wrong Saloon

EDITOR: In The Two Margarets I Know (Dec. 29th), Elsa Maxwell mentioned that Princess Margaret Rose of Great Britain went to see the cabaret debut of Noel Coward at the Casino de Paris in London. This could not possibly be so, for there is no such place in London. However, there does exist a Café de Paris which is one of the most exclusive night clubs in London and to which she did go to see Mr. Coward.

I do hope you do not think that this is being too detail-conscious, but there is a Casino de Paris in Paris which is not a night club, and also a theater in London called the London Casino, neither of which has ever had the chance to bill Noel Coward as its star. R. C. LOBB,
Allied Land Forces, Central Europe,
British Forces Post Office No. 6, France

Local Amendments

EDITOR: The article about W. Alton Jones (Nobody Can Keep Up with This Jones, Jan. 12th) was very interesting. It mentions the fact that he was born on a slag pile outside of Webb City, Missouri.

Down here in southwest Missouri we call 'em chat piles or tailings piles and I bet that's what Mr. Jones told Ben Merson when he was interviewed.

HARRY R. NASH, Joplin, Mo.

. . . I have just finished the Jones story, and I realize speed seems to draw places closer together—but 400 miles are still 400 miles.

I was raised at Hugoton, Kansas, and know the Hugoton gas field to be at least 400 miles from Kansas City, even by air. Hugoton is hardly considered a suburb of Kansas City, as "just outside of Kansas City" would seem to indicate.

FLOYD E. WEIR, Andrews, Texas

Collier's article said "outside," not "just outside." And by Cities Service standards the 400 miles from Hugoton to Kansas City, its market, is no distance at all. Many fields and markets are as much as 1,800 miles apart.

Something for All

EDITOR: I would like to commend you on your fine publication. Our whole family enjoys it immensely because it contains something of interest for every member.

Since I am interested in all forms of athletics, your sports articles, which are so plentiful, prove very educational as wel as entertaining to me.

Thanks for a wonderful magazine.

ARNOLD VERHOEVEN, Marianna, Ark

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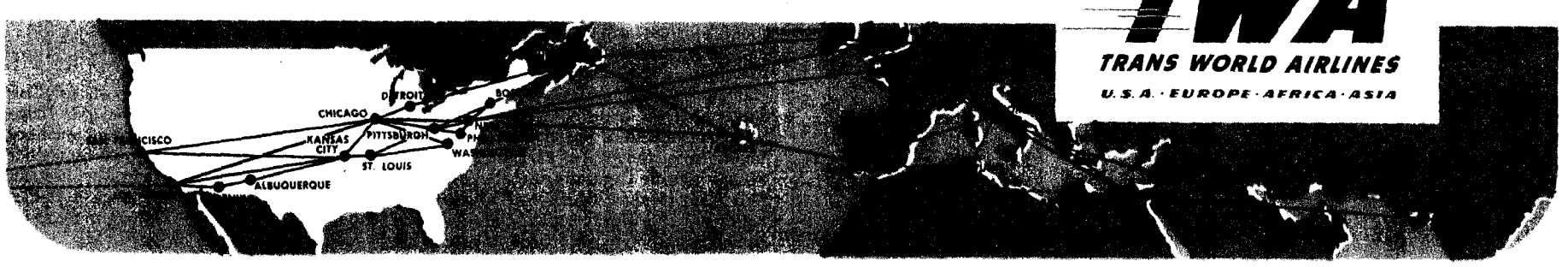

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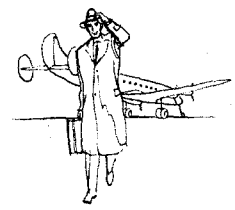

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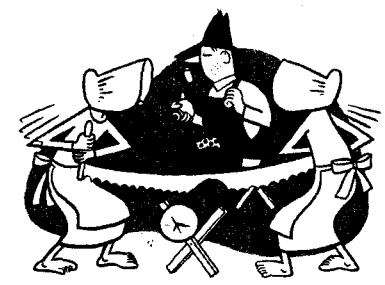
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Studiously examining the precampaign literature from the political ballyhoo factories, we see just one theme common to all. None will run unless nominated nor serve unless elected. Nice to know.

★ ★ ★

Mr. H. H. Agnew, a locomotive engineer, is sure you'd like to know that as he was pulling into Memphis, Tennessee, recently, he saw two women using a large crosscut saw (the kind with a handle on both ends),



reducing a large log to stovewood. Sitting on the log was a gentleman with an oilcan in his hand. Thus, he was not only helping the ladies by holding the log steady, but every now and then he'd squirt a little oil on the saw to lighten their labors.

★ ★ ★

Before going any further, we warn Judge Alfred R. Wilson, in Durham, North Carolina, to stay away from Mr. Bert Small's Aunt Helen. Mr. Small's aunt is prepared to give the judge a piece of her mind, and Mr. Small cannot recall anybody receiving a piece of his aunt's mind and being quite the same afterward. The trouble is that Judge Wilson released a fellow charged with stealing a cat, saying that inasmuch as cats are not taxed, they are not property. Not being property, ruled the judge, they aren't "owned" by anybody. This, Judge Wilson went on, makes it clear that you can't be guilty of stealing something which nobody owns. "Okay, okay," says Mr. Small, "but unless Judge Wilson doesn't care what happens to him, he'll steer clear of Aunt Helen, who has seven cats."

★ ★ ★

Called up our friend Major Fred Sullens, in Jackson, Mississippi, and asked him what the weather was like. He said it was fine and to come on down. We said we might later, but merely wanted to know about a bulletin we'd just read. Bulletin said that while the weather in Mississippi was "unusual," it was not as unusual as usual. "Nothing unusual about that," replied the major. "That's just government talk. Come on down."

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us to call up somebody about a bulletin we've just received from the Agriculture Department in Washington. Let's see now: Taxes ought to be higher so that the government can buy more surplus farm products so that they can be stashed away out of circulation so that there will be enough of a shortage to warrant raising prices. This raises the price of food, causing a rise in wages, which results in a bigger take in income taxes from the wage earner's earnings, after which he can't afford to buy the surplus farm produce which . . . Guess we'd better not call up after all. Might get connected with the guy who wrote the bulletin.

This happened in Boonville, Missouri, and we have the word of Mrs. Sue Reed for it. Into the First Baptist Church flew a sparrow. It perched itself somewhere over the pipe organ and immediately joined in the services with enthusiastic lyrical approval. It enjoyed the singing, helping out with considerable twittering. It cheeped encouragement as the minister read the Scriptures. But this was nothing to the assist it gave the young lady who sang the offertory solo, which, of course, became a duet. Maybe, says Mrs. Reed, it was because the song was His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

★ ★ ★

We're assured by Mr. Milton Glass, of Elkhart, Indiana, that between the society editor and a compositor of an Indiana weekly newspaper the following unweeded paragraph somehow got into the account of a local wedding: "The bride's mother wore an ecrue (*sic*) lace tablecloth with crocheted (*sic*) centerpiece upon which sat the three-tiered wedding cake." Otherwise, says Mr. Glass, everything was sic.

★ ★ ★

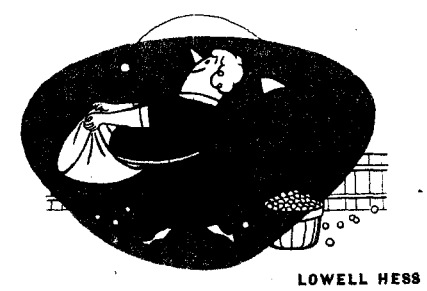
Alas, we don't know Mr. Robert Gregg. Too bad. Too bad. A man to respect. Until recently he was president of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company. He retired. He was graduated from Georgia Tech in 1905. Got his master's degree in engineering at Cornell in 1906. And now, at the age of sixty-six, he has matriculated at the University of Florida. "I was born dumb," explained Mr. Gregg, "had a relapse; so now I'm going back to school."

★ ★ ★

Modest as well as efficient is Mr. Roger W. Tracy, state treasurer of Ohio, who aspires to re-election. In announcing his intentions of running again, Mr. Tracy lowered his eyes and murmured: "No change of administration in the very important office of treasurer of the state could possibly improve the type of administration."

★ ★ ★

And Mrs. Beatrice Ebert, of Wooster, Ohio, lives just across the road from a golf course on which there is a great deal of



LOWELL HESS

hooking and slicing. This will explain why Mrs. Ebert collects lost golf balls as a hobby. She had only 1,459 of them when we got the news from Mr. Tully DeCamp. However, it won't be long now before the spring crop will be coming in.

★ ★ ★

Tom Meany, who writes sports for Collier's, got to talking to Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy. Unless your memory is badly in need of repair, you'll remember that Judge Murphy is the man who decided after all, not to take that Augean stable job offered him by Mr. Truman to clean u

(Continued on page 43)

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Four long slices are packed flat. You cut off just the size you want. A smaller slice for rye bread . . . a larger slice for white . . . strips for finger sandwiches, frankfurter rolls or fancy canapés. No wasteful trimmings! And notice how easily the slices separate at the fresh-cut edge!

SEE! Unused portion stays wrapped...Slices don't dry out!

You don't have to unwrap a whole package of Borden's Slices to make just a sandwich or two. Cut off the slices you wish . . . the rest stay tightly wrapped . . . won't dry out. And it's easy to find space for this new flat package even in a crowded refrigerator!

SEE! Your three favorite varieties of Borden's Fine process cheese!

You just can't buy process cheese with finer flavor than Borden's! Such a joy to have it already sliced!

The American is deliciously mellow and mild . . . the Swiss is delicate, sweet as a nut . . . the rosy-flecked Pimento has a subtle, pleasing flavor.

And all three varieties of Borden's Slices have a firm, smooth texture. They melt deliciously for grilled sandwiches . . . for topping baked dishes and casseroles.

Hurry up and try 'em! Look for Borden's Slices in the dairy case at your favorite food store. Today!

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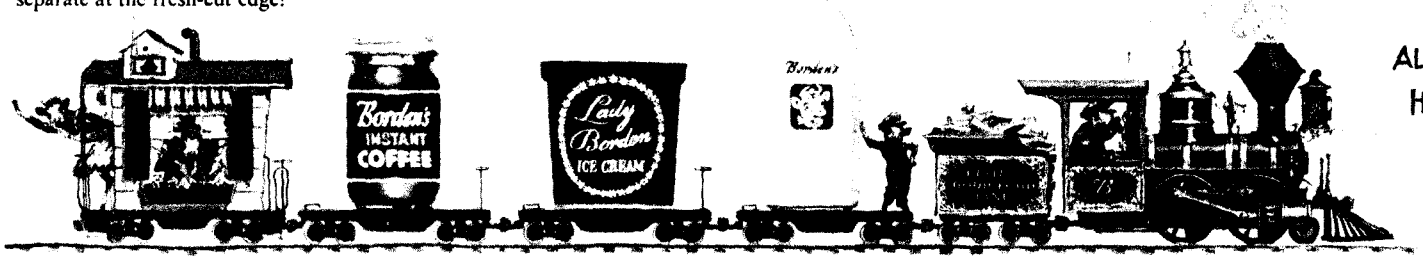
FOLKS WHO KNOW CHEESE SAY "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"



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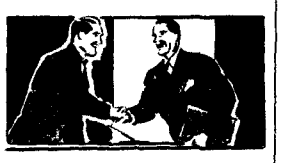

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_____ *Company, Frederick, Md.*

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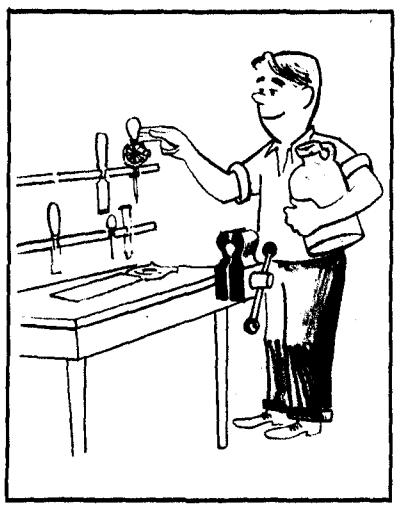
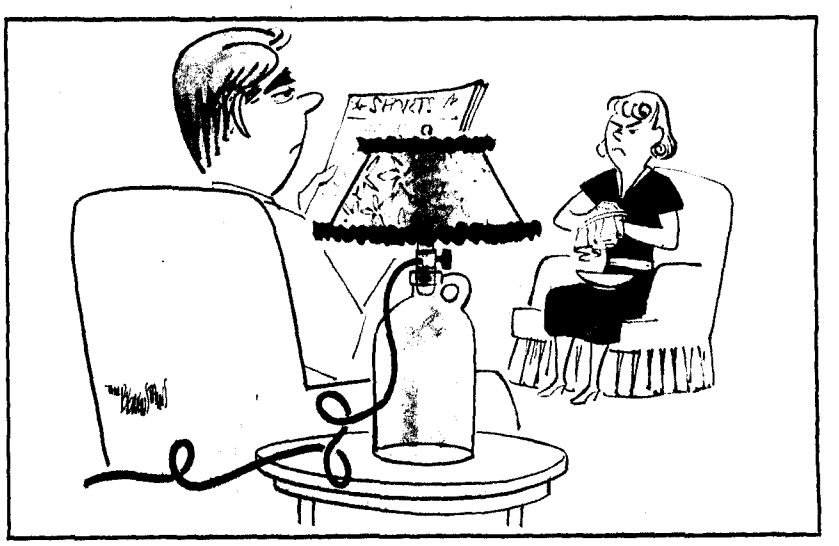
HANDY MAN

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN





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Ninety-Eight

"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

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Tells Why He Recommends

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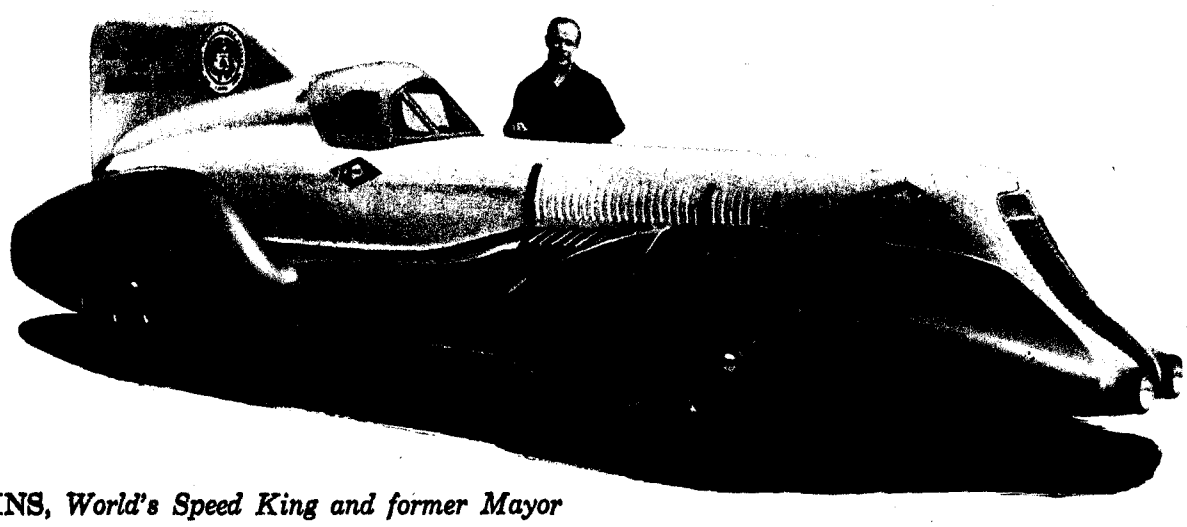

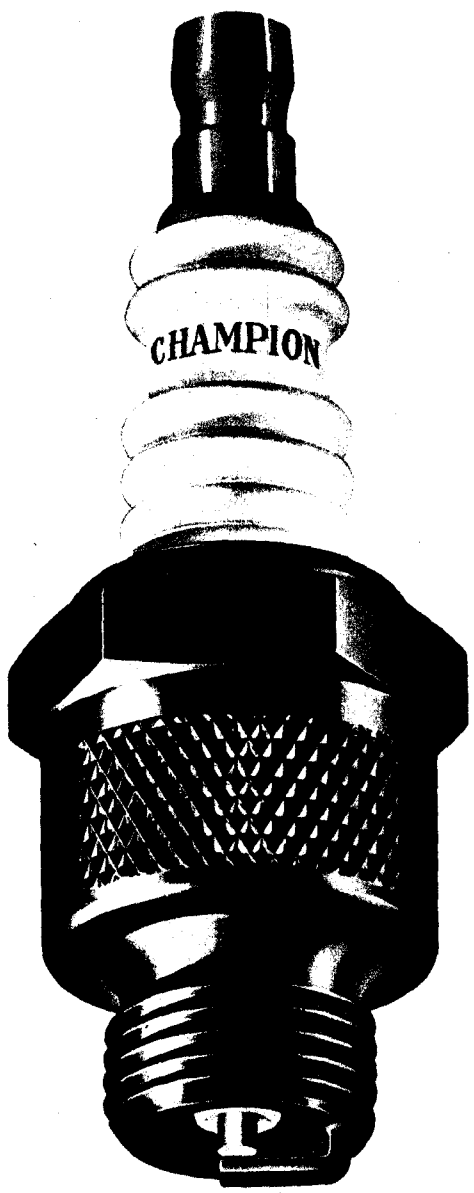

AB JENKINS, *World's Speed King and former Mayor of Salt Lake City, Utah*

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THIS IS GARBO

By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

One of the world's most beautiful women, she is also one of its most mysterious. What is the truth behind the strange legend she lives? Here is an inside report

THE following are the results of several weeks' research in preparation for writing an article about Greta Garbo. Garbo herself was uninterviewable, and the notes had therefore to be collected from people who know her, who have had dealings of one sort or another with her, or who simply have met her.

The reason for all this is that Garbo, who hasn't made a picture in over ten years, is still rated by many as Hollywood's most beautiful, glamorous and outstanding star, and her activities, no matter how trivial, are considered legitimate news by the European and American press. Her passion for privacy is undoubtedly sincere, but its effect has been a press agent's dream, and her appearance at any party, restaurant or public gathering is guaranteed to stop all conversation dead in its tracks.

These notes were gathered in an attempt to find out what Garbo is like as a person, as opposed to a celebrity; what is behind her legendary shyness; and what has made her one of the most provocative women of her day. The material is presented in its original form to show the mass of unrelated (and sometimes contradictory) facts that can turn up on such a project.

To begin at the beginning, then, and listing each source in italics:

Webster's Biographical Dictionary: Garbo (gär'bō) Greta. *Real surname* Gustaffson (gus'täf-sôn) 1906—. Motion-picture actress, b. Stockholm, Sweden; after success in Swedish film Gösta Berling, came to U.S. and starred in Anna Christie, Mata Hari, Camille, Ninotchka, etc.

Nils Asther (actor, knew Garbo in Sweden, and was in several of her early pictures here): "She's always been shy," says Asther, who remembers seeing her, a student at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm, peeking into the theater where the professional actors were at work, watching from the cloakroom but not daring to go in.

Mauritz Stiller, the director, discovered her at the academy; gave her the name Garbo, and put her in pictures. (Rumor name Garbo belonged to a Finnish actress.) Only medium good as stage actress, Garbo was fine in pictures. Had a desire to play Hamlet in show of same name, but never got anywhere with it.

Stiller got offer to come to U.S. and work for M-G-M; insisted that Garbo come with him. She was then about nineteen. M-G-M gave her contract (1925) but wasn't crazy about using her. Finally, hoping to make her give up, they told her she could be a maid in a Norma Shearer picture. She rushed to wardrobe and got into a maid's costume; they had to tell her there was no such part.

When she first came to this country, she knew no English. Spoke Swedish with Asther, and German with people like Emil Jannings. Asther thinks her reticence (aside from fact she's naturally shy) got its foothold here with her inability to speak the language. Then it caught on, and snowballed.

"If she only knew it," says Asther, "her best disguise would be to use no mascara; her eyebrows and eyelashes are almost white, and without mascara she looks like a different person."

Asther used to stand behind camera and watch her act. Her motions and gestures seemed ungainly and crude, but when seen on film they were marvelous.

Example of shyness: she and Asther were driving down Sunset Boulevard, and another car was in the way. Asther honked, and Garbo, with mock pageantry, said, "Make way—here comes Garbo!" Woman driving the other car looked in the mirror, was so astounded at what she saw she jammed on brakes, and Asther's car piled into rear of hers. Garbo vaulted out of car and hid in underbrush until things quieted down.

Example of nonshyness: she had swimming pool at Beverly Hills house, in which she would occasionally swim without a bathing suit, thinking she couldn't be seen from house. Swedish servants found a top window that looked on pool, and sold tickets for $1 a head to friends. Asther found out about it and told Garbo, who just laughed. (The Swedish couple, incidentally, were going to write a book about her; rumor was that M-G-M stopped it.)

In this particular house (she changes houses often, in search of privacy), she used only one room—combination sitting- and bedroom—way off at one end. When people came in, she'd call, "Garbo's in here," and add: "Here one sits and sits and sits," in a gloomy voice. Curtains were usually drawn, to keep out the light. Most of rest of house not decorated.

Re money: she once told Asther, "No matter how much I deposit, my bank balance never changes." He

ANTHONY BEAUCHAMP

A recent photograph. Publicity-shy Garbo is the cameraman's most elusive target

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M-G-M PHOTO

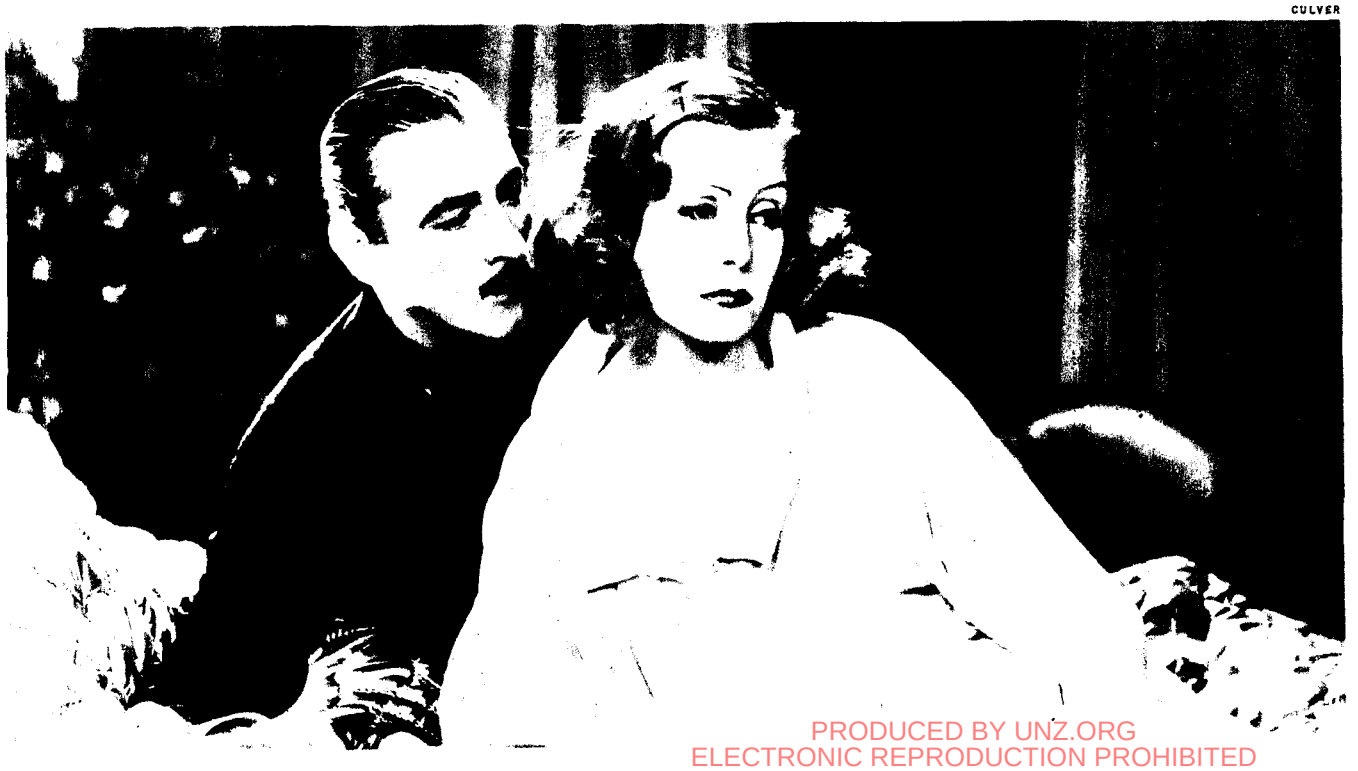
FLESH AND THE DEVIL. Playing famous love scene with John Gilbert in 1927

CULVER

ANNA CHRISTIE. With Charles Bickford in one of the outstanding films of 1930

GRAND HOTEL. *Garbo (with John Barrymore) thinks she overacted in 1932 hit*

CULVER



said there must be some reason, but she couldn't figure it out.

When with friends, she can relax and enjoy herself. Has a pixy sense of humor, mixed with a dead-pan appreciation of the ridiculous—traits Asther thinks she picked up from Stiller. Is a good audience. "When she laughs, it's a silent, breathless kind of laugh, that shakes her whole person but makes very little noise."

Once, when she was depressed, Asther asked her what the trouble was. "I had an awful row with God this morning," she replied.

She had a sister who died of T.B. about 1925, and she was always afraid she might have it, too. Took long walks, climbed mountains, rode horseback—anything to be in the open air. Walking and climbing favorite pastimes; left Asther far behind when scrambling up hills. When visiting Asther at Arrowhead, she'd be up and in the pool before anyone else was awake. Didn't like to have the Filipino servant around; shooed him out and did cooking for everybody herself. Was good at Swedish meatballs and the like.

Is even more introverted and shy now than she used to be, although makes more effort to get out and see people she likes. Goes to parties more. (*Vide* recent news item about party in Paris, where Princess Margaret played the piano.)

She likes to be led, and is easily influenced by anyone she admires. Probably isn't very happy.

Barbara Barondess MacLean (actress, writer, decorator and dress designer): About 1931 MacLean was doing column for N.Y. Morning Telegraph. (Title: Little Bo-Peep on Broadway.) Garbo came to town, and furor started; everyone tried to interview her. No one could. Walter Winchell started business about her having big feet. MacLean and Winchell had bet to see who could find out shoe size.

Couple of years later, MacLean was under contract as actress to M-G-M; got call from Rouben Mamoulian to do bit part in Queen Christina, starring Garbo and John Gilbert. MacLean took part, just to get next to Garbo. (Nobody on the lot ever saw Garbo; she came in side entrance, hid in bungalow, and people barred from set where she worked.) In Christina, Garbo's part called for her to masquerade as a man; and in one scene, MacLean (as a woman) had to try to make love to Garbo. MacLean got embarrassed in rehearsals, because Garbo was so beautiful—"frightened gazelle spiritual quality," she calls it. "She was serene, and at the same time frightened and very sensitive." MacLean bungled the job; Garbo put her at ease by telling stories about herself.

One story: Garbo went into shoe store, asked for some moccasins. Clerk recognized her; came back with sizes 8 and 9. When mocassins rattled around on her feet, clerk looked disappointed, and said, "I thought you were Greta Garbo." (MacLean says actually Garbo wore about 6AA.) MacLean wrote the story for Motion Picture Magazine; Winchell acknowledged she'd won the bet. Garbo didn't seem to mind.

Everybody liked to work with her; she was very considerate, gave small players a break, didn't pull any big-time-star business.

Later, when MacLean was a decorator, Garbo got her to help with a new house. MacLean says, "Garbo is simple and thrifty in her tastes; likes French and English furniture of the eighteenth century, the 'elegant country' type." When house was half done, someone tried to break in, and Garbo gave it up. In three months she moved three times, always out of fright at something.

Seems to be perpetually frightened, of people and of disapproval. Wants friendship, but hasn't matured much through the years or added a great deal to herself. Every now and then comes out of her shell when someone offers new interest or excitement, then after a while goes back in again. Sees few people; will go with one person steadily at a time. "Mostly," MacLean says, "she just broods or makes slip covers." (Garbo was going to make slip covers for house in Hollywood; MacLean doesn't know whether she did or not.) Recently Garbo sold California house, spends most of her time at Hampshire House in New York, or abroad.

MacLean thinks it's all a pity and a great waste of talent. Is sure she'll never make another picture.

Roland Young (actor; was with her in Two-Faced Woman in Garbo's last picture, in 1941):

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She was charming to work with; used occasionally to help bit players with their lines. When picture was completed, he got a still picture of her and asked if she'd autograph it. She thanked him, but said she'd made a rule against doing that; didn't feel she could break it. He framed the picture, anyway. It shows her laughing, and is beautiful.

Revelation by a Hat-Check Girl

Dolly deMaupassant (not the real name of the hat-check girl in a New York restaurant, one of the city's smartest, who wants herself and her place of business to remain anonymous): Garbo is a European who never became Americanized; a normally shy person who would like to make friends, but doesn't seem to have the knack. Is always polite to waiters and other hired help, and greets Dolly whenever she sees her. Seems to have a good time when dining at the restaurant, and often smiles and laughs (although never out loud). Is usually there with one of three men, who seem to be her most constant escorts. (Word "date" would not be applicable.) Dolly thinks Garbo selects clothes more for comfort than anything else.

Tom Meany (Collier's sports writer): Ernie Viberg, on administration staff of the New York Giants, comes from the same neighborhood in Stockholm as Garbo, and she occasionally used to look him up when she was in town, just to cut up old touches.

Ernie Viberg: He was born in the same neighborhood as Garbo, all right, but their relationship ends there. She does not look him up when she's in New York.

Tom Meany: Ernie Viberg knows more than he's telling.

Dorothy Kilgallen (New York Journal-American columnist, and girl with many sources): Garbo's closest friends include British photographer and stage designer Cecil Beaton and author John Gunther; is also seen with George Schlee, Allen Porter, assistant secretary of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and Gayelord (Look Younger, Live Longer) Hauser.

Year or so ago, when she was in France, a French newspaper disguised a reporter (female) as a chambermaid, to get *intime* details on Garbo's life. Garbo, who distrusts everybody and can spot a reporter a mile away, hid in closet whenever "chambermaid" was in room. No details on what paper printed.

Goes in for simple navy-blue dresses and large chin-strap-type hats. Needs a man to tell her what to do and wear, and seems to prefer Europeans to Americans. Is a faddist, and will try anything anyone recommends, including spiritualists, handwriting experts, masseuses.

Reads little except the Sunday comics. Is a great shopper for antiques, although seldom buys anything. Can often be seen at New York's Parke-Bernet Galleries on Saturday afternoons. Also patronizes the Flea Market, an antique shop on Second Avenue.

Before World War II, she said if she saw Hitler, she could talk him out of war. In case she failed, she said she'd kill him.

She does her own hair.

When Truman Capote, novelist and author of forthcoming Broadway play The Grass Harp, first went to Hollywood, he called Oona O'Neill Chaplin, an admirer of his writing, and she invited him to stay with her husband and herself. He then called Garbo, also a fan of his, and she invited him to dinner. Proves she can be friendly to strangers when she wants to. (Note: Sources close to Capote confirm this, but can't explain how he got Garbo's phone number. Friends of Garbo doubt the whole thing.)

Truman Capote: "There's not a word of truth in it. I've met Garbo several times, but I never saw her on the Coast and I wouldn't have dreamed of calling her up. I gave my impressions of Garbo in Local Color, a travel book I did, but I'd really rather not be quoted about her. She isn't going to like this."

Once, when she was looking for a new house, she wore comedy false teeth, thinking they'd be a disguise. Her pseudonym at such times is Harriet Brown. Frey Brown is Hauser's manager.

Howard Dietz (M-G-M vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity): Her noninterview policy started early, after she had had a few uneasy and (for M-G-M) unfavorable interviews with the press. M-G-M said a press agent would have to be present at all interviews to see she said the right thing; she didn't want one. M-G-M said you either have a press agent or no interviews at all; she said okay, we'll have no interviews at all.

Says that socially she is gay and pleasant, and will believe anything you tell her. Is direct and sincere, and quite good company.

Arthur Hornblow, Jr. (motion-picture producer, and friend of Garbo's): Her humor is of the appreciative kind. Is amused by people and things, but doesn't do or say funny things herself. Has social claustrophobia; will literally run from people; but when she likes or trusts someone, will become a member of the family. May take a liking to the cook, and spend hours in the kitchen, just chatting. Makes very close friends, but not many. Is finicky about parts she plays in pictures. Also peculiar in dealings with some producers. Producer Sidney Franklin sent her script of Madame Curie some years ago; she was interested in script, but would discuss it with Franklin only through an intermediary. Idea finally given up.

Sidney Skolsky (Hollywood columnist): Story goes that when visitors arrived unexpectedly at her house one night, she bolted out and climbed nearby tree. When visitors kept knocking, Garbo called from tree: "Not in!" (Note: This is included as an example of the type of unconfirmable story that has grown out of the Garbo legend. Others are included in these notes, and without comment, simply as an attempt to explain the Garbo legend.)

Clarence Brown (who directed Garbo in seven of the 24 pictures she made in Hollywood): Screens—called "flats"—are placed around the set when she acts, because if she sees other people looking at her she gets flustered. In silent days, lights were so bright she couldn't see off the set; when sound came in, new lights were used and were dim enough so she could see everybody around. Sight of electrician or carpenter watching her act would put her off balance.

"We had a homey relationship, Garbo and I. I was not afraid of her and she was not afraid of me. She was the best in the world to handle as an actress. I love her and love to work with her."

Family Borrowed for House-Hunting

Sidney Guilaroff (head M-G-M hair stylist): Once, when Garbo was looking for a house (she seems to have spent a great deal of time looking for houses) she asked Guilaroff to come along and bring his two children; said it would make them look like a family, and nobody would recognize her. Children came, but idea didn't work.

Has utmost simplicity, but terrific glamor. Magnetic quality, no matter what wearing, or how hair is done. "Her eyelashes are longer than any one else's; with nothing but mascara, they give her slumberous, seductive look." False eyelashes reportedly came into vogue because of her; before that, women wore just bead eyelashes with heavy mascara.

Always wears slacks, at least in California, and over them cloth or mink coat. Has lots of good clothes, but never wears them.

William Daniels (cameraman, who photographed all 24 of Garbo's Hollywood pictures): Most beautiful actress he ever photographed: eyes great for close-ups; bone structure good for portrait lighting; fine figure for long shots; walks gracefully, like an animal. Made a test couple of years ago, for picture Walter Wanger was going to do, and she still looked good.

James Wong Howe (another cameraman, testing for the Wanger job): Purpose of the test was to test cameramen, rather than Garbo. Those who did best shots would get job (which never materialized). Before shooting, Garbo admitted she was scared. Howe continues:

"I asked her to sit down and lean against a column, and she lighted a cigarette. When the camera started to roll, she started to come to life. Something came out. You could see her personality come out, her mood change; and she became more beautiful. We shot for several hours, a couple of thousand feet of film, from different angles and with different lighting. When we were through, she said, 'Thank you. I go back to the beach.'"

Hollywood Friends, (Continued on page 56)

ACME

GARBO. Wearing one of the slouch hats which have become her trade-mark, in New York in 1949

INTERNATIONAL

THE STAR TRIED to hide face from cameras at a New York airport last December. Below, she and her friend Gayelord Hauser feeding squirrels

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What Ike Believes

By ALLAN TAYLOR

WHAT Dwight D. Eisenhower thinks is of tremendous importance to Americans in the critical year 1952. As this is written, it seems to many quite likely that General of the Army Eisenhower, despite his refusal to campaign for the Republican nomination, may become the next President of the United States by the demand of a majority of the nation's citizens. His popularity is an extraordinary tribute. It reflects a spontaneous trust, amid confusion and peril, in the strength, integrity, common sense and ability of a man who believes in the American people and who has shown his capacity to deal with threats to his country's heritage.

This faith is all the more impressive because much of it is instinctive rather than the result of accurate knowledge of the general's views. For Eisenhower, through force of circumstances, has been a political question mark. The reason lies in his sense of duty. He holds the sound conviction that a soldier of the Republic on active service should remain aloof from politics and domestic partisanship.

He has now stated his preference for the Republican party. But he has also indicated that he will remain silent on other political subjects until there comes a "clear-cut call to political duty" that "would transcend" his responsibilities in Europe. One immediate reaction to this was an evident desire by many to know more about where Eisenhower stands. Fortunately, much light is thrown on the matter by a study of the general's words. Although he has avoided political controversy, he has outlined his views of his nation and its place in the world in many addresses and statements during the past seven years.

Eisenhower has been vocal on both national and international problems. His ideas, it is true, were often expressed in general terms, but the inference as to how he would act on specific questions is usually plain. From the wealth of material available, one may learn not only his views on foreign policy, but his less publicized views on numerous domestic issues.

The purpose here is to present in Eisenhower's words—selected for their bearing on particular topics—his attitude toward some of the most vital problems confronting our nation.

Eisenhower gave perhaps the clearest statement of his general philosophy in a speech before the American Bar Association in St. Louis in September, 1949. Declaring that those of both the right and left deliberately misrepresent the middle-of-the-road position, he asserted that "the central position . . . is the truly creative area within which we may obtain agreement for constructive social action compatible with basic American principles, and with the just aspirations of every sincere American. It is the area in which are rooted the hopes and allegiance of the vast majority of our people." Eisenhower then spelled out what he called the "three fundamental principles" of American life:

"*First,* that individual freedom is our most precious possession. It is to be guarded as the chief heritage of our people, the wellspring of our spiritual and material greatness, and the central target of all enemies—internal and external—who seek to weaken and destroy the American Republic.

"*Second,* that all our freedoms—personal, economic, social, political—freedom to buy, to work, to hire, to bargain, to save, to vote, to worship, to gather in a convention or join in mutual association; all these freedoms are a single bundle. Each is an indispensable part of a single whole. Destruction of any inevitably leads to the destruction of all.

"*Third,* that freedom to compete vigorously among ourselves, accompanied by a readiness to co-operate wholeheartedly for the performance of community and national functions, together make our system the most productive on earth.

"These three principles express the common faith of loyal Americans—the shining guide that, for the vast majority, points always the straight path to America's future."

Earlier, in a speech at Poughkeepsie, New York, in June, 1948, the general had said:

"The political freedoms we know, the American concept of democracy, certainly include a faith, related to some religion, that man is more than an animal, that he possesses a soul.

"If we have not that faith, then why should any of us admit that any other is born with equal rights to himself? Each of us instinctively recognizes, and our forefathers so stated, that an individual, because he was born, possesses certain rights. And to prove that, we must go back and depend upon faith, and faith alone; and I say it is a faith, akin to religion, to most of us.

"It depends upon a system of free enterprise because eventually if any government or any individual—or in any other way all property residing within a nation's borders were owned by the government or by a particular small group of individuals, there would be no recourse for that government or for those individuals except to order each of us in the way of life we must follow, in order to make that tremendous, staggering business a success.

Since General Eisenhower revealed that he will accept a "clear-cut call to political duty," if it comes, much has been written in an effort to explain his views on the problems confronting the country. In our February 2d issue, we had an editorial quoting from some of his public statements. Many newspapers also have revived his past utterances. But these reports have been sketchy, and so, as a public service, we are presenting a more complete summary, taken from a book edited by Allan Taylor, What Eisenhower Thinks, published this week by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Collier's will publish articles on other candidates as the campaign progresses. THE EDITORS

"Without free enterprise, the political freedom we know cannot exist, because if that government has to order each of us to do our job, it could not permit strikes, it could not permit incitement to strike, and freedom of the press, which is the very foundation upon which our whole system of political freedom depends, would disappear.

"Finally, there must be included in any concept of democracy, as we attempt to practice it, a readiness to co-operate in the performance of our functions—such functions as the national security and the establishment of rule and order among us, so that even our own system, with all its virtues, may not fall prey to its own weaknesses, may not be exploited by people of evil intent."

The general's historical views of the development of democracy and the danger to it, now and in the future, from the encroachment of statism were outlined in his address to the Sales Executive Club in New York in September, 1948:

"The English-speaking race has certainly proved time and again, and more particularly since 1215 and Runnymede, that the one thing for which it will sacrifice everything, including its life, is its freedoms; so those freedoms become almost the very reason for which we exist: to enjoy them and to pass them on unalloyed to our children and to our grandchildren.

"And, in connection with that thought, we frequently hear this expression: 'Some'—let me use the word—'mountebank is constantly saying to us, because we believe in a system of competitive or free enterprise as an essential of our system, that we are upholding property rights as against human rights.'

"I could believe that is an entirely false view. A property right is merely one of the human rights, and if it is not sustained, all the others will disappear!

"It seems to me that if we can conceive of a state where the title to all property, and to everything that is necessary for the sustenance of the human race, can pass into the hands of government, oligarchy [or] any kind of centralized organization . . . eventually we must face the fact that that government must, of necessity, direct us by order as to what we shall do. There will be complete regimentation; in other words, dictatorship, and there is no escape from that concept."

Eisenhower's 1949 Labor Day speech in St. Louis is generally considered to embody most clearly and forcefully his ideas about the economics of our country. He said, in part:

"A little more than a century ago the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx was published, preaching the falsehood of an inescapable class warfare that would continue within such a society as ours until by violence the workers erased all traces of traditional government. If Marx were right, this day should be, in all our great country, an annually recurring provocation to riot, physical strife and civil disorder. The factual evidence of his blunder is so clear that it ought not to require emphasis.

"Nevertheless, with a full century of contrary proof in our possession and despite our demonstrated capacity for co-operative teamwork, some among us seem to accept the shibboleth of an unbridgeable gap between those who hire and those who are employed. We miserably fail to challenge the lie that what is good for management is necessarily bad for labor; that for one side to profit, the other must be depressed. Such distorted doctrine is false and foreign to the American scene, where common ideals and purpose permit us a common approach toward the common good. It must be combated at every turn by both clear word and effective deed.

"Of course, our path in places is still obstructed by unfinished business and the debris of inequities and prejudices not yet overcome. But, strong in the fundamental principles of American life, we have, in less than two centuries, accomplished more for the community of men than was won in the previous forty . . .

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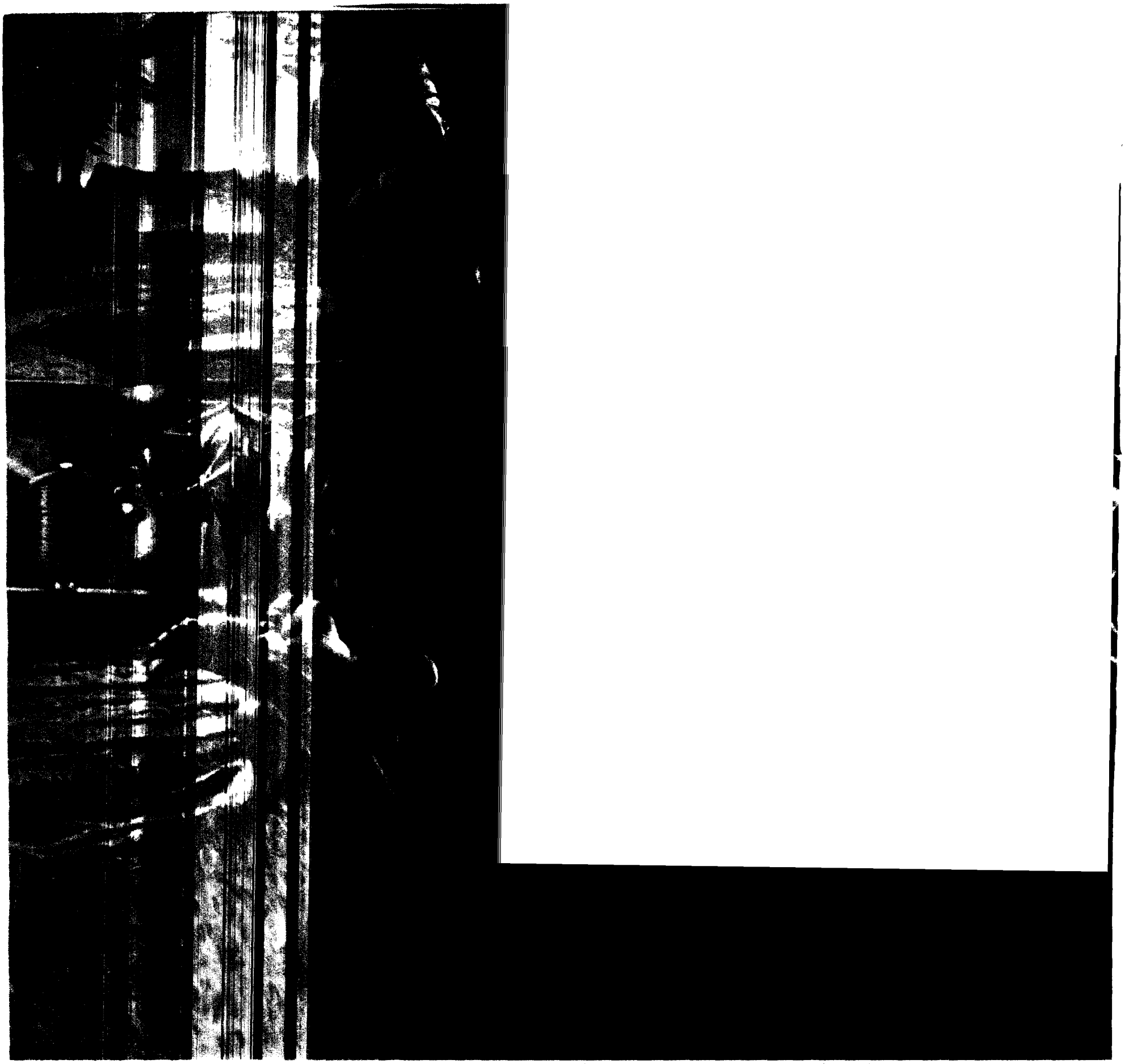

Hear the Wind Blow

By JOHN D. WEAVER

Buck Slater had gone away a ragged kid; now he was coming back a famous singer. And suddenly everyone in Cassville began to remember the good things they'd done for Buck—everyone but Mamie Shiffley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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As Buck started singing, Mamie sat down beneath a towering tree, with the child on her lap and the others scattered around. Mamie began to rock the child

EVERY house in the hills around Cassville, even the old tool shed spilling over with Shiffleys, featured at least one picture of Buck Slater; and his records were played on every phonograph. Mamie Shiffley, of course, had no phonograph, but she had tacked a colored magazine picture of Buck and three lady singers to one of the rotting two-by-fours inside the shed.

"He come up from even worse than us," Mamie would tell the children when they gaped at the colored picture, which the younger ones took to be a Bible scene, like their favorite, The Wedding Feast.

Everybody except Mamie seemed to remember Buck as a child, even people who had settled in Cassville long after he had left the hills. With so much talk about him, it was only natural that people should tell stories which linked themselves with Buck, and even more natural that in time they should come to believe the stories they told.

"Why, many's the time I've took the li'l fellow into my kitchen and fed him," Mrs. Mark Cass told everyone who would listen, and most people listened because she lived in a house with three brass beds and was invited socially to houses in town.

"He'd come to the store hungry," Gus Falk often said, "and I'd tell him, 'Son,' I'd say, 'just help yourself.' "

Mamie Shiffley, whose children were sent home from school for not having rags enough to cover their shame, marveled at hearing men who had never given away a pinch of snuff recall the money they had thrust on little Buck Slater in the old days. She heard women whose charity ordinarily began and ended at home tell of the shoes they had given the boy when his feet were blue with cold and striped with dried cuts.

A little help could of made a difference with Lon, Mamie often thought. She thought a great deal about Lon and half believed the story her son had told in court about Mark Cass giving him the two huge sacks of potatoes. Lon had another eight days to serve.

"It was me that 'vised Buck to go over to Winchester and start singing on the radio," Mark Cass told the magazine man who came down from New York City; and later a half-dozen different men of Mark's generation, men who had reached middle age at the time Buck left the hills, took the magazine man aside and explained who had really started the youngster on his way twenty years ago.

Among the people of Buck's own age, Clovis Karnes was the most talkative. With town-curled hair and wearing a new print dress, she told the magazine man that Buck Slater would never have left the hills "if only I'd said the word." Nobody except Clovis seemed to *(Continued on page 38)*

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"Thus, the American system in line with its principles can and does, by governmental action, prevent or correct abuses springing from the unregulated practice of a private economy. In specific cases local governments have, with almost unanimous approval, provided needed public services so that extraordinary power over all citizens of the community might not fall into the hands of the few. In all cases we expect the government to be forehanded in establishing the rules that will preserve a practical equality in opportunity.

"We, in turn, carefully watch the government—especially the ever-expanding federal government—to see that in performing the functions obviously falling within governmental responsibility, it does not interfere more than is necessary in our daily lives. We instinctively have greater faith in the counterbalancing effect of many social, philosophic and economic forces than in arbitrary law. We will not accord to the central government unlimited authority, any more than we will bow our necks to the dictates of the uninhibited seekers after personal power in finance, labor or any other field.

"Extremists hope that we lack the stubborn courage, the stamina and the intelligent faith required to sustain the progress of the attack. By appeals to immediate and specialized selfish advantage, they would blind us to the enduring truth that no part of our society may prosper permanently except as the whole of America shall prosper. They use the cloying effect of subsidy as well as the illusory promise of an unearned and indolent existence to win our acceptance of their direction over our lives. They believe that the intricate interdependencies of our highly industrialized economy will drive us to desert principles in favor of expediencies—particularly the expediency of governmental intervention.

"Thus far the record belies their hopes. Consider the abundance of courage and faith, manifested thousands of times each year in union meetings when workingmen penetrate the ideological complexities, parliamentary maneuvers [and] entangled plottings of Communist agitators, exposing and defeating them. Consider also the many thousands of times each year in meetings of management when businessmen—though primarily charged with concern for cost, production, distribution and profit—subordinate those material things to increasing the welfare of their employees. Were it not for those, in both management and labor, who fight and work to keep us from the ditches on the right and left, then indeed this day would be a symbol of class warfare, and the city of St. Louis—and every other great industrial city—would be a battleground for what Marx called the proletariat.

"But, in public places, soon only the specious promises of the extreme right and the extreme left may make themselves heard. The truth can be lost if the peddlers of lies go unchallenged. To defeat them in their campaign of falsehood, we must first destroy their stock in trade—the shibboleth of an irreconcilable difference between those who manage and those who operate.

"Marx appealed to the self-pity, the justifiable resentments of the proletariat in the Europe of his day. He could not imagine a great nation in which *there is no proletariat,* in which labor is the middle class that he so much despised and hated. He could not foresee that millions of plain people would, in two World Wars, stake all they possessed in defense of ideas and ideals that were hardly more than shadowy dreams to most Europeans of a century ago. He could not imagine that one day the grave of an unidentified soldier would become a symbol of our dedication to political, economic and social freedom . . .

"You realize that the interests of labor and management in most situations are identical. Differences are centered almost exclusively in the annual bargaining conferences. But even here the true differences are far more apparent than they are real. For intelligent management certainly recognizes the need for maximum income to workers, consistent with reasonable return on investment. With equal clarity, labor cannot fail to recognize the need for increasing amounts of risk capital to provide jobs for our constantly growing population. And—make no mistake about it—no group in our country is more firmly dedicated to the retention and development of our system of private competitive enterprise than is American labor."

It is apparent that Eisenhower believes that American labor and American management, despite their differences, are the component parts of a team that must work together for their own good and for the good of American society in general. To the 1946 CIO convention in Atlantic City, he said:

"There is no need for me to expound upon the importance of American *(Continued on page 61)*

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Longest, Toughest Truck Haul

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

Albert Herda's 10-wheeler roars out of Duluth on a monthly journey few men would dare tackle—a 3,500-mile grind to Alaska over one of the riskiest, most exhausting truck runs in the world

THE ponderous semi-trailer truck swung its 12-ton load smoothly around a snow-banked curve, air brakes coughing sharply, then started to climb. The roar of the Diesel engine echoed from the frozen Alaskan hills as the red-eyed, weary driver slammed his two transmissions into low.

For more than eight days, Albert Herda had barely moved from behind the wheel of the big truck. In that time, he had grabbed his rest when he could, sleeping beside me in the cab, his engine running constantly to keep it from freezing solid in the bitter cold.

Herda was hauling freight across the wildest quarter of the continent, from Great Falls, Montana, to Anchorage, Alaska. Behind him were 2,500 miles of the worst driving country in North America—snow, wind and slick ice in Alberta, 42-below-zero temperatures in British Columbia, heavy snowfall along the Alaska-Canada highway in the Yukon. Ahead, 125 miles away over the dangerous curves and steep mountain grades of the Glenn Highway, lay Anchorage.

It had been the hardest kind of driving imaginable. More than once, my heart had been in my throat as we swept around a slick, steep curve; and, even riding as a passenger, I felt stiff and sore—and, of course, cold. Men have frozen to death driving these roads (when it gets really cold, say 60 below, Herda turns on a blowtorch and sets it on the cab floor).

Now, roaring along the Glenn Highway, my companion appeared close to exhaustion. It had been almost 20 hours since his last brief nap, and driving was becoming uncomfortably risky, even for his steel nerves. Finally, on a comparatively level spot, the big truck lurched to the side of the road, and Herda parked it. Then he pulled his big sheepskin coat around him and hunched in a corner of the cab.

Suddenly, we smelled smoke. Herda straightened quickly, threw open his door and jumped out. A gray wisp drifted into the cab from below. Seconds later, he leaped back to the driver's seat.

"The brakes are beginning to burn," he said, and he jammed the main transmission into gear and started to roll.

"But how can you drive down these roads with the brakes burning?" I asked uneasily.

"If I don't, we'll be in real trouble. The rims can heat up and set the tires burning if we don't keep going. If I take it easy, the brakes will cool off as we go along."

So on we went, down more steep hills, around more mountain curves, the brakes leaving a trail of smoke in the cold, quiet Alaska night. Herda used his brakes less and depended instead on expert shifting of gears to let his engine slow the truck down.

The sudden threat of the burning brakes had snapped Herda from his drowsiness, but it didn't excite him. His calmness was born of long experience coping with such problems on rugged roads in the far North. But I was nervous. I had read about the Glenn Highway, and I wondered what would happen if the brakes gave out on one of the murderous, slippery drops.

It didn't happen. Frequent stops for a check told Herda the brakes were cooling. By the time they were back to normal, we were near Palmer, about 50 miles from our destination, and Herda was able to take his sorely needed nap.

At 6:00 A.M., he awoke and started on the last lap into Anchorage. By eight we were eating a breakfast of pancakes in an Anchorage café.

"Easy trip," said Herda with satisfaction.

And for him, it was. That 2,600-mile December grind over frozen mountains and through sub-zero temperatures had been merely a nice change of pace for the stocky, thirty-six-year-old Herda, during a brief lull that had developed on his regular run. Ordinarily, Herda, a "wildcat" trucker with the true pioneer spirit, buys produce in Duluth, Minnesota, and sells it in Fairbanks. He makes the journey once a month—and it's a 7,000-mile round trip. The people along his route call it the longest, toughest truck haul in the world. Over the past five years, Albert Herda has made it a paying business, with a stock in trade consisting largely of raw courage.

Since 1946, Herda has driven, often alone, through temperatures of 60 to 70 degrees below zero. During the summer, when there is little night, he has fought thousands of miles of dust and mosquitoes. At other times it's mud, sometimes 300 miles of it at a stretch.

Along his regular route, Herda crosses the Great Plains and rumbles along through "the land of the little sticks," where fire has stubbed great Northern forests. Miles and more miles go by when he doesn't see a human, just walls of jack pine and spruce, and, in the winter, walls of snow. Then there are months with little sun; months when headlights are burning nearly 24 hours a day, and up ahead the northern lights swing across the Yukon sky. In the trailer behind him, beside his pay load, are a charcoal burner, which must be tended frequently to keep his cargo from freezing, and a tank containing hundreds of gallons of fuel oil (there is fuel available along the way, but it's expensive—except in the States and Alaska, where Herda fills 'er up).

Along the Alaska highway—the famous "Alcan"—life is an everlasting series of gear changes for Herda. There's Steamboat Mountain to be climbed in the winter night. Herda double-clutches and the barking of his Diesel engine smashes the silence of the snow-covered forests. His big fist jams the two transmissions into "second and under," a low gear, and he's off on the crawling 14-mile climb. Minutes later, he's rolling again, over by Summit Lake, getting ready for a steep and dangerous descent. As the big Diesel rig hairpins its way down to One-O-Five and One-O-Seven Creeks, the constant swish of air brakes is heard along the steep cliffs.

Family Anxiously Awaits Homecoming

Risk and hardship leave their engravings on Herda's face, but behind the tough, oil-smeared countenance, and what one trucker calls the "Alcan squint," Herda is a family man. While he journeys far into the North, his wife, Ida, and their four children—Elaine Marie, fourteen, Muryl Albert, eleven, Beverly Ann, eight, and Cleo Lucille, six—anxiously wait in Minot, South Dakota, for his safe return.

With good luck, Herda is home about one week out of four. During that week, his one-story, white frame house is often packed with sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, nephews and nieces who drop in to find how Albert did on his latest Alaska jaunt. They find it a frustrating experience. Generally, instead of the spine-tingling tales of the North they hope for, all they are likely to hear is a couple of tunes on Herda's concertina.

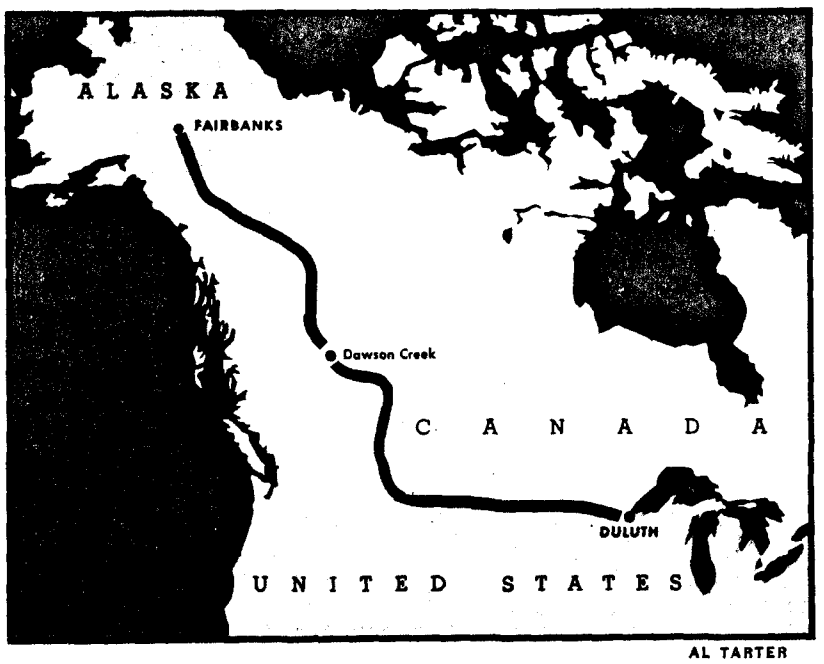
"Albert's got a tough grind up there to Alaska, sure enough," said one disappointed relative during a recent concertina recital, "but you'd never know it to listen to him."

One wintertime adventure which Herda *had* to tell the folks about (because it resulted in an unusually tardy return to his home) was his near-incredible feat of driving the entire length of the Alcan Highway with one hand.

With a relief driver, something he rarely has, Herda left for Alaska after having several stitches taken in a deep cut on his left hand. In northern Alberta, bad luck struck hard. First, Herda ripped the stitches from his hand when, in the excitement of a near collision with a train, he pulled the truck's emergency brake to help the relief driver stop. Then the relief driver had to be dropped off in Canada when he froze both feet while repairing a tire in 47-degree-below-zero weather.

That left Herda, whose hand had only emergency first-aid treatment, exactly 1,560 miles from Fairbanks with 13 tons of perishable produce—eggs, beer, hams and bacon. A charcoal burner inside the van was keeping the load warm. But once the supply of charcoal ran out, Herda knew he could bid a cool good-by to thousands of dollars. He decided there was one thing to do: head for Fairbanks.

Shifting gears with his good hand, and using his left elbow to guide the steering wheel, Herda fought his way up through British Columbia, the Yukon and southeast Alaska. Along the Alcan, he drove through temperatures of 55 to 60 below zero. It took all of his strength to operate the steering mechanism and *(Continued on page 32)*



AL TARTER

Loaded with valuable produce, Herda's semi-trailer heads from Minnesota to Dawson Creek; takes Alcan Highway to Fairbanks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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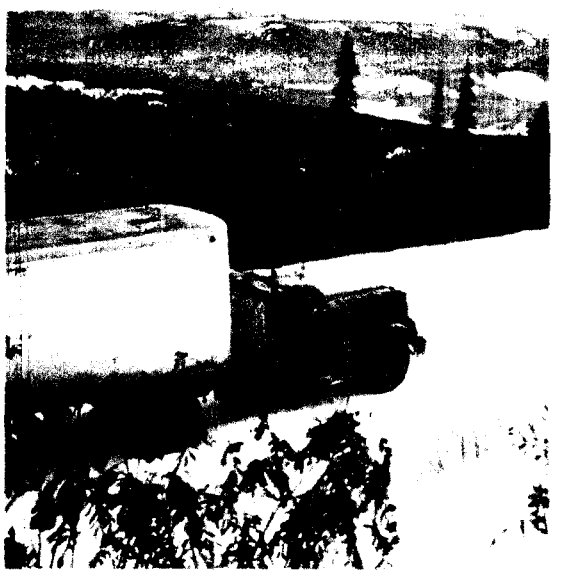
Wheeling his heavy truck (weight when loaded: 28 tons) along the rugged Alcan Highway, Herda encounters vicious ice and snow in winter, and maddening dust and mud in summer

Brakes must be checked even when it means crawling under truck in snow, freezing cold

Herda welcomes rare chance for cat nap at a roadside lodge. He usually sleeps in truck

In extreme cold, blowtorch heats cab. Men have frozen to death driving Alaska highways



Inching up Steamboat Mountain in Canada, a 14-mile climb over slick, undependable roads

Changing tire at 30 below. Temperatures go as low as minus 70, stiffening wheels, gears

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The BRASS LULLABY

The doctor said to take it easy or he'd go blind. But the doctor didn't know he was a fighter—and didn't know he had to have one more fight

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

FOR one terrifying second, Harry thought all the lights in the gym had gone out. He had been working on the light bag, cuffing it with both hands, and then the place had gone dark, like a tunnel scene in a movie, where the picture disappears but the sound keeps coming. The desultory conversations were still going on around him, and the thud of blows from the training ring. Next door, on the café juke box, a trumpet was still jumping lazily through Ballin' the Jack.

Standing with his arms raised but motionless, Harry Malloy waited. A rivulet of sweat trickled down his forehead and dropped off his nose. The neglected bag flopped to silence. Malloy fought down panic; he pawed out with his left hand and located the bag. It bounced against his fist, but he could not see a thing.

". . . twis' around and twis' around . . . spread your lovin' arms," sang the voice on the distant juke box. I can't walk away, Harry thought. I'll trip, fall over something. Pop Hanson, his manager, growled behind his back, saying to hustle it up, he had two minutes left. The stocky fighter began to move again; his fists hooked at the bag expertly. That was easy because he could control the bag without seeing it. He was winding up, with fear skylarking through his head, when the darkness rolled away as suddenly as it had come. He saw his hairy wrists pistoning into the bag, and the late sunlight slanting through the windows hurt his eyes.

"What'sa matter? You sick or something?" Hanson was staring at him.

Malloy shook his head, pulled the robe over his shoulders, and went jogging toward the dressing room. When the door was closed behind him, he went to the specked wall mirror. Jerking off the bag gloves, he pressed his fingertips around his eyes. Nothing sore. He probed at the roughened scar tissue across his brows, but he could not locate any sensitive spots.

After he had taken a shower and dressed, he combed his hair carefully and walked back through the gym. Pop Hanson was talking to some sports writers, and Harry Malloy shook hands with them. One of the writers asked what he would be able to do with Wallard, and Harry answered, very seriously, that he didn't know, that Wallard was improving very fast. There was a general laugh then, because Lou Wallard was the number one middleweight contender, and would meet the champion after he fought Malloy.

"It'll go the full ten," Hanson said, chewing on his moist cigar. "Them odds are silly."

"You're prejudiced, Pop." Harry winked at the newspapermen and walked out of the gym. The street was crowded, and twilight was deepening over the hurrying throng.

The fighter stepped into the traffic and was turning onto Broadway when someone shouted his name. A man he didn't remember came up, shook his hand cordially, and introduced him to several people. They all wanted the real juice on the Wallard fight.

Harry was used to it. He stood smiling and nodding and answering their questions. No thanks, he'd better not have a drink, but he'd take a rain check on it and see them around. As he walked on, he felt better because the strangers had singled him out of the crowd. He wasn't kidding himself any, because he knew they had only wanted a look at the body before Wallard, the corpse-maker, got through with it. Still, they had recognized him.

Worrying about his eyes, he was almost to the subway entrance before he noticed what was wrong. Every light on Times Square had a bloody halo around it. Harry blinked, stepped into a doorway, and considered the phenomenon gravely. The blazing intersection was solidly festooned with scarlet circles. It was not like it had been in the gym; he could see all right. But this was even more frightening. Everywhere he looked, the lights were bubbled with bloody halos.

Harry closed his eyes and then opened them one at a time. It was the same. *Something's wrong with my head,* he thought wildly, and ducked into a cab. He gave the Queens address, and, minutes later, when the tires were singing over the bridge, he opened his eyes again. The cabby's cap was a dark silhouette, but in clear focus, and the bridge lights were sharp. The rosy halos were gone. Harry sat erect, swaying with the motion of the cab and wondering if he was going nuts.

WHEN he walked into the house, Annie came prancing to meet him and shouted, "Hello, Mr. Arf!" Annie was Harry's seven-year-old sister. He asked her what the "arf" routine was, and she told him that she was practicing to be a dog. The fighter said that seemed to be an unusual ambition, and went into the bathroom. As he was washing his hands, he heard boisterous murmurings at the end of the hall and figured the whole tribe must be there.

They were. His father, red-faced and bald, had just told a joke, and they were all laughing as Harry walked in. He dropped into a chair at the far end of the table, and his married sister, Winnie, blew him a kiss. George, her husband, asked how the workout had gone.

"About the same," answered Harry. He began to eat, watching the tines of his fork carefully. The talk started again, and once Harry glanced up to see Terry's eyes fixed on him. Terry was his other sister, and she stood out from the rest of the Malloys like a lily in a dandelion patch. She was in transition from childish awkwardness to womanhood, and her vivid *(Continued on page 52)*

Harry decided he would take Wallard or get knocked out where he stood. He stabbed a left into the mouth and unloaded his right

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

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Tom Meany's 1952

MAJOR LEAGUE PENNANT RACES

American League	National League
1. CLEVELAND	1. BROOKLYN
2. NEW YORK	2. NEW YORK
3. DETROIT	3. PHILADELPHIA
4. CHICAGO	4. BOSTON
5. ST. LOUIS	5. ST. LOUIS
6. BOSTON	6. CINCINNATI
7. PHILADELPHIA	7. PITTSBURGH
8. WASHINGTON	8. CHICAGO

World Series Winner

CLEVELAND

BATTING CHAMPIONS

American League	National League
KELL, *Tigers*	MUSIAL, *Cardinals*

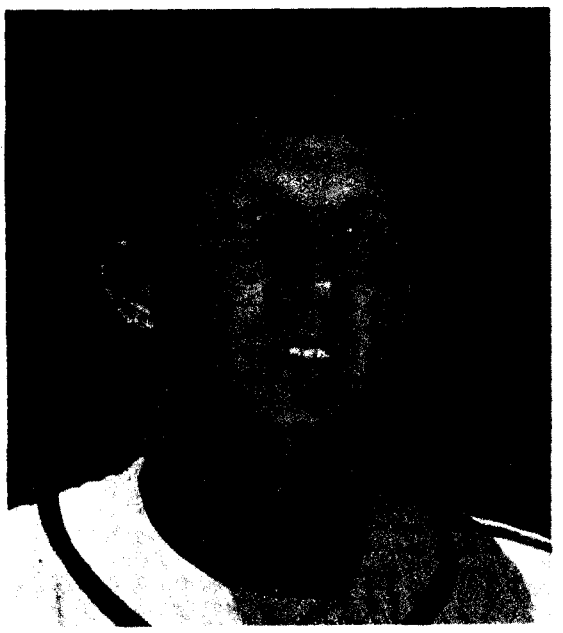
Home Run Kings

BERRA, *Yankees*	KINER, *Pirates*

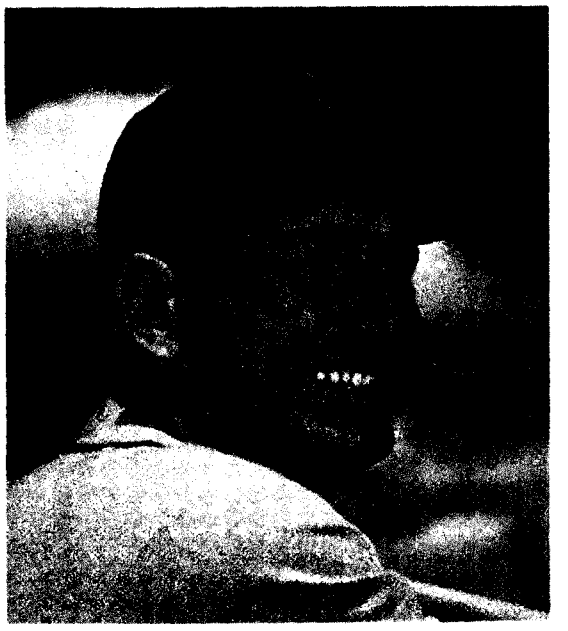
20-GAME WINNERS

GARCIA, *Indians*	BLACKWELL, *Reds*
HOUTTEMAN, *Tigers*	MAGLIE, *Giants*
LEMON, *Indians*	ROBERTS, *Phillies*
RASCHI, *Yankees*	SPAHN, *Braves*

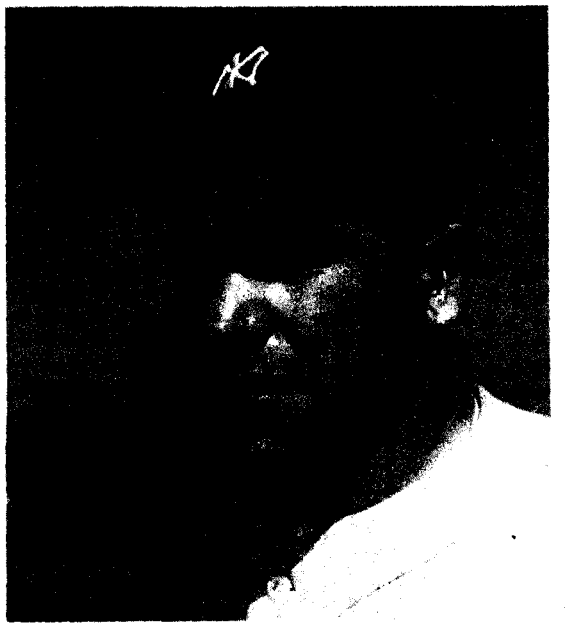
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD AND ACME



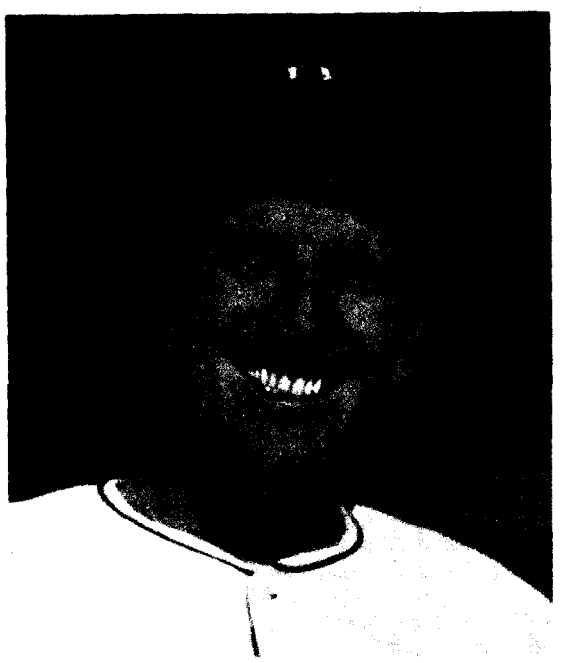
STAN MUSIAL—*Cards*



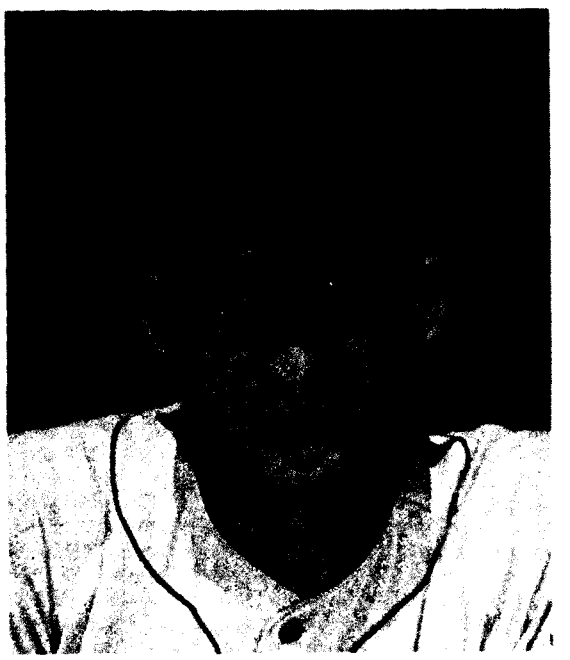
GEORGE KELL—*Tigers*



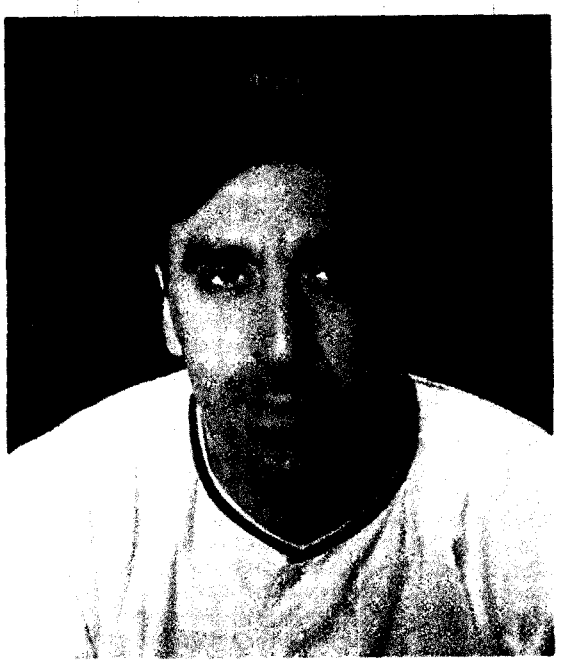
YOGI BERRA—*Yanks*



RALPH KINER—*Pirates*



BOB LEMON—*Indians*



SAL MAGLIE—*Giants*

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BASEBALL PREVIEW

ALL-STAR TEAMS

American League		National League
FAIN, *Athletics*	1B	HODGES, *Dodgers*
FOX, *White Sox*	2B	ROBINSON, *Dodgers*
KELL, *Tigers*	3B	JONES, *Phillies*
CARRASQUEL, *White Sox*	SS	DARK, *Giants*
DOBY, *Indians*	OF	MUSIAL, *Cards*
DI MAGGIO, *Red Sox*	OF	IRVIN, *Giants*
MINOSO, *White Sox*	OF	SNIDER, *Dodgers*
BERRA, *Yankees*	C	CAMPANELLA, *Dodgers*

ACME

A.L. rookie-of-the-year prospect is highly touted, controversial St. Louis outfielder Jim Rivera

ACME

N.L.'s top rookie candidate looks like Gene Conley, 6 foot 8 Brave right-hander with superb control

Our own baseball expert gambles his national reputation by climbing way out on this preseason flag poll. In October he'll be sitting pretty or a sitting duck

BOBBY THOMSON, a bat salesman in the off season, delivered the perfect commercial for his product when he belted a last-of-the-ninth home run into the lower left-field seats at the Polo Grounds in the 157th game of the 1951 season to win the National League pennant for the Giants. A sport in which a year's planning, weeks of training and months of competition over the regular 154-game schedule can be nullified with one sweep of the bat makes long-distance speculation hazardous, if not downright foolhardy. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, having measured significant signs and portents, Collier's presents its 1952 Baseball Preview.

Lacking both a crystal ball and a telescope which can peer around corners, the baseball soothsayer is forced to comb a multitude of opinions from club owners, managers, executives, scouts and players. And when the opinions are assembled, prior to the combing, it is well to divide by two; for there is no such thing as an unprejudiced baseball opinion. In the dead of winter, hardheaded baseball people wear rose-colored glasses as standard equipment when viewing everything from team prospects to gate receipts.

Television, the self-created problem of so many sports, seems to hold no immediate terrors for the major leagues. Baseball has ruled that telecasting and broadcasting are under the control of the individual clubs and, by thus focusing responsibility on intrastate control, has made an effort to avoid antitrust suits, such as the one directed at the National Football League for its television ban.

Both the Yankees and Giants already have dropped plans to relay game telecasts, which means that all their home games will be telecast by one station only. Baseball's position in television is indeed felicitous at the moment, since the fees paid by the sponsors more than make up for the defection in attendance caused by home and tavern viewers. Bill Veeck, owner of the St. Louis Browns, says, "I'd be willing to have all our home games televised, if we could get the air time. I think it's a stimulant to attendance." But Fred Saigh, owner of the Cardinals, in the same town, already is on record as favoring extremely limited telecasting.

The Game-of-the-Day broadcasts, two coast-to-coast projects handled by the Liberty and Mutual networks and to which the minors strenuously objected because of damage to their gates, is being dropped by several clubs this year, the Giants and Yankees among them. The Chicago White Sox and St. Louis Browns, however, will definitely continue this type of broadcast, and probably another half dozen as well.

Ford C. Frick, baseball's new commissioner, starts his first full season with few problems, although he didn't succeed in unifying the leagues on the pennant play-offs, of which there have been three in history—Dodgers-Cards in 1946, Indians-Red Sox in 1948, and Giants-Dodgers last October. The National League will continue to play off pennant ties on a two-out-of-three basis, and the American League will stick to its one-game, sudden-death policy.

There will be another increase in the number of games played under lights, in keeping with the trend since Larry MacPhail first brought night ball into the majors at Cincinnati in 1935. The Cards will play a record 55 of 77 home games after dark.

Players Called Up by the Marines

The calling up of Ted Williams, the Red Sox slugger, Jerry Coleman of the Yankees and Lloyd Merriman of the Reds by the Marines in early January precipitated the fear that baseball might be facing another man-power shortage; but, short of total war, this is unlikely. There are less than 20 major-leaguers holding reserve commissions in all branches of the service and it seems that only those in Marine aviation are immediately vulnerable. With Williams headed for service and Joe DiMaggio retired, baseball loses two of its greatest.

Like hundreds of others, I can't see Brooklyn failing to win the 1952 pennant. For that matter, I couldn't see them failing to win the 1951 pennant until the exact moment that Thomson blasted his three-run homer against Ralph Branca.

With the fervent hope that no Thomson-type homer lurks around the corner, I predict that the 1952 World Series will be a completely hysterical affair between the Dodgers and Indians. And a surprisingly large group of my sources goes so far as to prophesy that Cleveland will win in six games, as the shorthanded Brooklyn pitching finally peters out.

Brooklyn would have had a pitching problem even if the Army had not called up Don Newcombe, who was regarded as a short shot to win 20 again. Fresco Thompson, Dodger vice-president in charge of the minor-league clubs, believes that manager Chuck Dressen may get help from Ben Wade, who had a 16-6 record at Hollywood, and Bob Alexander, who was 15 and 8 with Montreal, although neither is on the Brooklyn roster as yet. (Alexander had a sensational winter with the Almendares club in Cuba.)

"We'll have Clem Labine all season, too," points out Thompson. Labine, who pitched a nifty shutout against the Giants in Brooklyn's only play-off victory, failed to finish only one of his six starts after joining the Dodgers; and he had the impressive earned-run average of 2.22 per nine innings. Preacher Roe is not likely to duplicate his 22-3 season, but Ralph Branca (13-12) can't remain permanently unlucky—especially now that he's changed his uniform number from 13 to 12. And the powers that be in Brooklyn think Duke Snider, who tailed off near the close of last season, will be hot stuff all the way through. "Duke's the best center fielder in baseball," club president Walter O'Malley proclaims flatly.

Brooklyn can win the National League pennant in spite of its pitching, and Cleveland can win the American League pennant because of its pitching. The Dodgers have the players to carry their pitchers, while the Indians have the pitchers to carry their players. If Bob Lemon had enjoyed a normal year, Cleveland could have won the '51 flag. Bob, a 20-game winner for three straight seasons, barely broke even with 17-14 last year.

The hitting defection of center fielder Larry Doby also hurt the Indians last season. Doby, at .295 with 69 RBIs, had a subpar year. Doby and Lemon count on a return to normalcy in 1952. Bob can take up the slack for whatever tapering off there is among Cleveland's three 20-game winners of last season—Bob Feller (22-8), Early Wynn and Mike Garcia (both with 20-13 records). Doby and a sound Luke *(Continued on page 65)*

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Thirty-eight Coffins

By A. J. CRONIN

In this, the last of a series of chapters taken from Dr. Cronin's forthcoming autobiography, Adventures in Two Worlds, he tells of a mine disaster—and of a lesson he was never to forget

ON a crisp December morning, I came out, before breakfast, to the front porch of "the Glen," our house in the Welsh colliery town of Tredegar. The little town lay tranquilly before me, and, as I gazed at its familiar outlines, the thought of our impending departure gave me a pang of regret. For three years now we had lived in Tredegar. Here we had really taken up the yoke of married life; here our first child, Vincent, had been born. The work which I had done might not rank high in the social or professional scale. I didn't wear a frock coat and a stiff collar, but more often than not, leggings and hobnail boots. I usually walked straight into my patients' houses without knocking. I had no bedside manner to speak of, and could discourage a malingerer with the rudest adjectives.

But they were alive, every man of them—yes, the boy was alive too, crying softly to himself as we came crowding forward. He was only fourteen years old

Yet I had made many friends among the miners and officials of the surrounding collieries. They never directly paid me fees—my quarterly check came from the Medical Aid Scheme that employed me as a doctor—but always at Christmas I received evidence of their regard in a host of homely presents. There would be a couple of ducks or chickens from one, a print of fresh butter from another, a dozen new-laid eggs from a third; nor should I neglect to mention old Mrs. Griffiths, whom I had almost (but, to be honest, not quite) cured of her rheumatism, and who hobbled across the bridge on New Year's Eve to offer us her blessings and a fine fat goose.

There was a quality in this gratitude which moved me profoundly. Then why should I be leaving? Most of my classmates at the university had already settled down permanently in steady provincial practices. Alas, in me, the urge to move forward was not to be denied. The previous month, I had handed in my resignation; in another ten days, we should be gone.

Suddenly, as I stood there, regretful, yet feeling my spirits rise at the prospect of new adventure, I heard a faint and distant concussion, as though a great harp string had been plucked by a giant hand behind me. It came from the neighboring valley, lasted only for a moment, then vanished—so slight, so swift to come and go, it seemed of little consequence. Yet to one acquainted with this district, surrounded by so many mines, it had an ominous significance, and I listened intently, anxiously, for a confirmation of my fear. Nothing happened, however, and a few minutes later I went in to breakfast. But I had barely begun my first cup of coffee when I heard a hooter sound the alarm—six long blasts—and almost at once the telephone rang. It was George Conway, secretary of the Medical Committee. Briefly, he told me that a disaster had occurred in the Ystfad Colliery at Pengelly, across the mountain. They had sent out a routine call for aid. Would I go over at once?

Hastily, I swallowed a few mouthfuls of food, finished my coffee, and set off across the ridge on my motor bike. It was no more than two miles by mountain track to Pengelly, and I reached the village in less than five minutes. Yet already the news of the calamity was traveling through the narrow streets. Doors in the terraces were open, men and women rushing downhill toward the colliery. As they ran, more ran with them. They ran as if they could not help themselves, as if the pit had suddenly become a magnet drawing them irresistibly toward it.

WHEN I arrived at the mine, five hundred men and women had gathered on the outskirts of the pit yard. They stood in silence, the women mostly in shawls, the men without overcoats. It had been snowing here, and their figures were very black against the white snow. They stood like some vast chorus, massed in silence under the clear sky. They were not the actors in the drama, but they were of it, nonetheless.

Eight o'clock had just struck when I pushed my way into the pit yard and entered the wooden colliery office, where a number of the surface crew, all in their working clothes, were gathered. The mine manager, Dai Jenkins, whom I knew well, was there with his deputy, Tom Lewis, looking at the crowd. As I entered, the deputy was saying:

"Will I have the yard gates shut?"

"No," Tom Lewis answered. "Have a fire lighted in the yard—a large fire. It's cold for them standing there, and God knows they may stand long enough."

In the pause that followed, I asked what had happened. At first, Jenkins did not seem to hear; then, turning upon me his strained and harassed gaze, he told me that water had broken into the pit from the old workings. Both main shafts were flooded and both morning shifts, sixty-one men in all, were entombed. They were waiting for the first rescue party to bring heavy pumping equipment from the emergency center at Gilfach. They could not tell how things were underground, having lost all contact with the trapped men. They could only wait until the rescue party arrived. As he spoke, more people came crowding into the office—two of the under viewers, a young inspector of mines, another colliery manager from farther down the valley, and a party of volunteers from the neighboring colliery. There was no confusion, no babble of voices, but an attitude of such deep gravity it filled me with foreboding.

SUDDENLY, in the midst of this tense expectancy, the mine telephone whirred—not the public-service instrument on the manager's desk, but the wall attachment of the colliery system which communicated only with the underground workings. Instantly, there was a silence; then, in three strides, Jenkins was at the phone. He spun the little handle violently, and lifted the receiver.

"Hello, hello!" Then his face paled; he half turned to the others: "My God—it's Roberts."

At first I did not understand. Then I realized, with a contraction of my heart, that a voice, the voice of a man not yet dead, was rising out of the dark tomb of the flooded mine, over waterlogged wires, to us on the surface, two miles away.

"Hello, hello." Jenkins was listening now; he listened for three minutes with strained intentness; then, rapidly, in a hard clear voice, he began to speak. "Listen to me, Roberts, bach. You must make for the old Penygroes shaft. You can't come out this way. Both shafts are water-sealed and it may be days before we clear them. You must travel the old workings. Go right up the slant. Break through the frame dam at the top east side. That takes you into the upper level of the old workings. Don't be afraid of water—that's all in the bottom levels. Go along the road; it's all main road. Don't take the trenches nor the right dip, keep bearing due east for fifteen hundred yards until you strike the old Penygroes shaft."

A thick, roaring noise came over the wire, audible in the room, and Jenkins' voice rose feverishly to a shout. "Do you hear me? The rescue party will meet you there. Do you hear me?" But his words were lost as a water blast tore out the wires and left the instrument dead in his hand. He let it fall. It swung dangling, while he stood there, bowed, motionless. At last, wiping *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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All ingredients handy, Jill and Dickie Kollmar start by carefully measuring milk into the mix

Mixing's good, but tasting's better. Kids also enjoyed "squeezing out lumps" with their hands

Beating up a fluffy batch of delicacies for Pancake Day (February 26th), Jill Kollmar giggles happily at impressive stretching power of the batter. "As much fun as molasses," she said

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Let 'Em Eat PANCAKES

WHETHER it's a tall stack of standard buckwheats dripping sweet butter and maple sirup, or one of the exotic variations—a tart, tangy version studded with apples, or blintzes floating in light sour cream, or French crepes Suzette flaming in brandy—a platter of pancakes has long been a favored everyday dish in the American home. In recent years, with the appearance here of a traditional English observance known as Pancake Day (February 26th this year), filling up on flapjacks has bid fair to become an annual celebration, too.

The pancake and its Day are no fledglings. Centuries ago, housewives in Old England knew how to flip a fast flapjack, and devoted each Shrove Tuesday—the day preceding Lent—exclusively to making the flat dough cakes. It was one last, splendid, gastronomical binge before the Lenten ban on milk and eggs. While there are no longer any taboos on dairy products during Lent, the Pancake Day habit has persisted. Today, many small English towns such as Olney, 50 miles northwest of London, still celebrate Pancake Day just as their ancestors did, with one of the most fantastic foot races ever arranged. Local housewives gather in the village square with their skillets and hot cakes for a sprint to the town church, flipping the cakes three times as they run. In the U.S., members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Liberal, Kansas, took a look at England's appetizing old tradition two years ago and decided to import a custom. They challenged the citizens of Olney to an "International Pancake Day Race," clockers on either side of the Atlantic keeping the record. Olney won, but Liberal liked Pancake Day so well, it was permanently adopted.

This year, Liberal has been ready since February 1st with a napkin around its neck. And other towns—all the way from Flippin, Kentucky, to Nevada's Pancake Range—plan on joining the flapjack fun, to eat if not to race. There's plenty of variety in the eating, too. Generations of culinary imaginativeness have brought us blueberry pancakes, corn, ham, cheese, buttermilk pancakes, potato, rice, clam, beer pancakes—as many versions as there are skilled hands at the skillet.

No matter how you prefer 'em, the ready mixes make hot cakes so simple to prepare that even kids can turn out a respectable plateful. And kids love to.

As eager as any other youngsters to beat a bowl of batter are Jill and Dickie Kollmar, children of New York Journal-American columnist Dorothy Kilgallen and actor-producer Dick Kollmar. (The Kollmars star together in a radio show, over Manhattan's station WOR, called Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick.) As soon as they got the parental nod, Jill, aged eight, and ten-year-old Dickie waded gleefully into a box of pancake mix and started practicing for Pancake Day festivities. Final score, in what turned out to be a contest of Batter Up: six pancakes on the floor, two grease marks on the ceiling, and a flour-coated kitchen.

MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE PICKOW

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Dickie spoons out some batter, as sister Jill shrinks away from **sound of the sizzle.** It was **their** first pancake making attempt

And now comes the flip! Pancake (in air) landed on the stove, but **kids improved later** on. Their flapjacks hit ceiling only twice

Jill hesitantly samples finished product as Dickie awaits verdict anxiously. Unsure, they decided to get an opinion from Mom and Dad

Despite lack of uniformity in size, shape and thickness, the batch **whipped up by the youngsters won admiring approval of the parents**

Later, Mother sets an example of what the eager young cooks were aiming for: tender, golden pancakes crowned with butter and sirup

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TRAN MAWICKE

He heard them shouting, and saw Mrs. Jackson holding a pitcher of lemonade

TURRET 22

By CHARLES CARVER

FROM his desk by the third-floor corner window, Captain Gordon Chester, R.S.C., frowned down at the dumpy figure of Sam Thatcher, who owned the house next door. For ten minutes Sam had been trying to burn a pile of leaves he had raked up. But they were damp, and the result was a fog of smoke which drifted about the Jacksons below.

But the Jacksons, in their good-humored innocence, didn't seem to mind at all, and the Captain smiled fondly as he watched them. Mr. Jackson was guiding Nebuchadnezzar in wide swaths between the garage and the flower bed, where Mrs. Jackson knelt and worked the soil with a hand cultivator. Near her lay Earthshaker, a small black spaniel, chewing a stick. Young Bill was giving Ghost a bath, squirting water at the hubcaps as he earned another fifty cents toward the air rifle.

Julie, the Jacksons' dark-eyed daughter, was painting the Bird Cage white. The Captain's gaze grew even fonder as he looked at Julie, who was twenty to his own twenty-six.

Yes, they were a wonderful family, thought Chester, and the location, just ten minutes from the university, was ideal for a man working on his doctorate. But if anything, he decided, the Jacksons were too nice, too innocent for their own good, and there were always people like Sam Thatcher to take advantage of it. Thatcher thrived on the Jacksons' kindness. He borrowed garden tools and did not return them. He belittled Mr. Jackson's gadgets, like the power mower and the machine for gathering leaves. He asked Bill why he didn't save up for a .22 instead of an air rifle.

Worse still, Sam seemed to be trying to impress Julie by his heavy-handed ridicule of the rest of the family, as though he could flatter her by implying that they two were above the simple Babbittry of the others. He was a bachelor, and he used his above-average income as a crutch for his below-average manners.

Things had changed somewhat since Chester's arrival. He had found himself stepping between the Jacksons and their overweening neighbor, assuming the role of protector whenever he could. But defending Julie from Sam was a more delicate matter; she was a young woman with a mind of her own.

Still musing, Chester turned back to the masterwork.

The masterwork. With growing annoyance, he realized he was beginning to think of his thesis by the tag the Jacksons had given it. He was, in spite of himself, beginning to think of a lot of things by the Jacksons' tags. His first few days as a paying guest had been spent in a kind of bewilderment until he learned that Nebuchadnezzar (who ate grass) meant the power mower, Turret 22 meant his room on the top floor, Bird Cage meant the arbor, Elephant's Nest meant the broken sofa in the sun parlor, and so on.

Bill Jackson, up to his little ears in comic books, had been responsible for Chester's title of Captain, and the R.S.C. on the napkin ring Bill had made for him meant, of course, Rocket Ship Commander. Gordon Chester hadn't learned so many new meanings since third-year Latin. Never had he known a quartet so eager to call a rose by any other name.

Suddenly he heard them shouting up to him, and he saw that Mrs. Jackson was holding a pitcher of lemonade. She pointed to it and smiled.

Chester smiled back, nodded, and half a minute later had joined them. "Hi, Captain!" shouted Bill. "We're going to put a jet pod on Ghost. Zwoom! A thousand miles an hour!"

Chester smiled uncertainly at him.

"We thought you might like some," Mrs. Jackson said. "It's too beautiful an afternoon to stay cooped up." She held a beaded glass out to him.

"I'm afraid I haven't earned mine, Mrs. Jackson. Isn't there something I can do?" He glanced over at Julie. "I'm a pretty fair painter."

"Fine," Julie called. "You can help me finish the Bird Cage." She put down her brush and walked toward them across the grass. Chester's heart beat quicker. What a lovely girl! What a wonderful afternoon! And, happily, it would be quite impossible to nickname it anything at all.

SUDDENLY a rasping voice came grating across the hedge. "Oh, I'm only a bird in a gilded cage . . . tum-tum . . . tum-tum . . ." it sang derisively. They all looked at Mr. Thatcher.

"Won't you have a little elixir, Sam?" Mrs. Jackson asked pleasantly.

Sam stared moodily at her. "Elixir?" he repeated in mock astonishment. "The sovereign remedy? Shouldn't we drink it sitting cross-legged in the Bird Cage or something and out of gold goblets—if you'll pardon the straightforward noun." He gave a short, sarcastic laugh.

Bill, Chester noticed, was looking at him wide-eyed, his expression bewildered and hurt. Mrs. Jackson stood uncertainly, the glass held out still, her cheeks flushed. For a long moment, the only sound was the squirting hose in Bill's hand.

Chester walked over beside Bill and cleared his throat. "I don't see what difference it makes to you what it's called," he said carefully.

Thatcher looked back impudently. Only five feet separated them. "It's childish." His lip curled. "It's naïve and silly. It's infantile. That's what difference it makes."

Although occasionally Chester had felt somewhat the same about the Jacksons' habit, the words, coming from Thatcher, seemed vicious and cruel. In the stillness, he felt the Jacksons' eyes on him, looking at him with the trust of the weak in the strong.

Chester thought angrily: Who was this cynical pip-squeak to spoil the bright afternoon for the Jacksons? If they could add one bit of fun to their lives by giving things names that lifted them from the level of ordinariness, then who was this squat iconoclast to throw cold water on their sport?

The thought fathered the deed. Chester snatched the hose from Bill's hand and aimed the stream full into Sam's snickering countenance.

"Why—why you—" Thatcher blubbed the words. "I'll get you for this!" He shook a plump fist and strode to his back door. He slammed it behind him. Almost as though by accident, Chester let the stream play for a moment on the smoldering leaves.

One by one, the Jacksons began to smile, then laugh, and Chester realized happily that Julie had started them off.

"If he wants me," he said with dignity, "I'll be in Turret 22. The masterwork awaits."

A few minutes later, he sat once more before his typewriter. Through the window he could see the Jacksons, still in a cluster, talking and laughing. It gave him a thrill of pleasure.

Then, in a split second, his happiness exploded and he clapped a hand to his forehead. "Oh, no!" he moaned. "Oh, no!" For it had dawned on him what they were doing: they were thinking up a name for the affair! Like the time Julie had slipped at the dance recital—that had become Tumble Tuesday in the Jackson lexicon. This would probably go down as Soaking Sunday or something equally distressing. Chester closed his eyes.

But then the thought of Sam's wet rout and the sound of Julie's laughter returned to soothe him, and Captain Chester, R.S.C., smiled as he conceded the inevitable. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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Warm reception. In really cold weather, a drink that's most warming and satisfying is a hot toddy made with Four Roses. So many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—even outsells most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

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Longest, Toughest Truck Haul

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

shifting levers, stiffened as they were by the extreme cold. His handicap added five days to his regular time, but Herda completed the long, painful haul into the "Queen City of the North," his load still in good condition.

Almost nothing stops Herda. Last November, he was caught on the Alcan with a clutch which wouldn't disengage. For most truckers that would have been trip's end—at least until, after great expense and delay, a repair job was completed. Not for Herda. Experience had shown him that, even without the clutch, gears can be made to mesh smoothly at certain engine speeds. The sound of his motor told him where those speeds were, and soon the Alcan trucker was rolling toward Dawson Creek and a repair shop. It was nearly 900 miles and he made it.

"Just used my brain instead of my left foot for a change," Herda says.

Herda does these things not because he loves adventure, but because he's an astute businessman. Prices are high in Fairbanks, and there's good money to be made by a trucker who isn't afraid to risk the trip from the States. (Herda is understandably reluctant to talk about his annual earnings, and they vary from year to year, but it seems safe to say his income approaches five figures.)

There are few other truckers with the courage to compete with him, which is a source of regret to Fairbanks merchants. "If we had more like Herda," says Robert Sachs, member of the city council and owner of a men's clothing store, "prices could be brought down, especially on perishables."

Fruit and vegetables are so expensive in Fairbanks that it has even been found profitable to fly them in. Airborne bananas sell for 50 cents a pound at a time when you can get two pounds of them for a quarter in New York. A banana split ruins a buck. Beer is 50 cents a can, and your breakfast could be a product of the fabled goose and the golden egg. Naturally, eggs form a major part of Herda's cargo, and the townsfolk are always glad to see him coming.

The residents of Fairbanks are not Herda's only friends. Hundreds of people at roadside stops from Duluth to Alaska admire this five-foot-six-inch trucker in the denim overalls, who shakes dishes on the shelf when he rumbles by, or pulls into the parking space for coffee. Besides his 13 tons of produce, he'll often pick up a joke in the States and deliver it at every halt on the way to Fairbanks. Herda values the good will he has built up along the Alcan, but he doesn't confine his friendship only to those who can help him.

A Characteristic Good Deed

In December, we were traveling along a dangerously icy Alberta road when we saw the lights of a car which had slid into a deep ditch. Herda stopped, but found no one there. The owner had apparently gone for help.

"Let's yank him out," said Herda, and he backed his heavy trailer to the ditch's edge, where we could hook a chain onto the car. For Herda's Diesel it was an easy lift. In a few minutes, we were riding away, and the car was neatly parked on the road's shoulder. "Boy, will that fellow be surprised," said Herda, cheerfully.

Not all the Alcan roadside inns—they are called lodges, and are located roughly 20 to 50 miles apart—rate a regular visit from Herda, but most of them get at least a blast from his air horn. This is by no means a feeble sign of recognition. When Herda reaches up and pulls the horn cord, the powerful blare is enough to excite the envy of a Yukon moose.

There are others who get special attention. The native children through Alberta, British Columbia and the Yukon have learned what to expect when they see the big, red Diesel with its white trailer roaring down on them.

"Watch these little fellows," says Herda, pointing out a group of children ahead. As the Diesel thunders by, horn wide open, the kids plug both ears, squinting and wriggling from the blast. At one point along the highway the Indian children have labeled their friend "Old Big Noise."

Herda, who was born in Kongsberg, North Dakota, of Czech parents, started "wildcatting" in 1937. "I'd find out what was a good market in one state and find what I could buy the product for in another. If there was a profit, I hauled it."

Until 1946, Herda was purchasing everything from bananas to fence posts, for delivery everywhere from Wisconsin's Kickapoo Valley to Yakima, Washington. Carrying loads of eggs, steel, pecans, lumber, apples, tractors, strawberries, fish and prunes, he crisscrossed the nation for nine years.

"Yes, this *is* just the thing to meet a man in. And now something to meet his family in!"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

Then, in the fall of 1946, he learned that Fairbanks was short of food because of a maritime strike. Prices at the top of the world were hanging from the North Star. Herda boarded a plane to Alaska and in a few hours was talking with the hard-pressed merchants of Fairbanks.

"They were sure glad to see a man willing to haul over the Alcan in that weather," says Herda. "They gave me orders for nearly $100,000 worth of merchandise; after checking on conditions at the upper end of the highway, I flew back to organize a convoy."

The day after Thanksgiving, Herda and two drivers left Minot with a huge semi-trailer truck carrying 12 tons of meat and six tons of flour, plus a two-ton supply truck carrying 1,600 gallons of gasoline, along with oil, spare parts, clothing and food.

In Glasgow, Montana, they were joined by two more huge semi-trailer trucks owned by Reuben Sinclair, a produce dealer who had joined Herda in the venture. Sinclair was not along, but had sent four drivers. One of his trucks carried 16 tons of meat and two tons of dry goods, the other held on equal amount of fruits and vegetables.

Herda knew that on this trip he was really pioneering. The Canadian government had, only a few weeks before, arranged for U.S. truckers to cross Canada to Alaska in bond, and Herda was one of the first commercial truckers from the U.S. to take the new Alcan, which had been built as a military road.

At first, Mrs. Herda heard frequently from her husband, but then came a two-week period when there was no word. There was a good reason for this: Herda had his hands full. During those two weeks, his luck and thousands of dollars went crashing through the ice of the Smoky River in northern Alberta.

The Smoky had no bridge at that time (it has, now) and the convoy had to cross on the ice near the little town of Watino. Herda was first to cross the river with his supply truck. He then walked back to direct the three mammoth semi-trailers across. The first two trucks made it and headed up the far bank. The third giant, the one with 16 tons of fruits and vegetables, started creeping over the Smoky. When it was a little more than halfway across, Herda saw the ice weakening.

"Swing it over, swing over!" he yelled frantically, but the man at the wheel was intent on making the shore and didn't understand.

Suddenly came the terrible, splintering crack of breaking ice. The huge trailer sagged. As Herda ran toward the sinking truck, yelling directions, the ice went out from under him. Rescuers came running from the far shore. Another man went in.

The driver of the trapped truck didn't even get wet; the fore part of the truck—the tractor and cab—remained on fairly solid ice, although the trailer wheels were 11 feet under water. Herda and his would-be rescuer were soaked; helped back to shore, they were encased in ice within minutes (the temperature was 28 below). Luckily, however, their heavy clothing had prevented the water from seeping through to their bodies, and they suffered no lasting ill effects from the dousing.

Herda worked fast and hired a crew of local Indians to help salvage the outfit. That night the temperature dropped to 59 below zero. All night, by the light of bonfires, 16 Indians hacked and chopped ice around the big rig, trying to keep it from freezing into the Smoky for the winter.

Before long, two horses with a windlass were at work tugging away at the fallen giant with its 16-ton load. The horses strained and snorted. Inch by inch, the trailer came out of its watery deep freeze. The men and horses worked 30 hours before the trailer was on solid ice.

Then began the long job of getting the truck to roll again. Since the charcoal heater was still working, Herda felt he could salvage enough of the load to make the haul to Fairbanks worth while. He rented a shed in Watino, and the men worked with blowtorches to remove the ice from the truck. It was 11 days before the convoy could travel again, and there were still more than 1,600 miles to go.

On Christmas Day, the tired crew pulled into Summit Lake, the highest elevation (4,250 feet) of the Alcan. They ate their holiday dinner at one of the newly established highway motels. The woman cooking at the Summit Café prepared a sumptuous dinner for the weary men—hot buttered rum, fried oysters, turkey and all the trimmings. Spirits were higher as they left Summit Lake that Christmas night.

The Alcan was in good condition; the Canadian army was keeping it open, as it does today. But mechanical troubles plagued Herda. The extreme cold stiffened grease. Gears and axles could not take the strain. At Muncho Lake, more than 1,000 miles from Fairbanks, Herda was forced to leave two drivers and a semi-trailer truck with 18 tons of meat and flour because of a broken gear in the differential.

It was New Year's Eve when the three remaining trucks finally rumbled into Fairbanks—to find bad news awaiting them. The shipping strike was over and food was on its way to Alaska. Many of the merchants who had ordered from Herda refused to buy, except at their own prices. He was forced to sell some of his produce directly to the people of Fairbanks. Three fourths of the load that had fallen into the Smoky River turned out to be a total loss.

After one of the trucks returned to Muncho and hauled the abandoned trailer into Fairbanks, Herda sold the six tons of flour and 12 tons of meat at a profit, but he was still far in the red.

On the way back to the States, Herda's own semi-trailer truck met with disaster. It slued across the road on a bad stretch of ice, and a tanker truck loaded with 1,000 gallons of Diesel fuel tore over the top of a hill and rammed it. John Carlsten, Herda's brother-in-law, one of the drivers, escaped death by inches.

Loss Charged to Experience

The accident added to the tremendous loss Herda had already taken. Altogether, he estimates that he and Sinclair took a $10,000 to $15,000 beating on this first venture to the top of the world.

"Why did you ever go back?" people ask.

Herda has answered that question hundreds of times: "That first trip was a costly experience, and a bad deal all the way round, but I don't blame anyone for the loss—just my lack of knowledge. I saw possibilities for a good business. I wanted to see it through."

The following summer, the Minot trucker was back on the Alcan, heading for Fairbanks. He had repaired the truck which had been badly damaged the past winter and was using it to haul 15 tons of fresh fruit—the first, Herda believes, to be hauled over the Alcan.

This time his venture met with tremendous success. People bought his fruit on the sidewalks before he could carry it into the stores. Herda made money and was on his way to covering the loss of his first trip.

He put his hard-earned experience to work and made his first successful trip under winter conditions in late November, 1947. In 1948, he began to haul on a regular schedule, arriving in Fairbanks about once a month.

Today, he knows the road north as few other men do. I saw plenty of evidence of that during my trip with him.

On the Alcan, we would be grinding through a blinding snowstorm in the night, with only a few yards of visibility. A steep downgrade, and Herda would let her go, speedometer needle climbing, while I wondered nervously: What if a sharp curve comes up? It never did—not when we were really moving.

But at another time, Herda, for no apparent reason, would hit the brakes, and out of the funneling snowstorm would come a fishhook turn.

"Back home," says Herda, "I'd be at a loss to tell much about any road as long as this one, but up here I know what's ahead every second."

Such confidence allows him to sing his way to Fairbanks and back. This he does in a high, nasal voice. For long periods of time, he concentrates on one song, maybe 15 renditions an hour above the roar of the 200-horsepower Diesel engine. While we were rumbling down over lonely Trutch Mountain in British Columbia in 20-below-zero weather, with the 12-ton load swaying and nudging us from behind, Herda started to sing Room Full of Roses. By the time

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we left the mountains, I'd heard that song at least a half-dozen times, all the way through.

Piano playing is also on the list of Herda's accomplishments. More than one lodge owner has been surprised to see this trucker finish off a cup of coffee, unbend his fingers from their steering-wheel grip, step to a seldom-used upright and make the dust fly from the keys.

It's a good thing for Herda that he has a song to rattle off while he jockeys his red and white behemoth toward the arctic, for it can be a grueling, monotonous grind. As he goes north, the winter days get short. Week by week, the snow piles higher along the sides of the road. Eventually, with his vision confined to the narrow pathway ahead, a driver gets the feeling that he's in a long, tight tunnel.

Yet, bad as the winter driving sometimes is, the North Dakota wildcatter claims he prefers the snow and cold to the mosquitoes and mud of warm-weather travel. Last winter, Herda was stuck in snow only twice, and both times it was in the United States —once in Duluth, once in North Dakota. Snow actually helps his driving: the 1,600 miles of gravel roads on his route become smooth, and traction is good in the extreme cold, because the friction of his 10 spinning wheels cannot melt the surface of the ice. Thus, the winter roads are also easier on his tires, a major item of expense.

Riding his frozen route, Herda's outlook changes from good to bad as the mercury in the thermometer varies from 20 below, which he considers the best possible temperature for northern driving. Any warmer, and he begins to lose traction. That brings the danger of "spinning out"—sliding backward, out of control, on a steep grade. When you ride 28 tons of truck, trailer and load careening backward down a hill with a 200-foot drop to the side—as Herda has done—you become very sensitive indeed to "warm" weather (above minus 20, that is). So far, Herda has avoided any disastrous backslides, but he doesn't like them.

On the other hand, when the mercury drops to 30, 40 or 50 below zero, Herda has problems of a different nature. His big machine requires endless attention (this is true even above minus 30). He keeps his engine running 24 hours a day, except when it's necessary to check oil. Once the Diesel begins to cool, it may not start again. But while it's running, Herda says, there's constant danger that an incorrect fuel mixture will do it irreparable harm. The result: a day-and-night watch.

Diesel Runs While He Sleeps

From northern Alberta to Fairbanks, there are not more than two or three heated garages large enough to house Herda's semi-trailer, and often those places are in use. So he keeps the Diesel running, and sleeps near it, usually in the truck's cab, where he can be on hand should anything go wrong. At subzero temperatures, this rest must be short —two or three hours at the most. If Herda sleeps too long, the gears stiffen and the steering wheel tightens. So life becomes a series of short, unsound naps between long stretches of driving.

Sometimes, in extreme cold, the grease hardens anyhow, and then Herda has a backbreaking fight on his hands. The two shifting levers work only because he strains every muscle. The steering wheel tightens until each turn is like twisting a dinosaur's tail.

There are many sections of the Alcan where one sharp curve leads into another over mile after mile of flat country. One trucker said, "She was laid out by a drunk riding an insane mule." Over a section of such road, I saw Herda wrestle the steering wheel when the temperature was between 30 and 40 below. Within minutes, he was out of breath; at the next lodge, he stopped and fell back from the wheel, exhausted.

As we came across Alberta in December, we learned of a man who had frozen to death along the highway the night before. His car had quit running when it was 39 below. Herda has faced this danger more than once.

On one trip, he and one of his occasional "single-haul" relief drivers were rolling down through the Yukon when suddenly their engine quit. It was a gasoline-driven truck, and because of extreme cold the distributor shaft had broken. Outside the cab that night, Herda estimates, it was 70 below zero. The two men left the truck and gathered wood at the side of the road. They built a huge fire, feeding it with gasoline, but it still didn't keep them warm enough.

They pulled a sleeping bag out of the truck and placed it as near the fire as possible. One man crawled inside and stayed for an hour or so, while the other kept the fire going full blaze, and jumped and ran around the flames to keep himself warm. This performance went on for 36 hours, at which time a highway maintenance truck came along and carried the two exhausted men to a nearby camp.

"If something goes wrong with the engine when it's cold," says Herda, "first thing I do is light a blowtorch. Then I got fire and can feel safe to do what I need to."

Many Uses for a Blowtorch

The blowtorch is Herda's indispensable tool. He's always using it to thaw frozen brakes, icy tire valves, fuel lines and air lines, and to warm his crankcase oil so it will pour. There are times when the big bus heater in his cab can't handle its job, and to keep warm, the trucker operates a large upright torch on the cab's floor, or, in some cases, his small hand torch aimed at his frigid feet. Properly placed, the flaming torches offer only a slight fire hazard, although they burn up oxygen at such a rate that Herda must keep a window open slightly to avoid asphyxiation.

For clothes, Herda wears heavy, long underwear, pants, overalls, fur-lined cap and a huge sheepskin coat with a hood. On his feet he wears heavy shoes, or slippers, with heavy socks under a pair of overshoes. For emergency use, he carries a couple of flying suits and plenty of blankets. Until this year, he also carried an electric flying suit equipped with batteries, but it is now out of order, and because there are more travelers on the Alcan, Herda feels safe without it.

Since Herda started operations in 1946, the number of commercial trucks traveling in the North has increased rapidly, although no one regularly travels the long, hard route he does. Three Canadian companies operate over various sections of the Alcan between Edmonton and the Alaska border. Tankers carry gasoline and oil out of Dawson Creek and Whitehorse to the lodges which operate filling stations. The Public Utilities Commission in Dawson Creek estimates that about 200 trips a month are made by American truckers crossing Canada to Alaska. Practically every one of them hauls for two companies with headquarters in Great Falls, Montana.

But there are few Alaska-bound truckers who have been around as long as Herda. He has been hauling in the North long enough to deserve the tag of "expert" and has often been consulted by persons needing information on trucking under extreme weather conditions. For one manufacturer, he recently ran tests on a newly designed automatic fan built for engines operating in great cold.

Herda's plans for the immediate future are simple: just keep driving his Alaska run. But he knows he won't be able to keep that up forever; ultimately he wants to operate a fleet of trucks over the same route.

Until that time, though, settlers along the Alcan will continue to hear the rumble and then the roar, and they'll know Herda is Alaska bound again, hauling anything that's needed by the folks up in Fairbanks.

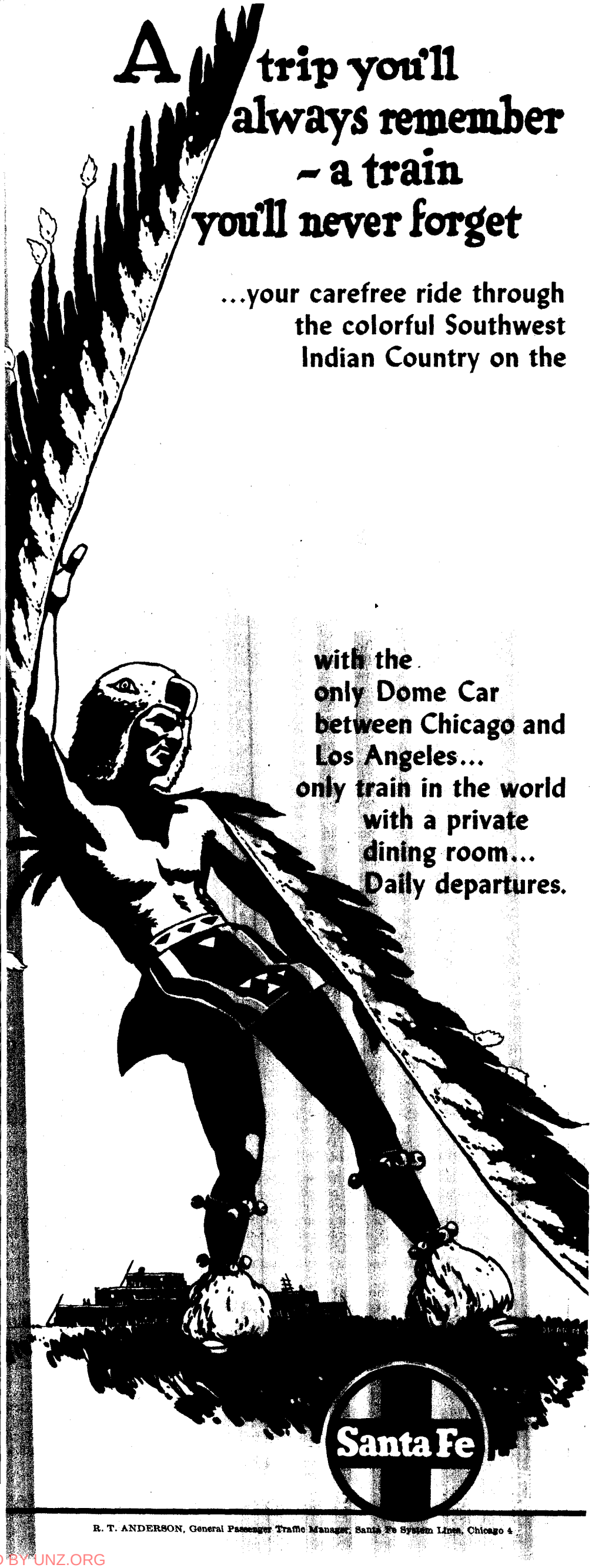
"Did you ever haul refrigerators to Alaska?" a traveler asked Herda recently.

"Just one," said the trucker.

"Was it for an Eskimo?"

"No, but if they ever start buying a lot of 'em, I'll have a load on one of these days."

THE END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He Stalled Stalin in France

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and BILL RICHARDSON

Labor leader Léon Jouhaux earned the undying hatred of the Reds when, almost singlehandedly, he smashed their major bid to conquer his country. He may have saved all Europe from the same fate

Paris

THE French Communists were in a fine Red rage over the news from Oslo one morning last autumn, and they're still fuming. Hell hath no fury like a Marxist scorned, and the Communists felt not only scorned but mocked, derided and held up to public ridicule.

They had just suffered a damaging blow to their prestige, their propaganda and their entire apparatus in France and on the Continent.

In the Norwegian capital on November 5th, the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament announced the new winner of the renowned and coveted peace prize, given the year before to America's Dr. Ralph Bunche.

On the roll of honor beside Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Jane Addams and the other illustrious men and women who have been awarded the honor during the past half century, they entered the name of the latest—the first trade-union leader in history to receive the award.

The Communists saw the name and shuddered: Léon Jouhaux, Grand Old Man of the French labor movement, a fighter who, ironically, had known few days of peace in the seventy-two years since he was born in the slums of Paris.

The Communists felt none of their class loyalty toward this son of the working class, who took his first job in a smelting factory at the tender, and then-exploitable, age of eleven and who became a trade-union "man" at the age of sixteen.

Next morning, in a long, continental-style headline, the official Communist newspaper L'Humanité proclaimed the humiliating news to the faithful:

TROUBLEMAKER OF THE WORKING CLASS DOMESTIC SERVANT OF THE MARSHALL PLAN LÉON JOUHAUX RECEIVES SO-CALLED NOBEL "PEACE PRIZE"

In the "news" story below, the Communist editors pulled out all the stops. They polished up all the epithets usually reserved for such enemies of the people as General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, the aboriginal and subhuman race of "American Imperialists" and that symbolic monster known as Wall Street.

"A traitor to the working class!" L'Humanité screamed. "A lackey for the Marshall-Plan-For-War!"

After heaping more abuse on the awards committee and, indeed, on everyone connected with the name Nobel, L'Humanité charged:

"Jouhaux has proved to be nothing more than a confidence man for the imperialist Americans in the preparation for the third World War."

If you now have the impression that the Communists are somewhat less than fond of Jouhaux, you are quite right. The French lieutenants of the Kremlin consider him their archenemy in France. Many objective observers believe they have secretly labeled him the most dangerous man in Europe, and for a very good reason:

He has battled and beaten the Reds on their own home grounds—among the working class.

L'Humanité's crack about his being a "confidence man for the Americans" amused the men around Jouhaux, officers of his bitterly anti-Communist, 1,000,000-strong CGT-Force Ouvrière (Workers' Force).

The Communists know Jouhaux as a tough, hard-hitting opponent, despite his 72 years and the months he spent as a Nazi prisoner

"That's the most accurate thing the Reds have said about him for years," Force Ouvrière's secretary-general, Robert Bothereau, said with pride. "If anyone helped restore the Frenchman's confidence in France, in the Western democracies and in the United States since the critical days of 1947, it was Jouhaux."

In 1947, the Communists made their biggest bid for power in Western Europe. On orders from Moscow, they were sworn to sabotage and to wreck the Marshall Plan before it ever got under way. The Red strategists, with the aid of considerable kibitzing from Moscow, plotted a militant campaign as earnestly as the original Bolsheviks had plotted their own October revolution.

Using every tactical trick in the Communist manual of arms, they decreed a frontal attack through a general strike in all key industries, plus a flanking movement of terrorism and bitter guerrilla war through sabotage of the railroads and communications lines along which American goods would have to move.

They ordered the strike under the guise of a fight for higher wages, but most historians of that battle are agreed that their primary target was to wreck the American aid program before it began. Their secondary objective was to create an environment of chaos that would allow them to consolidate their gains—and, perhaps, even take over France.

And the men in the Kremlin knew that if they could succeed in France, the ensuing momentum might surge into Italy—which had a powerful Communist party hopeful of seizing power in the critical general elections scheduled for early the following year. If that happened, democratic Western Europe would be well on its way to disintegration.

But they failed in France. The aged but indomitable Jouhaux, known throughout the European labor movement as "the General," broke the back of the strike—a strike called by his own union—and the Red plan promptly foundered.

Jouhaux turned the trick by a simple step, but one that hurt him deeply. After lengthy soul searching, he walked out of France's huge, powerful Confédération Générale du Travail (General Workers Federation), an organization to which he had devoted 52 years of his life. The CGT, he felt, was so hog-tied by the Reds that he could no longer work effectively as one of its top officers (he was then one of the two secretary-generals of the union; the other was a Communist).

Once out of the CGT, Jouhaux issued a blast against the organization and its Communist bosses. He characterized the strike as "anti-French and anti-working class"; its leaders, he declared, were "betraying our rights."

Addressing the rank and file of the CGT, he concluded: "I ask your support, and I ask you, as French men and women, to end this unlawful strike."

In two weeks, more than 800,000 anti-Communist workers had signed up with his new CGT Force Ouvrière, and the strike was smashed.

Today, both American and key French officials agree that the course Jouhaux took in 1947 has led in four historic years to the door of General Eisenhower's SHAPE headquarters.

"Without his aid in those black days of 1947," one top-level American policy maker told us, "the Communists would have tied up ports and industries, sabotaging the Marshall Plan and blocking France's hopes of recovery. Later they would have stopped American arms shipments.

"Under such circumstances, the establishment of General Eisenhower's headquarters on the outskirts of Paris would (Continued on page 67)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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Hear the Wind Blow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

remember Buck's courting her, and it upset Jess Karnes considerably, having his wife talk the way she did to a stranger who wrote everything, like a lawyer.

"It's gonna be in all the papers," Clovis told her friends when the magazine man posed her for a picture, and afterward her friends remarked how pretty her new dress was, even if it did make her look a little stouter than she really was.

The magazine man took pictures of the log house where Buck had lived and of the place where he'd gone to school. The real house had burned down long ago, and the new one had plumbing and glass in the windows. The schoolhouse was different too, but it didn't matter, because Buck had never gone regularly. He had never done anything regularly, except sing.

"No, I don't remember him," Mamie Shiffley said, when the man came to her shed with his camera and his notebook. The man seemed surprised.

THAT night, after he'd left, Mamie sat propped against the black walnut tree outside the shed, and, wrapped in the warmth of a moment's release from children and worry, she tried to grope back through the blurred years of sickness and trouble, the bad winters, the times of hunger and dread, the fading hope that Ed Shiffley would try to do better. Nobody's head could hold it all, she thought, unable even to recall with any clearness the last time Ed had turned up at the shed. She could fix the date, of course, by the age of the baby.

She closed her eyes and leaned back, and it was only then, half asleep, with the tiredness draining slowly from her body, that she could begin to remember, dimly, a place of dancing and the sound of laughing (that would be Ed before things closed in on him), and even more faintly, like the memory of a remote kindness, a boy singing. She supposed the boy had been Buck Slater, although she was unable to connect a face with the voice or recall what he had sung.

It was all so long ago, Mamie thought, getting up and plodding back toward the shed, grateful for having somehow managed to get through another day.

Buck Slater had never come back home, but he'd kept up his subscription to the weekly paper in town, and had contributed to every local fund-raising campaign. Usually he sent a check, no letter, simply a check drawn on a New York City bank; but when the people in town were raising money for the new hospital, he'd sent a check for five thousand dollars and a short letter asking that the money be devoted to children, white or colored, whose parents were unable to afford medical help.

"He saved Lon's life," Mamie was fond of saying. She would never forget the terror of the child's pain and the long, midnight wait in the new hospital, while the doctors cut into Lon and removed the burst appendix. Mamie had written Buck a letter, telling him about the operation and thanking him for the contribution which had paid for it. He hadn't answered, being so busy and all, but she'd felt better for having told him how much good his money had done.

Tha's somepun I should of told the magazine man, Mamie thought, and then she realized that the saving of Lon's life wouldn't mean much to a stranger who had no way of knowing all the good that was in the boy, if he only had a chance to let it come out. Those potatoes he stole, if he really did steal them, like everybody said, had been brought straight home to Mamie, for food, not sold for pool-hall money, although he had sold about half of them to make a down payment on a hunting rifle, which was only natural in a boy his age. They all wanted a rifle, and Lon was likely thinking of all the squirrels they'd eat that fall, if he had some way of shooting them.

One night, after the magazine man had left, Mrs. Mark Cass glanced up from her embroidery work. "I been studying," she said, and Mark went on reading his town paper until he heard her mention money. "Buck's always give money in town," she said, "but he's never done a thing for his own people out here in the hills."

Mark Cass grunted and nodded, his grape-blue eyes narrowing for a moment.

"I was thinking," Mrs. Cass said, "if we could get him to come home and put on a show at the schoolhouse, we could go a long way toward raising money for the new church."

Mark smiled, pleased with his wife, and in that instant of affection and contentment he decided to cut his own contribution to the church in half.

Mrs. Cass wrote Buck a letter on the printed stationery the Senator's wife had given her for Christmas. Buck didn't answer it himself, but his manager, a man named Lewis, wrote back that Mr. Slater would be delighted to co-operate with the Church Committee. A date for Saturday after next was set, and Mrs. Cass hurriedly organized a Program Committee to make the arrangements. Mrs. Cass, of course, was head of the committee.

"I thought we'd open with all the children singing some appropriate song," Miss Larsen said, when the committee met at Gus Falk's store. Miss Larsen immediately took the lead in the committee's planning, although she had been teaching only two winters in the hills and had never known Buck Slater personally.

"What kinda song?" Mrs. Cass asked suspiciously. She wasn't quite sure what an appropriate song might be.

"Something about home," Miss Larsen said.

"He had a little song he used to always sing to me," Clovis Karnes said, and when she smiled it was easy to see how pretty she must have been.

"Before the show," Mrs. Cass said, "I thought I'd have a few of my town friends come by for a stand-up supper, so's Buck can get to meet 'em."

"No, he'd wanta be with his old friends," Gus Falk said, "and I figured since he'll be staying with Angie and me, we might—"

Mrs. Cass stiffened. "Naturally, he'll stay the night with us."

"I'd like him to stay with me and Jess," Clovis said, "but it might make talk, considering how he used to . . ." She lowered her head and made a small, sparrowlike movement of her hands, seeming to feel twenty again instead of thirty-six.

Gus Falk shifted uncomfortably on an empty Nehi crate. "Old Buck will wanta be here with us. This is where he useta always come for free pop."

"Let's get back to our agenda," Miss Larsen said, and Mrs. Cass glowered at her for speaking French. "I move we begin with the children and then have somebody introduce Mr. Slater."

"I'd be glad to do it," Gus Falk said.

"Mark Cass's already thought out the words," Mrs. Cass said.

The meeting was adjourned, with nothing settled except that the next meeting would be at Mrs. Cass's house, and even that hadn't really been settled, because Gus had vowed never to set foot in her house again.

"I didn't like to say so in front of Gus Falk," Mrs. Cass said, when she and Miss Larsen left the store, "but the fact of the matter is, it was something I'm sure Buck'll never forget to his dying day, the way he'd hang around Gus's store, poor little thing, starving to death, and not so much as a cracker would that man ever give him."

Mrs. Cass then went on to tell about all the times she had brought the boy in out of the cold, warmed him by her setting stove, fed him, and put him to bed in the company room. "I was like a mother to him," she said. . . .

The day before Buck was to come back, Clovis Karnes slipped into town with the money she'd saved toward a new sewing machine. She spent part of it at the hairdresser's and the rest at the Valley Store. She came home with a pink-flowered dress, new high-heeled shoes, and a ribbon for her hair. "Buck always liked ribbons," she said, and Jess said, "Don't come nagging at me for a new sewing machine."

Gus Falk hung pictures of Buck all around the store, sent to town for new sheets for the bed Buck was to sleep in, and, in his excitement, gave one of the smaller Shiffley girls a free ice-cream stick.

"Lord have mercy on us," Mamie said, when she saw the smears of chocolate on the child's face and heard the story.

Mrs. Cass hired the two oldest Shiffley girls to come clean house. She stood over them every minute, for fear they would rob her naked. She put fresh percale sheets on the bed in the company room, washed and dried all of her good dishes, and gave the Shiffley girls two jars of homemade tomato preserves, which were perfectly all right except for a little mold on top.

"Are you *sure* she meant for you to take 'em?" Mamie Shiffley asked in wonder, when the girls came home with a dollar each and the two jars of preserves. The girls nodded, but Mamie, just to be safe, hid the preserves behind the orange crate the baby was sleeping in.

Next morning, everybody gathered at Gus Falk's store to wait for Buck. He wasn't expected until late afternoon, but nobody wanted to take a chance on missing him. The men fidgeted with collars and ties, usually worn only to church and funerals, and the women eyed each other's hats, speculating on which had been bought new and which had been made over. Everybody was talking about Buck, of course, but with one small, nettlesome difference. They were no longer so sure that Buck's memory would be as accurate as theirs.

"He was just a kid," Gus Falk said, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. "He's likely forgot all the times I fed him."

Clovis Karnes smoothed out her flowered dress. She was painted up like a new barn.

"It could maybe of slipped his mind who give him his start," Mark Cass said, letting his gold watch flash in the sun while he checked the time again.

Some of the smaller Shiffley children squatted in the dusty shadows of the store, like small, defenseless animals, their eyes large and unblinking. Dirt was caked on their bare feet and legs, and at the slightest movement on the store porch—the shifting of a chair or the opening of a pop bottle—they would edge cautiously away.

"Mamie oughta keep 'em home," Mrs. Cass said, and the children backed off to the other side of the road, huddling in the shade of a huge locust, bronzed with blight. Nobody thought it strange that Mamie, who lived always on the fringes of the life around her, hadn't come down to the store.

Jess Karnes motioned to Clovis to pull down her skirt.

"I got eighteen coming to supper," Mrs. Cass said, but for once nobody was listening to her. They were all watching a huge gray car. The top of the car was down, and the two men riding in it were playing the radio so loud that the music seemed to bounce back off the shaggy hills behind the store. It was like one of Happy Manson's big funeral cars, only light gray instead of black. As someone said afterward, "You could raise a family of six in it."

THE car drew up to the front of the store and stopped abruptly, with a momentary rocking. Buck Slater slid out from under the steering wheel, looking just like his pictures. He was taller than everybody had expected, and although his big-boned frame had filled out considerably, it still gave an impression of gauntness, as though no amount of rich food could ever make up for his earlier hunger. He was smiling, apparently at ease, but his eyes had the look of a man who would never be completely at home, even here where he'd grown up. He was wearing a seersucker suit, the kind the Senator wore, and a dark red slipover shirt with an open collar. The other man turned off the radio. His coat and pants didn't match.

"Well, Buck—" Gus Falk, of course, was the first to come forward, and Buck shook hands with him. Gus was smiling like he wanted Buck's vote.

"How are you, Gus?" Buck said.

"Pretty good for an old man."

Buck shook hands with everybody. The only ones he called by name were Gus and Mark Cass. He remembered them. Clovis Karnes edged out of the crowd, tossing her

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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tightly curled hair and grinning like a street woman. Buck shook hands with her and smiled, but it was clear to everybody, even Clovis, that he didn't remember her. The women seemed pleased.

"Well, how's the old place look to you, Buck?" Mark Cass said, and Buck said, "Fine, looks fine." He introduced the man with him, a Mr. Lewis, who mumbled something nobody could make out.

The Shiffley children had swarmed around the big car, not touching anything at first, but gradually, once they realized everybody was too busy to notice them, they inched closer, the bolder ones opening the doors and climbing inside. One of them turned a chrome button, and a sudden blast of music paralyzed them. Mrs. Cass, from the store porch, made a shooing motion with her hands, but the children, frozen with fear, didn't budge.

"They'll get it all dirty," Mrs. Cass said, figuring that if Mark's new car had cost twenty-four hundred, this one must be over thirty-five.

BUCK shrugged, and smiled at the ragged swarm of Shiffleys. He motioned them up on the store porch, then turned to Gus and asked if he had any ice cream. Gus looked as though Buck had stuck a gun in his ribs while he was counting his money. "I'll pay," Buck said, reaching in his pants pocket and pulling out a wad of bills. Gus eyed the bills, all of which seemed to be tens or twenties, then swallowed crooked and said, "No need to pay, Buck. It's my treat."

Gus opened the screen door, and the children flooded inside, like water over a broken dam. They scrambled over one another getting to the ice-cream sticks. Some took two, and one of the livelier boys managed to snatch three. Gus groaned and made a show of patting the little twin girls on the back. He figured the children had got away with over two dollars' worth.

"They hang around all the time," Gus said when he got back outside, where Buck was leaning against a window, looking around the hills. "You know how kids are."

Buck nodded. He seemed to know.

It might even be four thousand, Mrs. Cass thought, still staring at the car.

It was clear from the way Buck talked that he'd been reading the town paper every week. He knew who had died or got married or gone to visit relatives in Roanoke. He even knew about the goat that had got in Mrs. Higby's house during last week's Home Demonstration. He laughed about it, and the others laughed too, though not so easily, because there was something about Buck that disturbed them, nothing he said or did, just a feeling everybody had that he wasn't really grateful for what the older people had done for him.

"Well, Buck," Gus Falk said, "I got a bed made up for you nice, and plenty of room for Mr. Lewis."

Buck thanked him and said he was sorry, but he had to drive down to Richmond right after the show. He was pleasant about it, speaking in his quiet voice which was difficult for people to hear if they weren't standing close to him. Mrs. Cass edged in front of Gus and told him about the town people she was having to supper, and Buck said he'd like to come, only he had a previous engagement. He used the town words as though he'd lived on Virginia Avenue all his life and worked at a desk in the bank.

After a while, Buck moved away from the crowded store porch. He said he'd like to take a little walk. Mr. Lewis started to follow him, then changed his mind, apparently figuring Buck wanted to be by himself. Buck's old friends watched him walk past the big gray car. He seemed to be walking without any particular direction, but at the same time to be looking for something—a remembered path or place, or maybe something altogether different, something within himself. . . .

Mamie Shiffley, when the children came home, saw the dried blotches of chocolate and strawberry ice cream and threw up her hands. "He said we could," the children told her, and she herded them into the shed, knowing that whatever the truth of it was, she'd find out soon enough.

Gus Falk sat at the supper table, poking at his food. The place where Buck was to have sat was empty. Mrs. Falk bent far over the table, eating cautiously so as not to spill on her new dress. Gus gravied a hunk of meat, then left it lying on his plate. "I'd be 'fraid of losing it," he said.

Mrs. Falk grunted. "What?"

"All that money. I'd be 'fraid it'd fall outta my pocket."

"He's got plenty more. Mr. Lewis says sometimes he gets three thousand dollars, just for one night."

"I know. I heard him." Gus moved back from the table, looking as though the food had disagreed with him. "Just for singing, he gets more in one night than I make all year."

Gus struggled up from his chair and hobbled out to the pump. He felt the need of some cold water.

Clovis Karnes, dressed for the show, lay face down on the bed. Jess sat beside her, clumsily stroking her hair, which had grown kinky and stiff from too many town permanents. Clovis began to sob. "Why don't you come right out and say it? I'm an old woman, a fat, ugly old woman."

"Now, honey." Jess reached for her hand, and when she turned her face up to him, he saw it for the first time as it really was, not as he remembered from courting, and there was no mistaking the change.

"He didn't even remember me," she said.

"It was a long time ago."

"I know, but—" She seemed to have aged, as though she'd been suddenly deprived of a drug which had kept her young. "They all saw he didn't remember."

Jess eased up from the bed, still holding her hand. "We're gonna be late."

She drew her hand away and ran it across her mouth as though her lips were bleeding. "I'm not going."

"But all week you—"

"I'm not gonna go."

Jess wanted to stay with her, but she insisted he go, and it was the first time in all the years of their being together that she had ever put him ahead of herself in anything. In a way, no matter how much it hurt her, Jess was glad she was getting some age on her. Somehow, it made things more equal between them. Always before, ever since he'd first started carrying her to dances and parties, she'd acted as though she were doing him a favor to let him buy the tickets and the box suppers.

It's gonna be different now, Jess thought, as he left the house alone. It's gonna be better.

WHEN her town friends left the table, making no effort to hide their disappointment that Buck Slater hadn't shown up, Mrs. Cass stared out over the clutter of half-eaten garden salads and chunks of cold ham. "He was glad enough to eat here in the old days," she said bitterly.

"All they done was dirty their plates," Mark said, struck by the waste around him.

"They eat light in town."

Mark nodded. "I know. They're different." He stood with his back to the parlor, where the town people were chattering about places he had never been and people he would never know. "They laugh at us," he said, putting it into words for the first time, although he had felt it for years. "They go home and laugh like they'd been setting with side-show people."

Mrs. Cass, her mouth tightening, looked down at her good dishes, better than most she'd seen on town tables. She was wearing a town dress, sprinkled with drugstore perfume. They lived in a house that was free and clear; they had government bonds, first and second mortgages, and title to more land than a man could plow in a year.

"They laugh at the way we talk," Mark said, "the way we eat."

Mrs. Cass was thinking of the Senator, who had been so messy with his roasting ears that soggy kernels of corn lay scattered on the rug, like a sprinkling of yellow

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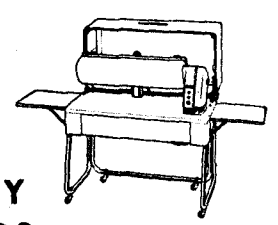

IRON IN COMFORT WITH ROTARY IRONERS

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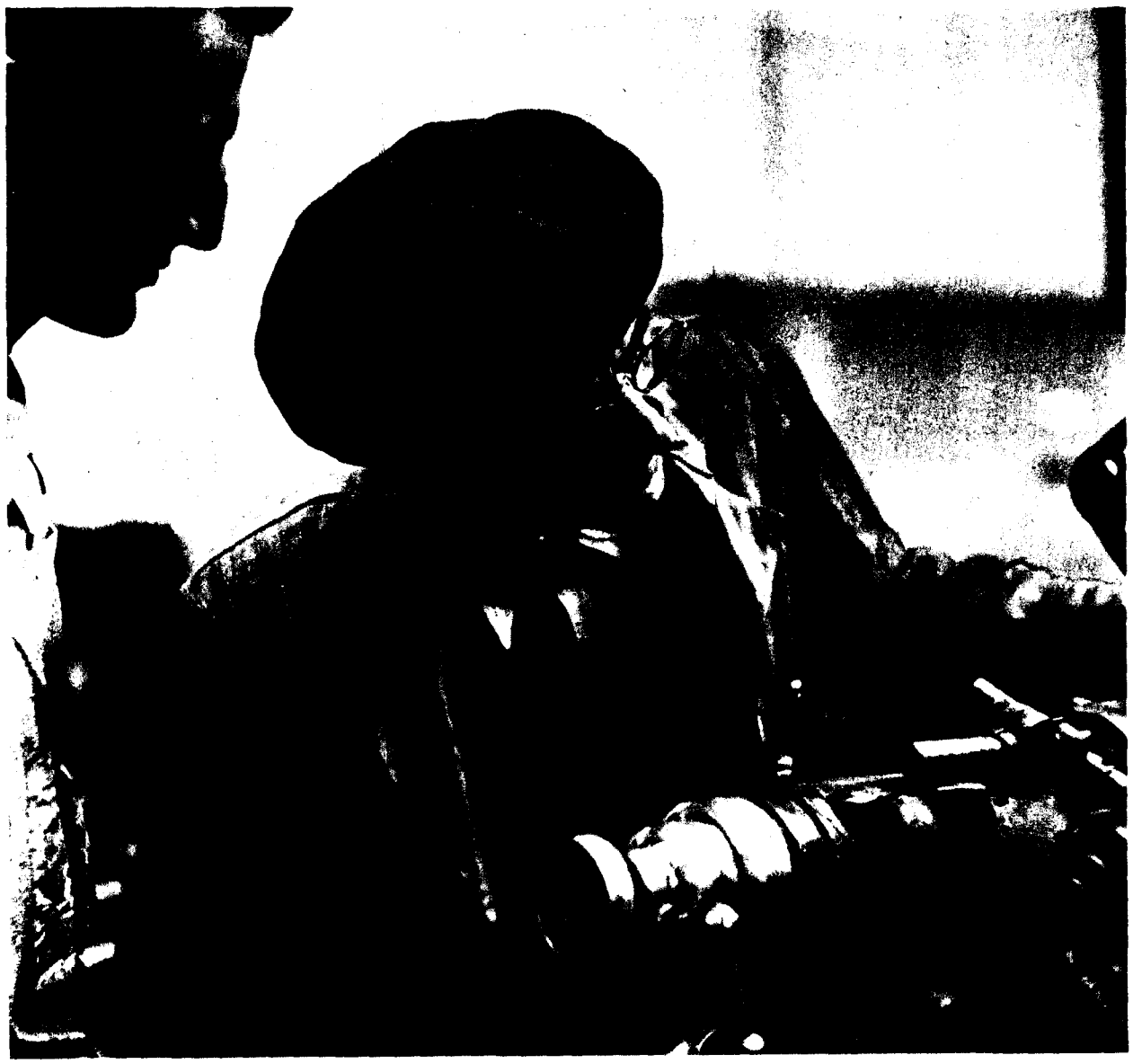
U.S. PRODUCTION DRIVE TURNS SPOTLIGHT ON TRAINED MEN

Chrysler Corporation's program helps people build better products and better careers for themselves

George Heyer, noted magazine photographer, turns his camera for this picture story on a program of importance to American production—how people learn to build new jet engines and military vehicles, and the cars and trucks that play a vital part in American life.

Heyer's pictures were made in Chrysler Corporation factories, classrooms and training shops. He shows a few of the thousands of men and boys now taking part in Chrysler's widespread training and technical education program.

"TOMORROW DEPT." This is Robert Chura—son of a Chrysler Corporation employee—learning how to use tools and make useful things. In special workshops set aside by Chrysler, Robert and other boys work in wood, leather and metal under the guidance of veteran Chrysler artisans. Then they borrow from a "Library of Tools" and finish their projects at home.



"A GOOD MACHINE DESERVES A GOOD MAN, SON." Heyer snapped Albert Bazner learning about grinders from veteran machinist H. A. Nelson. For the past year, Albert has been in an Apprentice Group in Chrysler's Industrial Education program, learning the machinist's trade—at good pay. Chrysler helps ambitious employees move up to better jobs. They can even start while in high school—earning school credits, as well as pay, for time in the plants under a co-operative training program. Good training for good men pays off in better Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars and Dodge Trucks. It pays off in defense work, too.

THEY THINK IN CLAY. In this clay model room at the Chrysler Institute of Engineering, employee students D. M. Holiday, 25, *left*, and Paul R. Diehl, 27, *right*, study car body design with Carl Hood, a design engineer with 14 years of Chrysler experience. The Institute is the most advanced part of Chrysler's education and training program. Courses compare with those in leading engineering colleges and range from blueprint reading to advanced mathematics. Other opportunities for college students are provided by the company's co-operative program. Students from ten colleges are learning jobs while they study. At Chrysler Corporation employees can find the training they need to improve themselves . . . become more valuable to America at a time when production need is great.

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ADVANCE CLASS IN NEW JETS. These men are learning supervisory jobs which will advance production at the Navy-owned Chrysler Jet Engine Plant in Detroit. Engineer J. E. Engstrom is teaching the latest in jet design. Like most Chrysler Corporation officials, these foremen and supervisors came up from the ranks. They learn to gain the co-operation of the men they lead. More than 4000 employees are taking Supervisory Training Courses, learning to build cars, trucks, tanks and military vehicles as well as jets.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and builds

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Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • Ollite Powdered Metal Products
Mopar Parts & Accessories • Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • Cycleweld Adhesives & Building Panels

snow. She knew it didn't really matter how she and Mark ate, what they wore, or how they talked; they were different. They would never be asked to town parties when someone in the family was getting married or be expected to call when someone had died. "We're just as good as they are," she said, brooding over the outrageous wrong of it.

MAMIE SHIFFLEY, surrounded by her flock, sat outside the new schoolhouse where she could see and hear the show through an open window. She had the only cool place, and later, some of the people who had paid came outside, mopping their faces and carrying their coats over their arms. Mamie watched Miss Larsen, the schoolteacher, ride herd on the starched and shiny-scrubbed children who were to sing in the show. Mamie's children hadn't been asked.

"Tha's an American senator," Mamie said, pointing to the man in the seersucker suit who was talking to the teacher. Miss Larsen had suggested having the Senator introduce Buck, after Mrs. Cass and Gus Falk had deadlocked on the issue.

A little before eight o'clock, Buck drove up to the schoolhouse with Mr. Lewis. They had gone into town for supper. Buck was carrying a new guitar, and, as he walked down the center aisle toward the platform where Miss Larsen and the Senator were waiting for him, Gus Falk tried to estimate how much money Buck had, wadded up in his pocket. When he got over three hundred dollars, Gus stopped figuring.

Now, this is somepun Lon'd 'joy, Mamie thought, as Miss Larsen led the clean children through a song about home, and the Senator's lips began to move slightly with the practicing of his introduction. Lon had always been a great one for shows. The first trouble he'd ever got into was for sneaking into the Turner Opera House to see a benefit show. What had made it worse, of course, was breaking the window. People could make a lot of fuss over one little windowpane.

". . . A boy who began with nothing but the urge to sing," the Senator was saying, but Mamie wasn't listening, because thinking of Lon had made her realize it was going to be even harder than ever for the boy to find work now that he had a record. It was bad enough to be Ed Shiffley's son.

". . . An inspiration to all of us . . ."

Next time Ed came back, if he ever did come back, she wasn't going to listen to a word he said. She wasn't even going to let him inside the house, if you could call it a house, not that she wasn't grateful to Mr. Baker for letting her live there free and all; but that's where she always made her mistake, letting Ed come in and make a big fuss over her and the children and then start talking about working steady and no more liquor, not another drop even if Cass Creek started flowing sour-mash whisky, and for a while, a day or two, sometimes even a week, he'd be a honey around the place, and then one day he'd just show up gone, and she'd have to start piecing rags for fresh baby clothes.

The people inside all started clapping, and Mamie stood on tiptoe to watch Buck Slater standing beside the Senator, shaking hands with him, bowing out front to everybody and smiling just like in the magazine picture. Mamie held her second youngest—she'd left the baby sleeping at home—up to the window to see. "This is somepun I want you all to remember," she said, because of what Buck had been and what he had become, although the children weren't likely ever to forget the day they'd had free run of Gus Falk's ice cream.

As Buck started singing, Mamie sat down beneath a towering tree, with the child on her lap and the others scattered around. *"Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow."* Mamie began to rock the child very slowly, as she had done in the old days when the children had been a pride to her. *"Hang your head over, hear the wind blow."* She felt like crying, not out of any special sadness, more like crying in church when the hymn singing would swell up inside and her head would fill with visions of the mansions prepared for her, with all the fine food, the new clothes, the clean towels and hot water. Mamie's heaven had lots of clean towels and hot water.

Lord help me, Mamie thought, when the singing worked still deeper inside her, and she knew that if Ed Shiffley were to come to her that minute and her knowing all she knew about him and deciding strong against ever so much as letting him lay a hand to her again, she would go to him as she had always gone, even though she no longer believed things would ever get any better and had come to live with the hollow hope they just wouldn't get any worse.

"Mama, it's over," one of the twins said, shaking Mamie. She roused up as the people inside followed Buck out of the schoolhouse. He was smiling and shaking hands and signing his name to pictures some of the schoolgirls had brought with them. Mr. Lewis kept looking at his watch as though he were getting paid by the hour.

"I'm glad I got back," Buck said. "It's something I've been wanting to do."

Everybody crowded together in the play yard while Buck motioned Mr. Lewis to drive, then walked around to the other side of the big car. The Shiffley children fought to open the door for him. Mamie, knowing what damage the children could do without meaning to, tried to tear them away from the car, but Buck grinned and lifted the twin girls into the back seat. He stepped aside while the others piled in on top of the twins; then he took Mamie's arm and helped her into the front seat, where she rode between Buck and Mr. Lewis, the children flopping around in the back seat like bait in an empty bucket.

"He come back just to show off," Mrs. Cass said bitterly, and Mark simply stood there, not saying anything.

"He raised over six hundred dollars," Gus Falk said. Gus had missed the last two songs, counting.

"Once, just once," Mark Cass finally said, speaking out of a vast emptiness within himself, "we should of fed him."

When the big car had disappeared up the dirt road where the Shiffleys lived, everybody went home, and nothing was said about the food and clothing people had given Buck Slater. Everybody felt he was leaving the hills a second time, and this time for good. Much as they had talked about his home-coming, they were relieved at his going, like the passing of a momentary twinge of conscience.

AFTER having told about Lon's operation and the letter she'd written and the little misunderstanding about Mark Cass's potatoes, Mamie found herself explaining to Buck Slater, "He didn't really steal 'em. Lon's just—" She stopped speaking to point out the shed. "There ain't a mean bone in his body."

Buck opened the car door for her, then reached in and lifted out the smallest of the children. He walked with Mamie to the door of the shed, staring at it as though it were a remembered place. "I'm glad the money did some good," he said quietly.

"It saved his life," Mamie said. "The doctors all told me so."

"I should've answered your letter."

"Oh, I didn't 'spect it. You're so busy."

"I shouldn't be that busy." He stared at the shed as though he were about to smash it with his bare fists. "I hope Lon can make it," he said in his quiet way, then quickly shook hands with Mamie. He was halfway back to the car before she felt the full impact of what he'd done.

"Mama, you all right?" the oldest girl asked, frightened by her mother's frozen stare. Mamie seemed not to hear. She stood clutching the folded paper money in both hands as though it were a live and struggling thing.

"He acted like it was somepun he owed me," she said, in wonder, because she had never known Buck Slater in the old days nor lifted a finger to help start him on his way up.

THE END

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Veronica Was BEAUTIFUL

Veronica had the life that every woman dreams of. I could not believe she'd exchange it for something so ordinary

By BARBARA CORRIGAN

I MET Veronica for the first time at the opening of a new night club in the East Sixties. A friend of ours, Vincent Harley, knew the proprietor and had asked my husband Jim and me to be his guests. It was a wonderful evening, and Vince was the perfect host—his flowers were the first anyone had sent me since the twins were born. There was just the right amount of just the right wines with dinner, and Vince managed to make me feel that he wasn't dancing with me out of courtesy, but because he actually wanted to, without making me feel like a candidate for one of his bachelor interludes.

I was dancing with Vince when I saw Veronica. She was sitting at our table on the vivid scarlet banquette that ran around three walls of the room. Her lipstick exactly matched the upholstery. Her hair was black, her skin honey-colored, her dress a simple sheath of gun-metal satin that emphasized the long, clean lines of her body.

She was beautiful. It was a pure, undeniable beauty. My face has never stopped any clocks that I know of, but it's never launched any ships, either. One flutter of Veronica's lashes might have sent an entire fleet off at full speed.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Which one?" Vince smiled down at me, his handsome teeth looking very white against his Miami tan. He'd been pointing out celebrities to me all evening.

"The girl over at our table with Jim and the other man."

Vince stepped on my foot, coming to a full stop. "I don't know," he said after he'd apologized, "but let's not lose any time finding out."

As it happened, I reached our table before him. Both men stood up, and I recognized my husband's companion. "Red!" I cried. "Red Ryan! You old darling!" *(Continued on page 46)*

"It seems to me," Red said quietly, silhouetted in the French doors, "I'm the one who's been selfish"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the tax scandals. But Mr. Meany and the judge weren't talking about that. Mr. Meany merely asked the judge how his brother Johnny, onetime star relief pitcher with the New York Yankees, was doing as farm director for the Boston Red Sox. "Must be doing fine," said the judge. "Understand he has an ulcer."

★ ★ ★

For some reason that's not quite clear to us, we are notified by the University of Massachusetts to stop worrying about New England's forests. We proceeded to do so almost immediately and then got to thinking: Why shouldn't we? The more we thought of it, the more resentful we grew. Free country, isn't it? What right has the University of Massachusetts to tell us not to worry about New England's forests if we feel like it? So we spent a comfortable quarter hour worrying about them, in spite of the fact that Professor Robert P. Holdsworth, head of the university's forestry department, finds that there are more trees today in New England than in 1620 when the Pilgrims landed. We know our rights.

★ ★ ★

Mr. E. F. Jessen, editor of Jessen's Weekly in Fairbanks, Alaska, has lost a good friend. Friend's name was Bill Hunter. When Mr. Jessen got the news that Mr. Hunter had died, he wrote a brief and touching editorial. Then he wrote a caption for the eulogy and sent it down to the printer. Caption: Good Luck, Bill.

★ ★ ★

After 60 years, one of Chicago's most hideous slums—the Mecca—is no more. This evil fire and crime trap, a huddle of 172 flats, all under one roof, was a political precinct all by itself—the 27th. Few nights passed that the Mecca didn't produce crime. Shootings almost nightly. And yet there were a few poverty-stricken tenants who yearned to be decent, and a few too who were not afraid. As the wreckers tore down the Mecca, they came to a wall in a squalid room, whereon someone had carved: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Anyone labeling anything fantastic these days is, well, fantastic. And that's why we disagree with Mr. Henry Born Coatsworth who tells of a "fantastic" idea buzzing around in the heads of Dr. Geoffrey T. Mann, chief medical examiner for the state of Virginia, and Captain R. B. King of the Virginia state police. Dr. Mann and Captain King are talking about radar control of speeding cars. Naturally they're not telling all they know to Mr. Coatsworth or to us, but the idea runs this way: an electronic transmitter would be placed at highway danger areas. There'd be receivers in passing cars. At a certain speed, the setup would be activated. Then, without assistance from the drivers, the cars would automatically slow down. Furthermore, there might be car-to-car exchange of electronic impulses which would slow down either or both, or even bring them to a halt, when otherwise there might be a head-on collision. Makes sense here.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. John M. White, of Stevens, South Dakota, saw a sign at the entrance to the Little Colony at McCook Lake and hastened to write in and tell us about it: "Caution. Like Kids. Anyone Defacing Same Will Be Prosecuted."

★ ★ ★

The Territory of Hawaii has been insulted by the Office of Price Stabilization. Instead of writing regulations for that pleasant part of our country in the customary gobbledygook, OPS comes out in simple declarative sentences to say precisely what it means. The implication makes Hawaii very sore indeed. For example, read a few samples of OPS to Honolulu: "Ceiling prices are hereby set for charcoal. Charcoal means any charred wood. On cooking starch. Cooking starch means corn starch used for cooking. On crackers, cookies and specified cakes. This means crackers, cookies, biscuits, fruitcakes, rum cakes and plum puddings. On oleomargarine. Oleomargarine means any product labeled Oleomargarine." Probably somebody in OPS was fired for that sort of defiance.

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On Mardi Gras morning, Zulu, King of the Africans, tosses coconuts to the cheering crowds in a riotous satire on New Orleans' parades

THE MAGIC OF MARDI

French quarter is virtually deserted while paraders are in new part of city

New Orleans in the pre-Lenten season is the nation's gayest city, a city beyond imagination, a city for an artist's eye

CHEN-CHI, a young Chinese artist who has been traveling over the United States for the past few years recording his impressions of the nation's cities in delicate, perceptive water colors, finds the U.S.A. levelheaded, businesslike and energetic. We thrive on excitement and fatten on pleasure. We rocket through a holiday like daredevil drivers going through flaming hoops. We're colorful, enthusiastic and happy-go-lucky. Chen-Chi thought he knew these things, thought he had seen just about everything. But then he came to the city of New Orleans in Louisiana at Mardi Gras time.

During 10 days preceding Shrove Tuesday, in the old French-Spanish city on the Mississippi, the artist saw more parades, more people, more color, more costumes, more masks, ribbons, frills and furbelows, more shenanigans, more merry-making than he had ever seen in one place before. "It was almost impossible for me to make up my mind where to begin to paint," he says. "All I could do was to try to put together my impressions of the wonderful way in which this fascinating city celebrates the coming of Lent."

Chen-Chi saw a parade a day. Each of the processions, winding through the streets of New Orleans, was magnificently staged and gloriously mounted. Composed largely of great floats, bearing "kings" and their "courtiers," each was the special project of one of the old city's secret societies, called krewes. From the parade of the krewe of Carrollton to the almost unbelievable splendor of the pageants of Rex and Comus

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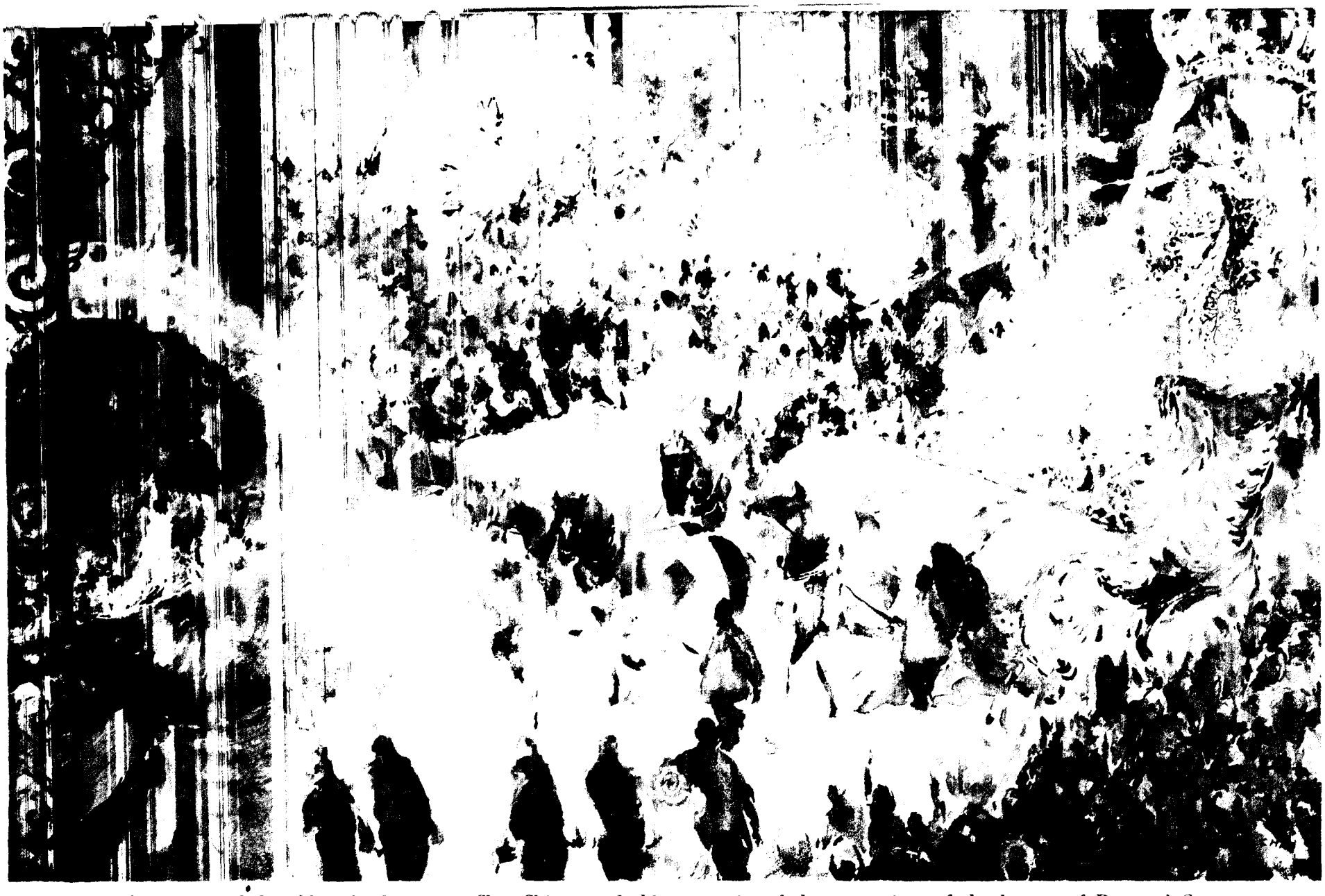

Adding magnificence to unbelievable splendor, artist Chen-Chi painted this composite of the processions of the krewes of Rex and Comus

GRAS

on Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday) itself, the clubs tried, as they do every year, to capture in fabulous symbols the legends, the history, the glory and the charm of New Orleans' colorful past.

As hard-hitting, booming and strictly-business as any other metropolis in the country, New Orleans still is spiritually pretty much out of America's everyday world. Though its energies reflect the vigor of modern living, its heart belongs to history. Founded around 1718 by a Frenchman, it was, for some 80 years, first the capital of the French colonial empire in North America, and then the center of Spanish Louisiana.

Volatile as these backgrounds were, New Orleans added special spices of its own. From the maraudings of the pirate Jean Lafitte to the voodoo rites of African slaves in its squares and byways, the city became bold, carefree and uninhibited. It grew into a gambler's town, a playboy's town, a jazz town. The old French quarter below Canal Street was like a city on another continent. It still is. Its narrow streets are shadowed by overhanging balconies; great barred doors and grilled gateways lead to tropical gardens. Old World restaurants, smoky saloons, studios, curio shops and night clubs have long ago invaded its once-great mansions, but the splendor that was New Orleans still shines through.

There was color and vivacity and charm in the old days, and there is brilliance and vitality and fascination now in the season of the Carnival and on the day of Mardi Gras. As these water-color impressions by Chen-Chi prove, New Orleans at Mardi Gras is not a city of streets and streetcars, of shops and wharves and factories. It is a city of light and laughter that will never grow old. SEY CHASSLER

Most Mardi Gras activities revolve about Canal Street, one of the broadest city avenues in U.S. "Here," says the painter, "it is resting before the hullabaloo of the parades"

PAINTINGS BY CHEN-CHI

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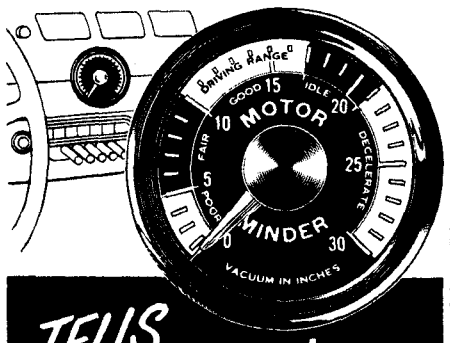

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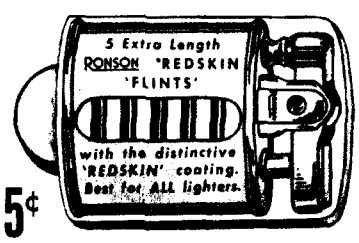

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Veronica Was Beautiful

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Red hugged me, his grin crinkling the corners of his eyes, and the freckles that went with his carroty hair showed up even more. The day Jim and I took off from Guam, he had been grinning like that, rather ruefully, standing at the edge of the strip in sweat-stained crumpled khakis. His uniforms had always looked as if he had slept in them—and so, I noticed now, did his civilian clothes. The gray gabardine he was wearing sagged in the knees, and there was a fresh but obtrusive spot on his tie.

"We thought you were living in California," I said.

"We were," Red said, "but we've been *living in New York for going on two years* now." Although I had not failed to grasp the significance of the plural pronoun, I was hard put to it to keep the incredulity out of my expression when Red introduced me to the girl at the table. "My wife, Veronica—Evelyn Edwards."

I sank into the chair he was holding for me and made the usual inane congratulatory remarks. The nurses Red had gone out with on Guam had been nice, sensible, motherly types who had kept Red well supplied with hand-knitted socks. Seeing Veronica Ryan's pale, exquisite fingers playing with the stem of her glass, I wondered if they had ever so much as darned a sock.

They had been married three years ago in San Francisco, after, Red boasted sheepishly, a courtship of less than a week.

"Don't ask me how I did it," he said, and you knew that with Red this wasn't just chatter. He was plainly puzzled. Veronica smiled diffidently, and I saw her hand reach for his under the table. Obviously Red's humble adoration was embarrassing. For a moment nobody had anything to say. Vince broke the silence by asking Veronica to dance. She agreed quickly—almost too quickly, I thought.

THEY made a spectacularly handsome couple. Vince's sun-bleached head was bent with flattering attentiveness toward her dark one.

Red seemed pathetically gratified. "Ronny's really pretty, isn't she?"

"In my more exhilarated moments," I began, "I consider myself pretty. In my most jealous moments, I would consider your wife much more than beautiful. But you shouldn't say things like that to another woman. It's an implied comparison. It's as if I were to say: 'Isn't Vince a good-looking guy?' "

Red grinned. "Don't make me feel like a bigger ass than I am. He *is* good-looking, isn't he? Is that Vincent Harley, the radio commentator?"

"Yes," I said.

"Seems like a nice guy." He looked at Jim.

Jim assured him that he was, and changed the subject.

The Ryans lived, Red told us, in the Village, no more than four blocks away from us, on Christopher Street. It was one of those things that can happen only in a big city. For two years, Red and Jim had been riding the Seventh Avenue subway at approximately the same hours, and Veronica and I had been shopping in the same chain stores. We even knew some of the same people around the neighborhood. Veronica, when Vince brought her back to us, was sure she remembered seeing me shopping with the twins. But I couldn't picture Veronica shoving a grocery cart, and if I had ever seen her I would never have forgotten her.

Red didn't dance. He'd never been much good, he explained, and an extra twenty pounds didn't help. Except for a single rumba, Jim and I sat the rest of the dances out with him. Veronica and Vince seemed to be tireless; and while they were dancing, Red told us a good bit of his wife's history.

Veronica's widowed mother had been ambitious for her only child and had taken her to Hollywood when she was in her early teens. But, just as one of the major studios was beginning to show an interest in the girl, the mother had died, and with her had gone the trust fund that had supported them. Veronica had got a receptionist's job with a chemical company and had soon been transferred to the San Francisco office where Red was general manager.

"Luckiest day of my life," Red said. I thought that it had been a lucky day for Veronica too—from receptionist to boss's wife practically overnight.

"Say, Jim," Red said suddenly, "doesn't Harley have something to do with some *television program?*"

Jim nodded. "The one they call 'American Beauties.' "

"I thought so!" Red beamed. Then his expression changed, and I noticed lines around his mouth that hadn't been there the last time we saw him. "This may sound funny to you," he said, "but I feel sort of guilty about Ronny sitting around the apartment all day. We have a maid for all the heavy work, and there isn't enough else to keep her busy. Besides, she should be out where she can be—well, *seen.* Lord knows she's worth looking at." He broke off as Vince and Veronica came back to us, arm in arm. One glance at Vince told us he thoroughly agreed with Red.

"Poor Red," I said, when we were alone in our cab, going home. Vince had stopped off at the Ryans' for a nightcap.

Jim didn't answer at once. "You don't like her, do you, Eve?" It was a statement rather than a question.

Usually I'm more honest with my husband. "I'm not sure," I lied. I knew how important it was to Jim that I "like" Veronica, at least enough not to break up his old companionship with Red. The trouble was, I was fond of Red too. As a bachelor officer on Guam he had come to our house often, done little chores for me that Jim put off doing, praised my cooking, talked about his latest girl. He had been comfortable rather than exciting to have around, not one of those young men who give rise to anecdotes, either ribald or heroic, and he had never figured largely in our reminiscences about our tour of duty in the Pacific. But, as I have said, we had been very fond of him—how fond I hadn't realized until tonight.

I *had* to like Veronica Ryan, I told myself, or anyway, I had to try.

I came close to succeeding the following morning. I was feeding the twins an early lunch, when the doorbell rang. I wiped spinach from James's chin, mopped up John's spilled milk, grabbed for a lipstick, and yelled, "Come in!"

VERONICA came in, picking her way around the play pen and over an assortment of stuffed toys, pulling off her pigskin gloves which exactly matched her wool suit. She had been passing by, she explained, and had just dropped in to ask if we could come to dinner on Sunday. For all her exquisite neatness—the smooth hair, the polished calf bag and shoes—she seemed oblivious of the mess around her, and when I brought out the children she hugged them to her, one on each side, and then abruptly released them like a child caught playing with another's dolls.

"You're very lucky," she said. "Tell me, do they really ruin your figure?"

I was immediately all too conscious of the safety pin which augmented the band on my denim slacks. "I doubt if I'll ever have a twenty-four-inch waist again," I said, "but they're worth it!"

"Of course." Veronica smiled. "And Jim thinks so too."

Somehow this required an answer. "He'd better!" I snapped.

"I don't believe Red is quite certain of the role he's picked out for me, but I'm sure I couldn't do it justice in a maternity smock," Veronica said.

I had been on the verge of asking her to stay and have a sandwich with me. Instead I let her go, and I drank a solitary cup of tea—without sugar.

Sunday, about an hour before we were due at the Ryans', I made Jim a cheese sandwich. "Fortify yourself," I said. "We're apt to be dining on hummingbirds' tongues."

Jim said I was probably underestimating Veronica. It turned out that I had underestimated her more than I thought. Red met us at their door, with a kitchen towel tucked into the top of his pants.

"Tonight's my night in the kitchen," he

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"OK! OK! Gimme some soap and a towel, and I'll be out in a second"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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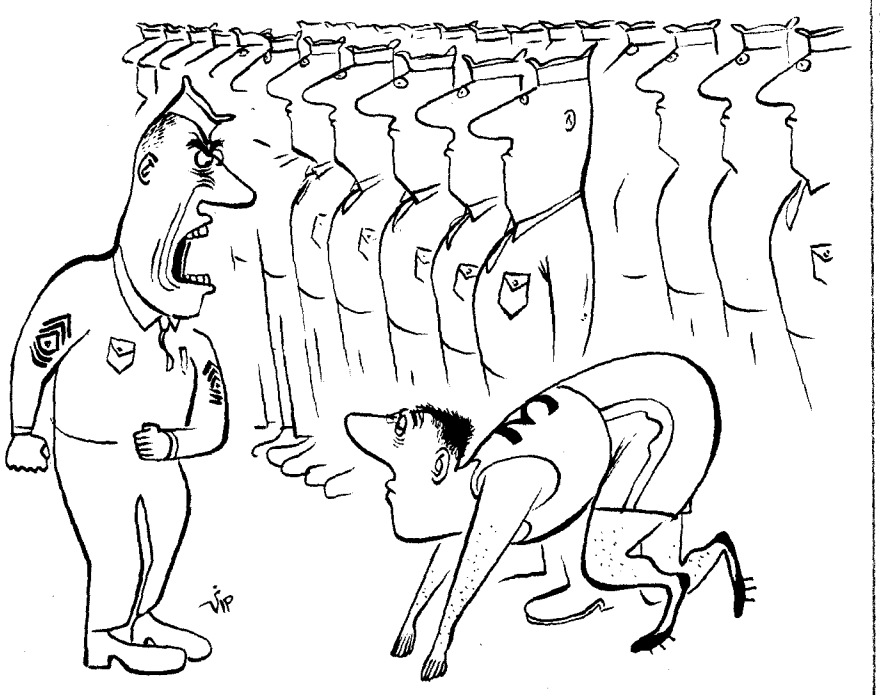
VIP'S WAR



"Well, we don't *need* a company runner. Is that clear?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

said. "Ronny's had a hard day. Vince has been taking her around the television studio."

Veronica hadn't mentioned Vince when she'd asked me, but I wasn't surprised to see him. He appeared now in the living-room arch with her. She was wearing a low-necked greenish-blue dress, and Vince had to tear his eyes away to say hello.

"Red, can't I help you do something?" Veronica said, but Red pushed her gently toward Vince.

"You'll only spill something on yourself. Go entertain our distinguished guests," he insisted.

When I went out in the kitchen later, he asked what I thought of her dress. He'd picked it out in a shop on Madison Avenue. "She should be buying all her clothes from top designers," he said, "but I think this suits her."

I said it did, perfectly. I avoided adding that it was also shameless wolf bait and, furthermore, seemed to have snared the wolf, but some of what I was thinking must have been obvious.

Red looked at me solemnly. "I only wish I could give her everything she deserves," he said.

It would have been cruel as well as futile to argue with him.

Red's curry was delicious, and he had got all the right condiments to go with it. Altogether it was a delightful evening, and before we left I invited them to our place the following Sunday. Naturally, I had to include Vince.

THAT was the beginning. We saw a lot of the Ryans that spring. To my surprise, Veronica fell into the habit of dropping by our apartment several mornings a week. She rarely stayed for more than one cigarette, and she ignored the twins, who, with the perversity of children and animals, adored her. I never ceased to wonder why she bothered to come, but I began to look forward to her visits. Our talk wasn't important—mostly people and clothes—but she seemed to relax watching me tackle routine household tasks.

Jim, on the rare occasions when he happened to be home in the daytime, frankly enjoyed seeing her. She had done some modeling on the Coast, and Jim liked to talk to people who were experienced in, but no longer connected with, his work. He had grown enthusiastic describing some new cosmetic he was about to launch.

"How is it better than any of the others?" I asked.

"Well," Jim said, "I'm not a scientist, but—"

"You sound so cynical, Eve," Veronica protested. "The essential thing is that for some people, whether the product is better or not, it actually works, like a talisman. And all of us—at least all of us who haven't found one—are looking for some sort of enchanted cloak or fairy ring that will transform us into the kind of people we really want to be."

"You're getting too abstruse for me," I objected. "That's polite for farfetched."

"Anyway," Jim said to Veronica, "you cast a mighty fine spell without the benefit of our product." He said it with a laugh, but Veronica barely smiled in response.

THE next time I saw her, we were all together—Veronica and Red, Jim and myself, and Vince. Vince was inviting us to dinner at his penthouse.

"I've got to be in Washington that night," Red said, "but I'm sure Ronny'd like to come."

"Darling," his wife objected evenly, "you know what a drag a lone woman is on a party."

It was Vince's cue, but Red got there first. "Don't be silly, hon. You couldn't be a drag on anything."

Vince didn't say a word.

It was raining the night of Vince's party, and we were late. The hors d'oeuvres were down to a single radish rose and a few potato chips. I looked for Veronica, but she was nowhere in sight. I was glad for her sake. Several of Vince's "American Beauties" were much in evidence, and while they didn't have Veronica's pure, unearthly loveliness, they were fresh and young, and I couldn't help being a bit flattered when Vince deserted them to corral me behind the grand piano.

"Congratulate me, Eve?" He was half teasing, half sober.

"For what?"

"It's Veronica and me, Eve."

"So I've noticed."

"I mean, we're going to be married." He paused theatrically. "But, of course, she hasn't told you. I only asked her tonight."

"And she accepted?"

Vince shrugged. "She ran away from me. Same thing."

"Not precisely," I said, but without much conviction. "Does Red know?"

Vince surprised me by looking suddenly guilty. "Damned if I know!" he confessed. "I was sure he'd heard all the gossip about us. There's been plenty. Look, no man can

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be such a fool as to be married to somebody like Veronica and not expect—"

"Red's no fool!" I said tartly. "But he's such a decent guy—"

"Sure, sure," Vince interrupted. "Of course he is. But, Eve, you're a woman! You must realize he hasn't got anything to offer someone like Veronica!"

I didn't know whether Vince was seeing the whole affair as a matter of selective affinities or of economic compatibility. Knowing that Red would probably agree with him in any case didn't help, either.

We went home as soon as we decently could, and we were asleep when Red's telephone call from Washington came through. Veronica had been seriously hurt, he said, run down by a taxi. They'd taken her to Bellevue. He was flying in on the next plane to New York, but meanwhile he wanted us to see to any necessary arrangements.

THE cabdriver was still at the hospital, in the corridor outside Veronica's ward, when we arrived. He was just a kid, and he was twisting his cap in his hands unhappily.

"You the husband?" he asked Jim.

"No," Jim said, "just a friend."

"Honest," the cabdriver said, "it wasn't my fault. Even the cops say so. She stepped off the curb right smack in front of me. It was raining, and she had on a dark raincoat and all."

"If the police say it wasn't your fault, you're undoubtedly in the clear," I said.

"Yeah." The cabby didn't brighten. "But she was a real good-looking lady, wasn't she?"

"Very," Jim said.

"That's just it, see?" the boy said dismally. "She ain't now."

It was her face that had suffered. Her other injuries were superficial. As soon as Red got there, he had her moved to a private hospital and they put her in a room with a "No Visitors" sign on the door.

"She doesn't want to see anyone," Red told us when we talked to him. "Not even Vincent Harley. He sent up a truckload of flowers, but she won't let him in. She did say, though, if Eve wasn't too busy—"

"I'll go and see her tomorrow," I said.

Red hadn't exaggerated about Vince's flowers. They banked three walls and overflowed into the hall. Veronica sat propped up in bed, swathed to the eyes in bandages.

"Look at me!" she greeted me gaily. "I feel like the Queen of the May, and all on account of a miserable little bump on the head!"

They hadn't told her. I supposed they didn't dare, until she was definitely out of danger. I listened warily as she chatted on about doctors and nurses and the excitements and monotonies of hospital routine, afraid that I would show undue sympathy.

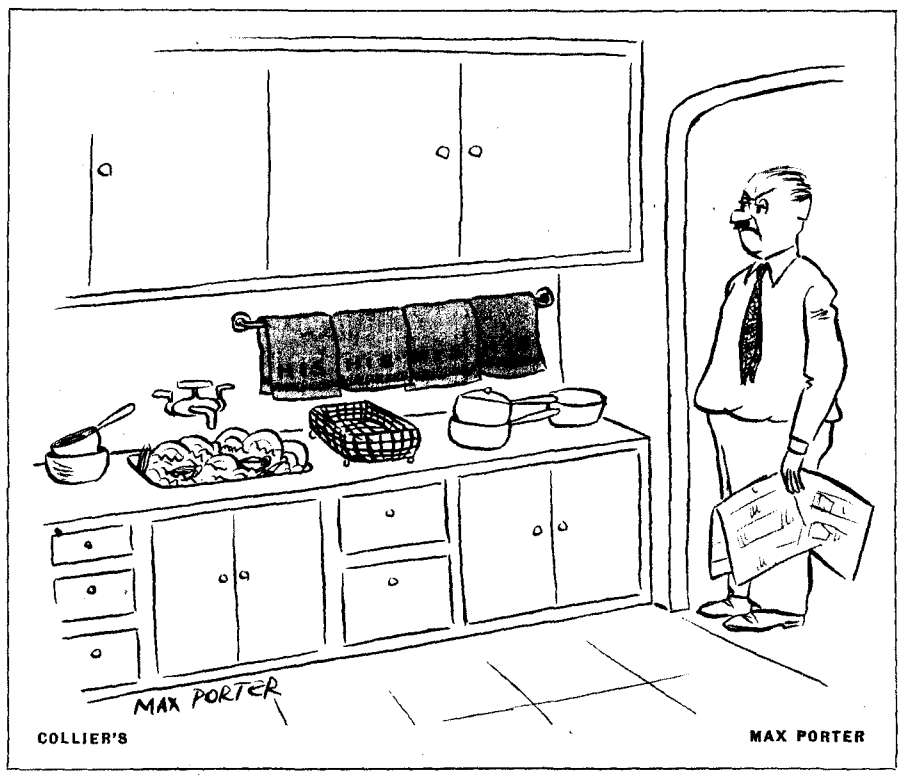
I went to the hospital regularly after that. Veronica was unfailingly cheerful. Once she asked to borrow my compact, and she sat there for several minutes, staring at herself. I had got used to the mask of white gauze, but apparently she had not. I cursed myself for letting her have a mirror and yearned to snatch it back, but she passed it back calmly and asked if I knew how to make really good clam chowder, and we spent the rest of my hour talking about food. . . .

Veronica was discharged from the hospital rather suddenly, and the Ryans moved out to a cottage Red had rented on Long Island. We didn't see either of them for about a month. Then, one afternoon, Red telephoned me from his office to ask if we were free the coming Sunday.

"Ronny's missed you, Eve," he said. "There aren't many people for her to make friends with out here. She still won't see Vince or any of his crowd. It'll be different after she's had plastic surgery. They tell me there's a fifty-fifty chance she'll be just the same."

Just the same. For Vince. I'd all but forgotten that Veronica was "engaged" to Vince.

"She's got to be the same," Red went on, "able to make a free choice. It can't be any other way. Otherwise—Eve, she was beautiful, wasn't she?"



COLLIER'S MAX PORTER

"She—" I started to say "is," but I followed his lead. "She was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," I said.

To Jim, I said: "I wish we didn't have to go! I'd begun to like her, but I'm crazy about Red, and I'm no good at pretending."

Veronica met us at their gate, in faded blue jeans, with a trowel in her hand.

"I'm putting in radishes and onion sets and a few carrots," she said. "I know it's late in the season, but it seems a shame to live in the country and not have a vegetable garden." She faced us then. "Don't bother trying not to stare. Everyone does, and I've got over minding."

She'd had her hair cut short, and the scars on her forehead were partly concealed by curly black bangs, but the scar that ran from her eyebrow to the corner of her mouth lifted her lips into a sardonic smirk. It was an angry red against her deep tan.

"Come up to the house." She linked arms with me. "Red's asleep, the dog! I made him spade the aster bed, and he's exhausted. And he swears that eighteen holes of golf leave him fresh as a daisy. Fie on men!"

Red welcomed us sleepily from the hammock on the porch. "You mind bringing out the refreshments, Ronny, while I wake up?"

Veronica went into the cottage. I would have followed, but Red stopped me. "She looks—healthy, doesn't she, considering?"

"She looks fine," I said.

"She never complains," Red said worriedly. "You people seen Vince lately?"

I shook my head. "Not since the night of the accident."

He started to ask me something more about Vince, but the approaching sound of ice tinkling in tall glasses stopped him.

I'd been dreading the afternoon but, as a matter of fact, it was a lot of fun. We went for a stroll along the beach; we played a windy, hilarious game of badminton. Dinner was delicious. Veronica brushed aside our compliments. "I've always loved food, but this is the first time in years I've got enough exercise to let myself go on anything but salads."

We visited the Ryans frequently that summer, usually, at their insistence, with the twins. Veronica took them completely off my hands, waded with them on the shore, exploring heaps of seaweed and building sand castles while Red, Jim and I watched from the comfort of the Ryans' shady terrace.

"She does like children, you know," Red said abruptly one evening. The three of them were knee-deep in the surging foam and spray. Both James and John were yelling bloody murder with sheer delight.

"They like her, too," Jim said. "Why don't you have a couple?"

Red lighted a cigarette before he answered. "Ronny goes into the hospital tomorrow for her first operation. She didn't want me to mention it, but there's no reason why your knowing should put a damper on the evening, is there?"

"None," I agreed insincerely. Until that moment I hadn't realized that at last I'd grown really to like Veronica, to respect her opinions, her innate integrity, to see her in focus as Red's wife. Her scars, when I noticed them at all, had become such a part of Ronny Ryan that they seemed oddly appealing. Without them, she would be a stranger, though perhaps not so much a stranger as she had been. But mostly, it was Red I was afraid for.

I don't remember exactly how I happened to be alone with Veronica on the terrace. I'd tucked the twins in and come out to find Jim absorbed in a chess problem. I think Red had gone to stoke the furnace. It was chilly for September.

Veronica didn't have a wrap. Standing on the edge of the walk, the ocean breeze blowing across her bare shoulders, molding her skirt against her body, she looked like the figurehead of a proud ship.

"We'd better go in, Ronny," I warned. I think that was the first time I'd called her by Red's nickname. "You don't want to show up at the hospital tomorrow with a case of the sniffles."

"Red told you!" In the moonlight that filtered through the vines on the trellis her profile was the pale reflection of a dream.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to let it slip. Red told me not to."

"It doesn't matter." She had turned full-face now, and the moonlight was as cruel as it had been kind. "Eve, I'm not having that operation tomorrow or any other morning! I'm not going to give up being a human being, go back to being treated like a piece of useless bric-a-brac! I've never known before what it was to be admired simply because I made good watermelon pickle and knew which side of a boat was starboard. Eve, I've enjoyed being ugly!"

SHE meant it. It seemed incredible, but she meant it. I hesitated; then I said: "What about Vince?"

"Vince? Vincent Harley?" Her astonishment couldn't have been feigned. "What about him? You mean"—she was thinking it out loud—"do I blame him? No, I don't think so. Oh, if I hadn't been so furious at him I wouldn't have been out walking in the rain, and if I hadn't been crying I would have seen the cab. But it isn't fair to blame Vince because I acted like an idiot."

"Have you told Red all this?" I asked.

"Red? Why, no! Why should I?" Ronny was startled. "I'll have to tell him about the operation, after you've gone, but he'll understand. He doesn't mind about my face—" She broke off, her hands gripping mine. "Eve, you mean he does mind? That he's ashamed of me? Oh, Eve!"

A great little fixer I was! My immediate impulse was to say that of course Red didn't mind, that he loved her, that nobody could help loving her, and to heck with any operation, but I couldn't. Red would never believe his luck. All the rest of their lives he'd wonder.

"Ronny," I said, feeling my way slowly, "we talked once about everybody needing some magic talisman. Red found his when he married the fairy princess. It made him a prince, or least a knight on a white charger."

"And then the princess changed into a a scullery maid." Ronny spoke without bitterness, as if she were telling the story. "And unless the prince weaves the spell to turn her back—I see, Eve. I've been very selfish."

"It seems to me," Red said quietly—he was silhouetted in the French doors—"I'm the one who's been selfish. Run away for a while, will you, Eve!"

I ran, gladly.

Veronica had the operation in the morning, and she's had two since. Nothing remains of the old scars but a faint crease on her left cheek. "My talisman, Eve," she said once, but the Ryans' baby daughter says it's a dimple. THE END

COLLIER'S **"The Government just put a tax on them"** CHARLES PEARSON

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"At last, Mary, we're going places!"

"If it hadn't been for fire insurance I'd never have been able to retire. But here we are, our years of hard work behind us, free to enjoy life."

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One-Room School

By HOWARD BRODIE

FARMER MARION GREENLEE surveyed the little white schoolhouse fondly. "When they built this place, back in 1889," he said, "they lined it up with the North Star, to keep it square with the world."

The picturesque Zion Hill School is a bit ramshackle now, and maybe it doesn't line up exactly north and south any more. But it's still serving a number of the wheat and corn farmers of Nebraska's Frontier County just as it has for 63 years.

Twenty-five years ago, Marion Greenlee was a pupil at Zion Hill. Today, his three children—Oren, thirteen, Marilyn, eight, and Gary, five—make up three fifths of the school's enrollment. The other pupils are Terry Korb, nine, and Neil Hall, eleven, whose mother also is a graduate.

No two of the pupils currently taking instruction from Nadeen Warren, the nineteen-year-old teacher, are in the same grade. Gary is the kindergarten class; his brother Oren, the oldest student, will go on to high school next year.

Maybe modern educators would sniff at schools like Zion Hill, but I spent a day there and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

The session started, officially, when the alarm clock on the scarfed piano in one corner of the room said it was nine o'clock. We stood, placed our right hands over our hearts, and pledged allegiance to the flag. Then Miss Warren assigned lessons, and I took the opportunity to look about me.

A big-bellied stove stood against one wall, throwing out a powerful wave of heat against the cold breezes that sifted through cracks in the old building. Beside it were two coal scuttles and a hamper of dried corncobs to augment the fuel supply (there was a coal shed out back). Back of the stove hung a picture of Abraham Lincoln, and a little farther along the wall was its inevitable classroom companion, a reproduction of Gilbert Stuart's unfinished portrait of George Washington.

Watching Gary playing with his blocks, while the others alternately studied or recited, I wondered what it felt like to teach five different grades at once, each consisting of a single pupil. Miss Warren and the children seemed to take it as a matter of course; while one youngster read aloud, the others studied industriously, apparently oblivious to the sounds around them. At ten thirty there was a short recess, then class continued until noon.

During lunch, I asked the teacher about her work as she ate at her desk (the kids, after lining up to wash their hands at an agate water basin, were scattered about the room, sharing the lunches they had brought from home).

Miss Warren told me that she had gone to classes in just such a school as this in 1941. She is a high-school graduate who earned her teacher's certificate by attending McCook Junior College—in McCook, Nebraska, the nearest large town, 20 miles away—for two summers.

"I started teaching last year, in a different one-room school, with three pupils," she said. "Instructing different classes in the same room isn't hard, especially when you've been taught that way yourself—though I feel a sort of special responsibility for Gary, who's so young, and just beginning."

She looked thoughtful, then said:

"Teaching is nice work, and I enjoy it, but I don't know whether I'll keep it up. It's lonely."

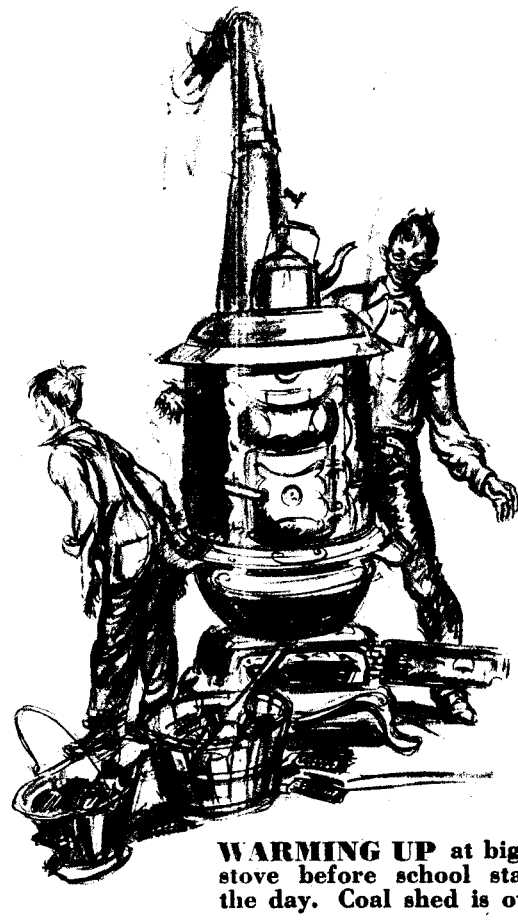
It must be. Nadeen Warren lives with Terry Korb's parents, not far away. There is no town any closer than Curtis, 15 miles north, and Curtis has fewer than 1,000 inhabitants. McCook, to the south in Red Willow County, has 7,600 people—2,400 more than the whole of Frontier County.

It is this remoteness, plus the fact that the roads in the area are bad, that accounts for the existence of the Zion Hill School, and the 75 other one-room schoolhouses (most of them somewhat newer) in Frontier County. Distances between towns, and between farms, are too great for much consolidation of schools, and the roads discourage the use of school busses. Children attending high school, unless they're old enough to drive, generally room out nearby.

While I was talking to Nadeen Warren, there was a scratching at the door. Oren opened it, and Jack, his mostly-collie dog, slipped eagerly in. He was fed and put out, but he refused to stay out. After he had nudged his way back into the room a couple of times, Miss Warren decided to ignore him, and he remained for the rest of the afternoon.

After the two-thirty recess, I gave an art lesson, using the teacher as a model. It was around four when we finished. Miss Warren and I grinned as we looked over some of the unflattering sketches of her submitted by the pupils, and I asked if she might keep some of the youngsters after school, as punishment. "I can't," she smiled. "If I kept them after school, I'd have to keep their parents, too."

There was a squealing of brakes outside as cars began to arrive, and the children started putting their books away. Class at Zion Hill was over for the day. THE END



WARMING UP at big-bellied stove before school starts for the day. Coal shed is out back

PLAYING GAME during recess. Teacher Nadeen Warren, 19, joins four of her pupils in game of Red Lion by side of schoolhouse

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ZION HILL SCHOOL, erected 63 years ago on Nebraska plains, is 15 miles from closest small town. Until it was built, kids attended school in a sod hut on same site. Note cyclone cellar within easy reach (*foreground*)

CLASSROOM SCENE. Pupils, left to right, are Gary Greenlee, 5; Terry Korb, 9; Marilyn Greenlee, 8; Neil Hall, 11; Oren Greenlee, 13. Children travel as far as 3¼ miles to reach school. Dog, belonging to Oren, insisted on attending class

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

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The Brass Lullaby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

blue eyes lighted up her whole face. Harry smiled at her and went on eating.

I could stop all this happy chatter, he thought. I could announce that I'm not fighting tomorrow night. Because Harry was carrying them all, and he had been for a long time. In theory, the old man should have been independent, operating the bar Harry had bought for him. But somehow it hadn't worked out that way. Winnie's husband had a job in Wall Street, but for five years he had been sawbucking Harry to death. One of those casual deals—ten and ten and ten . . .

When the meal was over, Winnie and George said they were going to a party in Sutton Place. From the way they dropped the news in, it was easy to tell that this party was a very high-level gathering. George clapped Harry on the shoulder and asked if he'd brought the fight tickets.

"No," Harry said. "I forgot. I'll have Hanson leave them at the box office in your name."

"Thanks, Champ." George gave him another hearty slap on the shoulder and followed Winnie toward the front door. Harry went into the living room and tried to read the papers, but Annie had the television volume turned up so loud it hurt his head. He finally gave up and started toward the stairs.

HIS mother was in the kitchen, bickering with a new maid, but she came out and asked if Harry would like to go to a movie with them. He said no; he wanted to get to bed early. As she turned back toward the kitchen, he felt a glow of pride at the way she looked. Dumpy and graying, sure, but she wore her clothes well. She was hard on servants, but that was natural. After years of doing her own cooking and cleaning, she couldn't help heckling them. Smiling faintly, Harry went on up the stairs and flopped down on the bed in his room.

I jacked them all up, he thought grimly; I hoisted this whole gang of Malloys. The old man would have been a building superintendent all his life if I hadn't learned how to belt people around in the ring. I even got Winnie married off to that intellectual jerk of a George. But it had taken ten years and a hundred fights, and the tab was still pretty stiff. What happens if my eyes have gone bad, and I can't fight any more?

He was thinking over the possibility, when someone tapped on the door. Harry flipped on the bed lights and said, "Come in." It was Terry. She wore a flaring green corduroy skirt and a dark sweater with the sleeves pushed up to her elbows. Standing there, slender, framed in the doorway, she looked like a portrait of a young lady.

"The sweater's too tight," Harry said irritably.

"Oh, fuss—" His sister came over and sat on the end of the bed. She started to say something else, but hesitated, her lower lip caught between her teeth.

"Okay," said Harry. "What is it?"

"Well, after the graduation exercises, we're going to have a dance at school. This morning I saw a darling evening dress and I know it costs too much—"

"Dig, dig," Harry said. He swung his legs off the bed and went to the desk in the corner. He scribbled the check and handed it to her.

Terry glanced at the check and kissed him on the cheek. "It's too much," she said. "But it always is, with you." She stood there, tracing a line around the bedpost with one finger, as Harry plumped up the pillow and lay back down. She's going to be beautiful, he thought. Too leggy, now, and thin, but that will be past in a year. These shanty-type Malloys must have had an Irish queen hidden in their background somewhere.

"Are you feeling all right?" Terry asked, staring at him thoughtfully.

"Oh, a little too fine, maybe." Harry shoved up higher on the bed. "I had to work harder to make the weight this time."

"You kept blinking," Terry said slowly. "All through dinner. We were all sitting there and laughing, and you didn't hear a word we were saying." She came around the foot of the bed and began to rub his head. "When are you going to quit, Harry? Pretty soon, instead of blinking, you may stumble a little bit, and then it'll be too late."

Harry closed his eyes and felt her cool fingers on his forehead. That was another thing he appreciated about her; she always called him Harry. Not "Champ" or "Tiger" or "Slugger," but just Harry. His name. "It's my business, Princess," he answered lightly. "It's what I do for a living."

"I don't care!" Terry's voice was high with sudden anger. "It's time for you to quit. This Wallard, tomorrow night, is the hardest puncher in the division, isn't he? A few more like him, and maybe you'll drop down from main events. You could stop now and make the bar pay, not just give all the liquor away, like Dad does. He could go to work; all of us could."

"Hey!" Harry sat up and grabbed her hands. She was close to tears. "No blubbering. I'm pacing myself, Princess, and I'll know when to check out."

"All right." Terry wiped at her eyes and pecked at his cheek again. "Thanks for the dress," she said, and her corduroy skirt swished as she went out of the room. Harry closed the door and undressed. When he was in his pajamas, he got back in bed and lay staring out the window.

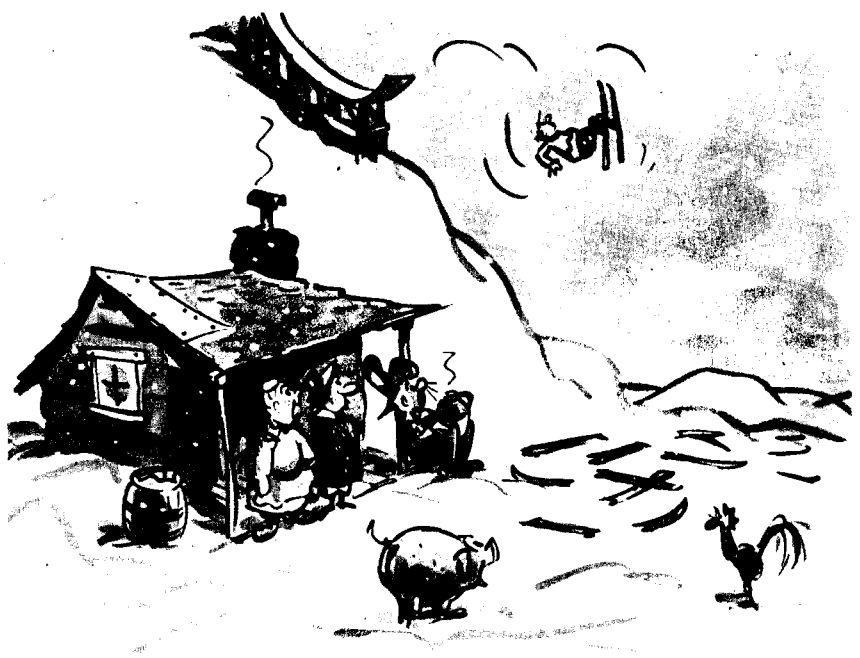
She's right about the rest of them, he thought grimly. They rode up with me, and they can ride back down. But not Terry. He had plans for her, and they didn't include any shorthand courses. Terry was going through a good school, maybe Barnard College. All the way through; and if she wanted to go to another school after that, okay. The money had to be there.

Funny she had noticed his eyes, when the rest of them hadn't. But she had always been sensitive to his mood, and when he had dropped a fight, it was always Terry who had picked him up, kidded him and fussed over him. He didn't care what she did with her life, but he wanted her to have a real chance. Maybe she could be a lawyer. Women were doing those jobs now. Medicine. Or if she wanted a home and kids instead, that was all right too. Harry was determined that she should not have to marry some clerk or beer salesman, just to be getting married. She was going to get her choice, and it was going to be made from the top, not the bottom.

Thinking about Terry, smiling gently, he watched the street light outside his window. It stayed bright and clear until he fell asleep.

HARRY always noticed people's hands first. Dr. Howard had long, bony fingers, and he steepled them under his chin as Harry described the blackout in the gym and the colored halos around the lights. The doctor was a graying, dapper man; he glanced down at the card which bore not Harry's name but that of Robert Thompson.

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S **"Kennesaw moved the cabin down here so he wouldn't have to look for kindlin' wood"** REAMER KELLER

"You are a professional boxer, Mr. Thompson?" he asked, and Harry involuntarily touched his scarred brows.

"I was," he answered. The doctor nodded and came around the desk. He peered at Harry's eyes through a shining tubular instrument with a light in the end of it, and then he told the fighter to close his eyes. Harry did, and felt the pressure of the doctor's thumbs on his eyeballs.

"Is there any pain?" the specialist asked, still probing with his thumbs.

"No." Malloy leaned forward and saw the white jacket retreating around the desk. Dr. Howard began to scribble on a prescription pad.

"You have a serious eye involvement, Mr. Thompson," he said curtly. "Get this liquid and put one drop in each eye every fifteen minutes for two hours. After that, repeat every half hour until I see you tomorrow."

Harry stood up, relieved. It didn't sound too bad. "My job—I work in a warehouse; there's some lifting—"

"No," said Dr. Howard. "Avoid all fatigue. No smoking or coffee."

Malloy nodded and was halfway to the door when a new thought made him turn around. "But tomorrow's Sunday. Do you work on Sunday?"

"Not as a rule." The doctor was a stern, gray figure in his white jacket. "But I will be here tomorrow, because you have an acute glaucoma, Mr. Thompson, complicated by concussion. If we do not treat the condition promptly, you may soon be blind."

Harry was squared away; his head rolled with the last word, as if it were a punch he had been waiting to block. He looked away from the doctor. "These attacks—how far apart do they come?"

"Impossible to tell." Dr. Howard was brisk and businesslike now, showing him out. "Maybe ten minutes, maybe not for a week. Be here at the same time tomorrow."

Harry got his hat off the couch and walked out of the office. It was a crisp, fair day, and he sauntered along the sidewalk for several blocks. He was turning the proposition over in his mind. He figured wryly that it would be hard to avoid fatigue in going ten rounds, with Lou Wallard dropping bombs on him all the way.

The sunlight was so warm on his shoulders that he took the sport jacket off and carried it over his arm. The decision was a big one, and it had come up without much warning. Harry had enough money in the bank to carry the family for maybe two-three years. But that left the important thing out; it didn't include Terry and his plan for her. He wondered how much it would take for four years at a good school, with all the clothes and extras a girl had to have. Since he had no idea, he pegged the price at upwards of ten thousand dollars, and that simplified the decision.

He knew only one way he could possibly get the money. His step quickened, and at the next corner he walked into a drugstore and had the prescription filled. Sitting in a telephone booth, he tilted his head and put the drop in each eye. Then he called Pop Hanson, and the manager started to tell him something.

"Don't talk," Harry said harshly. "Listen. I want to bet ten grand on myself tonight. Can you get it down?"

Hanson's voice was outraged and shrill over the wire. They had decided years ago that they would not bet on Harry's fights. Besides, the manager fumed, Harry not only couldn't beat Wallard, but they weren't booking bets that size in Manhattan for a while. It would have to go to Jersey.

"So get it to Jersey. Six thousand on me to win, and four thousand against a Wallard knockout. If you have to, send somebody to Philadelphia with it." Hanging up abruptly, Harry sat watching the clock over the soda fountain, waiting for fifteen minutes to pass.

MALLOY sat on the edge of the rubbing table and kicked his scuffed boxing shoes together. His hands were wrapped, like white mauls, and he was beginning to tighten up. The commission doctor had just gone. Beyond the closed dressing-room door, Harry could hear a sound like breakers piling on a rocky shore. It was the noise of the Garden crowd, diminished by the long hall. Hanson was sitting in the corner, reading a paper, his chair tilted back against the wall.

Whitey Connor, the second, was checking his first-aid stuff in the taped cigar box, getting ready for the trek upstairs. Malloy glanced at him, not really seeing him, and came off the table. He began to shadowbox around the room, whistling vigorously through his nose as he punched away. When he had made a full circuit, he stopped before Hanson.

"Is it set?" he asked.

Pop nodded; he had a sour, disapproving look. "I sent Marty over with it."

Harry wheeled and bared his teeth several times, as if strain were beginning to pull him out of shape. The time was getting short. He lay back down on the table and listened to the crowd roar upstairs.

When the rap came on the door, Harry swung his legs off the table. He jogged in

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place, loosening up. Whitey hung the robe over his shoulders, and Hanson murmured, "Here we go, baby." The three of them walked out of the dressing room and down the long hallway. Malloy felt the rigidity in the back of his neck and in the calves of his legs. He saw the hem of the robe waver, and his mouth felt dry.

The Garden was a huge, smoky hive, buzzing with conversation. Harry went nimbly up the stairs to the ring apron and ducked under the top rope. There was scattered applause as he toed into the corner, throwing his head from side to side.

Lou Wallard moved into the other corner, and the crowd roared louder. The cocky fighter raised his arms and flourished them in the center of the ring. Wallard had a hatchet face and oily black hair. Above scrawny legs, his chest was slabbed with muscle and his shoulders were very wide. His broad nose was ruined around the edges and his brows were slick from collodion coatings, so that his face had a craggy look. He shrugged out of the robe, and an artificial smile curled his mouth as he skipped across to shake hands with Malloy.

Harry sat straight on the stool as the gloves were snugged on and tied. Then he began working with them, shoving at the padding over the knuckles. Hanson was talking steadily, and the fighter nodded every few seconds. Framed in the box of brilliant light, he went to the center of the ring. As the referee droned instructions, Harry watched the eye of the television camera on the balcony ledge. Back in the corner, before the bell, he danced in place, with his arms dangling loosely.

Wallard shuffled out with a businesslike air. He pawed with a left, and then hooked it in viciously. Malloy rolled under the punch. Leaning forward in a crouch, he raked at Wallard's coated brows and fell into a clinch. Wallard tried to shake loose and punish him in the kidneys with chopping blows, but Harry tied him up.

When they broke, Harry circled warily. He was swerving and bobbing, his head down low, and Wallard was stalking him. Always, the two fighters moved in relation to each other. There was a pattern to be established. When Wallard moved, Malloy moved to counter. Finally, when the other fighter broke the rhythm and came bulling in, Harry stood firm. They traded punches head to head.

IT WAS early for such an exchange. Wallard wasted a right over Harry's head, and scored with the left hook. Malloy's hair bounced up, but he stood where he was and slammed two punches into the body. Wallard brought up a right uppercut and got it blocked, and Harry shifted his furious attack to the head. At the bell, it was Wallard who was giving ground.

Wallard went skipping toward his corner. He still wore the bright smile, but it was fading as he removed the mouthpiece and began to talk to his handlers. His right brow was torn; blood was seeping from it. Malloy sprawled in his own corner, and glanced at Hanson's face, above the ropes.

"You gone nuts?" the manager inquired angrily. "Walk into that hook again, and we'll sell you for horse meat."

"Didn't hurt me," said Harry.

"Slow down," Hanson rasped. "Circle that left."

Harry nodded, waiting for the buzzer. The second round was more cautious. Wallard was jabbing a lot, using his reach advantage. He obviously felt he had been swindled in taking on Malloy, because Harry was either dancing beyond the perimeter of his arms, or else he was in too close to hurt. Malloy kept sharpshooting at

COLLIER'S "The robbers! *I* wouldn't pay it—but I guess you'd better" JARO FABRY

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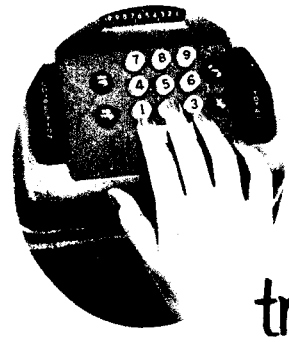

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Wallard's bad eye, and opened it again.

When the round was over, Harry nodded as Pop Hanson instructed him. But he was not listening. He had decided to go for it, and at the bell he got across the ring so fast he nearly caught Wallard with his hands down. Storming in, Malloy pulled out all the stops. Rolling and punching, he battered Wallard into the ropes and stood there pegging at him. The crowd woke up with howling delight, as if an electric current had been switched through them.

Wallard used the ropes. He covered, punched, and covered again. He eased down the ropes and tried to fight clear. But Harry followed him, lashing out with both hands. The spindly-legged middleweight, in desperation, came out clutching and forced a clinch. He sagged against Malloy and, in straightening up, butted him good. Boos came swelling out of the balcony. Wallard didn't give a damn about this disapproval, and he didn't care if they took the round away from him for fouling. He was getting out of a jam. He was in line to meet the champion, and this Malloy had been reported to him as a breather. So, feeling that the sudden onslaught had to be stopped, he butted Harry again, backhanded him viciously, and slashed the laces of his right glove across Harry's eyes. Malloy blinked and shook his head.

While Harry hesitated, Wallard planted a hook under his heart, and Malloy flopped to his knees. He grabbed at Wallard going down, but missed and fell on his face. The booing was solid now. The referee bent over Malloy and took up the count, semaphoring with his right arm. The smoky Garden was going fluid before Harry's eyes, and a tremendous, jangling brass lullaby had broken loose in his head. "Six," he heard, from far away, and, "seven."

HARRY tried to get up, but he was like a mired animal. His legs would not answer. He heaved up on his forearms and began to curse; he spat the mouthpiece out and was staring at his legs when the dark fog rolled in again. *Even if I get up, I can't find him,* he thought dazedly. His neck corded and his legs responded with agonizing slowness. But somehow, he got up.

The referee brushed Harry's gloves across his shirt and stepped away. Wallard came raging through the darkness, and Harry tried to fend him off, wobbling on his unsteady legs. Slowly he began to weave again; it was a mindless, instinctive motion of protection, learned from his hundred fights. It was the essence of all the pain he had known, fighting his way up through the cheap neighborhood clubs. With a glazed look and a slack mouth, he struggled away from Wallard's bombardment.

When the bell rang, Harry turned and bumped into Whitey. The second guided him onto the stool and began to work deftly. Malloy tasted the salt sickness of blood in his mouth, and spat it out. His drooping head jerked away from the pungent bite of the ammonia bottle. Hanson spoke to him without heat, telling him what he had to do.

Malloy's hair was plastered across his forehead by sweat. His head was lifted; he was staring into the blazing battery of ring lights. They began to sting his eyes, so he dropped his head. The seconds were precious now; they were ticking him toward full clarity. He saw the crowd come back into focus—a gray wave of faces sparked by cigarette tips. At the bell, he catapulted into Wallard's corner again and the crowd let out another roar.

Wallard was crouched, covering. *I've got to get him now,* thought Harry, *or I'm all out of concert tickets.* He came down off his toes and decided he would either take Wallard or get knocked out where he stood. He stabbed a left into the thin mouth and unloaded his right hand, with the weight pouring all the way from the toe. The blow scored, on Wallard's eye, and blood spurted. Harry's lips writhed as he took the left hook, but that was the price. With his head still swinging in a circle, he kept throwing punches.

Wallard broke away, but he was hurt. Malloy pursued him, belting away. He took a couple of blows that launched rockets in his head, but he kept boring in. His shoulders swiveled as he turned the punches loose, and finally a great despair began to overwhelm him. He was scoring with the best he had, and Wallard was still upright.

Holding his arms higher, Harry shifted his attack to the head again. He ripped at Wallard's eyes and saw bloody spray fly off his gloves. Wallard was floundering, but he was still operating, blocking and moving away. Harry realized he had used up his strength; his lungs were bellowsing painfully and his arms were leaden. He had given up any hope of knocking Wallard out; he was trying to deal out as much damage as he could before he collapsed.

At the bell, Harry turned and trudged wearily to his corner. As he dropped onto the stool, he caught a look of surprise on Hanson's face. Whitey's arms were under his back, lifting his torso, and that helped free his breathing. "Sorry, Pop," he gasped. "Shoulda listened—"

"There he goes!" Hanson cried gleefully.

Malloy opened his eyes and saw Dr. Scozzari standing in Wallard's corner, examining his eyes. There was a hurried consultation, and the announcer moved to the center of the ring and grasped the dangling mike.

". . . unable to come out for the fifth round," said the booming voice. "The winner is Malloy!"

Then there were a lot of people in the ring. Gathering all his strength, Harry danced out with his hands up. When he went across to shake hands, there was considerable profanity from Jake Limmer, Wallard's manager, but Harry ignored it. As he swung down from the ring and started up the aisle between Pop and Whitey, the crowd was on its feet, filling the Garden with a thundering ovation.

THE mob in his dressing room was boisterous, and some of them were shouting that it had been a better mill than the Zale-Graziano bout. That was winner's talk, and some of it was pretty silly, but Harry enjoyed it all. After he had posed for pictures, he took a shower and got dressed, and he and Pop Hanson went over to Riley's for a drink. It was a minor ritual they followed after every winning fight. When the rye was down, Harry caught a cab.

It was nearly midnight when he got home. His family was still up, and they ganged him. Annie grabbed him around the waist, and his mother kissed him. His dad was a little drunk, and, as always when he was in the bag, very rhetorical. He muttered, "'Twas nobly done," and shook hands with a fierce expression. Several of the neighbors were there, and they called out congratulations.

After Harry had been interrogated thoroughly, the neighbors began to drift out, and finally his mother and Annie went up to bed. His dad and Mr. Snyder, from the corner delicatessen, were having a few nips in the kitchen. Mr. Snyder was a frail man who wore bifocal glasses and had never thrown a punch in anger in his life, but he was loudly explaining the intricacies of Benny Leonard's style.

I was lucky, thought Harry, relaxing in the empty living room. Lucky as hell. If there had been a fifth round, I couldn't have made it. Then he tried to figure out how much he had won, at 4-to-1 on the straight bet and 8-to-5 on the no-Wallard knockout. But he was too tired to concentrate on the numbers. He heaved himself out of the chair and was halfway up the stairs when Terry came in the front door.

She was wearing the new evening dress. The dark bodice was molded around her slender shoulders, and the bouffant skirt was spangled with rhinestones. In the dim light of the hallway, she modeled for him, very grave and poised.

"You look wonderful," Harry said, and she rushed up the stairs and kissed him.

"You were kind of wonderful yourself, in that fourth round," she whispered. "Did he hurt you much?"

"Not much," Harry said, and Terry began telling him what a super time she had had at the dance, and how the boys' eyes had bugged out.

"Look, Princess—" Harry put one arm around her shoulders, and they went up the stairs together. "Have a good time, but don't get too excited about any of these hot-rod Romeos. Next year, you're going to Barnard, or any other school you pick out. So give yourself a little time, okay?"

Terry could tell by the gravity of his tone that it was important to him. Her eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Oh, Harry, college is so expensive."

"Got money to burn," Harry answered. He patted her on the shoulder, added, "Get some sleep, Cinderella," and went into his room. After he'd stripped, he surveyed the damage Wallard had done.

The hooks had welted his mid-section badly, but his face, except for one brow contusion, was nearly unmarked. His hands were beginning to swell, but that was normal. After he had put the drops in his eyes, Harry got in bed, and rolled around gingerly, trying to find a comfortable position.

Well, I got away with it, he thought wearily. The money for Terry's education gets socked into a bank account Monday morning. Counting my end of the purse, it was a big night, big enough to keep the whole clan going for a while. And maybe if I level with that doctor about who I am, I can try one more fight. A few months of rest might cure this glaucoma thing, and I'll be a big draw for a while.

THERE was a tap on the door, and he sat up. Terry came in and stood by the end of his bed. All the make-up was scrubbed off her face; she looked thin and very serious in the white terry-cloth robe. "I'm not going to the school," she said.

"Use your head," Harry said harshly. "You want to be a clerk all your—"

"Unless you stop fighting," she added defiantly. "Not after one more bout, or two more, but right this minute. Tonight. Then I'll do anything you say."

Harry grunted, and rubbed his chin with a swollen hand. He glanced out the window at the street light, hanging clear and bright, and his torso ached where Wallard had punished him. He remembered the paralyzing terror of the blackout, and the red halos. "Okay, Princess," he said, "it's a deal."

"Swear to it," Terry insisted, shaking her dark hair over her shoulders. "They'll be offering you a lot of money. Say: 'I, Harry Albert Malloy, will never pull on another glove.' "

He repeated it after her, his voice low and husky, and she came around the bed and kissed him on the forehead. "Thank you, Harry," she said, and moved across the dark room. The door closed behind her.

Malloy lay back down. Kind of a stubborn kid, he thought proudly. Sometimes it was hard to pick that windup fight, even for the best of them, but Terry had spotted it for him—better than she knew. As the tension began to flow out of his wrists and neck, Harry felt a brief, workman's pride, now that he had answered his last bell. He had put seventy-eight wins in the book, seventy-nine counting Wallard, and he had never quit trying, even in his losing fights. Perhaps, he thought, I can use that quality in another line. As he groped for the little bottle, to put the drops in his eyes, he felt almost elated, as if a ten-ton weight had been cut loose from his back. THE END

JIM SHORT

DEFINITION

A nap—and this remark I make
I'm certain you'll agree is true—
Is something children hate to take
And parents would be happy to.

—RICHARD WHEELER

COLLIER'S **"This all the faster this thing will go?"** DAVE GERARD

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CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

The Sun-struck Scientists

Dear editar:

I noticed the other day where some scientists are workin on a plan to make farmin obsolete. As I understand it, they're tryin to unlock the secret of sunlight, and by a special formula are aimin to grow plants without the use of soil, thus makin farmin as we know it out of fashion.

I'm several jumps ahead of the scientists. I made farmin out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville obsolete years ago, without tamperin with the sun. In fact, if anybody is an expert at obsolete farmin, I'm it, and not only have I made farmin obsolete, but I've just about made all types of work that way, as far as I'm concerned, without the use of a single test tube or appropriation.

Now the secret of sunlight was unlocked by me years ago. I've known all along sunlight was good for you and probably have soaked up more of it than all the scientists put together. Ain't nothin theoretical about my research. I don't know what particular secret they're figurin on unlockin, but the one I've found is that sunlight, when directed on a man stretched out on the ground on soft grass, is one of the most powerful forces for solvin problems ever invented, or ignorin em, which is about the same thing. It doesn't seem to make much difference what problems you solve today, there's a new set tomorrow just as bad, if you're the worryin type. It seems to me the world has about as many crises as it has countries, and they reseed themselves annually.

I know people who, with land needin bustin or stalks needin cuttin or letters needin dictatin or big deals needin swingin, get fidgety and nervous if they ain't up and at it from sunup to sundown. But by my scientific use of sunlight I can doze or fish right through a whole day without flickerin an eyelash or liftin a finger toward the field. Probably right at the moment Russia's latest atom bomb went off, or at the height of the Iranian oil crisis, or at the climax of a Senate speech provin the nation's moral structure has collapsed, I was out here on the San Gabriel River utilizin the secret of sunlight.

As I understand the scientists, however, they are goin ahead workin on a way to get nuclear energy from sunlight. But I'm here to tell em it can't be done. I've been sleepin in the sun for years and if it's increased my energy one bit, nuclear or otherwise, I can't detect it. After three or four hours of restin in the sunlight, I don't feel any more like workin than I did before I started. Maybe less. Wasn't even there for that purpose. Didn't have that goal in mind.

And if it can be done, if scientists can pull solar energy down out of the sky and they've run out of something else to do, they're welcome to it. Probably be a good idea, might make a good defensive weapon, might be employed to rebuild a bombed-out city, but I'm unmoved about it. There are some things in life a man ought to be allowed to do just for the sake of doin them without no interest in the results later or in what bearin it has on how much harder he'll be able to work tomorrow. And stretchin out in the sun is one of em.

It seems to me, if these scientists are plannin on harnessin this energy from the sun, they must be workin with a different sun from the one we got out here at Circleville. This one sends a man off in a dreamy glow, makin him enjoy every inch of himself stretched out on the riverbank, a rich luxury not costin a dime. But as far as turnin the wheels of industry or sendin rocket ships to the moon, it just never has affected me that way.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

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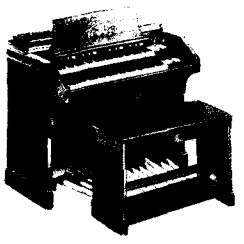

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This Is Garbo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Directors, Producers, Etc., Who Insist on Remaining Anonymous. (Note: Garbo's closest friends, as well as some who do not know her intimately, are divided between those who don't want to be quoted about her and those who have no objection. From all the evidence, the desire for anonymity is not an infallible indication of intimacy.) First picture in U.S. was The Torrent, in which Stiller insisted she have lead. Stiller and M-G-M disagreed violently; Stiller quit in middle of picture. Her next was Flesh and the Devil, with John Gilbert; then, to show her who was boss, M-G-M offered her the maid role (see Asther notes); she called bluff and M-G-M said okay, you can be a star. (Her two pictures were grossing heavily.)

Stiller was probably greatest influence in her life: found her at Stockholm's Royal Academy when she had been there only few weeks. She was sixteen, had been department-store assistant since thirteen; before that, mother's helper for children not much younger than she. Went to academy on scholarship, after modeling hats in department-store fashion film. Stiller, who brought her to America, was broken up by her much publicized romance with John Gilbert, returned to Sweden after year or so and died soon after.

Typed as "Too High-Brow"

Once a star, Garbo was aloof with producers; often disagreed with them about merits of pictures. Louis B. Mayer used to say she was "too high-brow" when she tried to tell him public would appreciate good pictures. She usually won. But Two-Faced Woman, her last picture, was bad, and she became nervous. Didn't make Madame Curie because she thought story was too far from truth.

At peak earning, she got $250,000 a picture; more if shooting went over schedule. (Got $350,000 for Conquest, because shooting took longer than planned.) Nobody knows, but assumption is money was well invested somewhere.

Her fear of people (and hypersensitivity to strangers) exemplified when doing a scene in Grand Hotel in 1932. Was alone with cameraman, surrounded by 16-foot-high flats, when John Barrymore, Arthur Brisbane and Louis B. Mayer peeked through window of monitor room. She couldn't possibly have seen them, but after couple of minutes she said, "I think I go home," and she did. Cost the company $5,000 in shooting time. She didn't know until next day who had been watching, or from where.

Liked to wear carpet slippers on the set for comfort, no matter what the rest of her costume. Before shooting, would always ask, "Is the feet in?" and if they didn't show in camera, would wear slippers for scene. "Is the feet in?" became favorite expression of camera crews, who loved her.

Impression is that she's always groping for something, but not sure what it is. Friend once asked her what she did in New York; she replied: "Sometimes I put on my coat at 10:00 A.M. and follow people. I just go where they're going—I mill around." This way, she's with people and not alone, but doesn't have to do anything about it.

Because she is one of the most beautiful and glamorous people in the world, she is unusual—and people worship the unusual. Fame came as a surprise to her; made her an object of curiosity, which was last thing she wanted. Trip to Italy in 1938 with Leopold Stokowski was ruined by people's curiosity. She's been offered lots of money recently to do another picture, but can't find script she likes, and places integrity above money.

On subject of integrity, Louis B. Mayer once said he'd rather have Garbo's word than the signatures of many stars he could think of.

In California, Garbo, Gayelord Hauser, Frey Brown and Yolanda Elliott (dress designer) were once picnicking on the beach, and an old man with a dog wandered up. Garbo, who usually fled when strangers appeared, stayed because old man was more interested in Hauser's dog than in her. Hauser introduced her as Miss Hansen, and old man eventually became quite a friend. Had a shack on beach, where he used to make things out of junk, and Garbo *et al* would visit him there. Once Hauser asked him: "What would you think if I married Miss Hansen?" and old man replied: "Between you and me, she's a real nice woman, but you can do a lot better." Hauser told Garbo, who was delighted.

Reports that she's going to marry Cecil Beaton are absurd.

Gayelord Hauser (writer on diets and occasional escort of Garbo's) reports, via his public relations agency, that he prefers not to be quoted on Miss Garbo.

Flea Market (antique shop in New York): She likes anything with cupids on it; browses around for hours, but seldom buys anything. Will pick out something, and come back several times with friends whose advice she asks; usually, by the time she makes up her mind, the item has been sold, often to one of her friends. (She never puts down a deposit.) Elmo Avet, the proprietor, once asked her when she was born; when she told him (September 18th) he groaned and said that women born under that sign (Virgo) shopped and shopped, but never made up their minds. She said she guessed he was right. After coming there for several years, she's friendly and chatty with Flea Market staff. Avet chides her about not being in more pictures. (He once offered to give her discount on a chair because, as he said, she'd been out of work a long time.) They like her as a friend, admitting she's not a very good customer.

They're holding two cupid pictures for her right now. Have been for several months, in fact.

John Gunther: Says she's the most beautiful woman he's ever known, and probably the world's greatest actress. Doesn't want to say more, for fear of violating a confidence. His wife is a close friend of Garbo's, too, and feels same way about her.

Allen Porter (long-time friend of Garbo's): Idea once came up that he do her life story for the Modern Museum's series on famous stars; he told her it might be good idea to straighten out some misconceptions about her. She replied, "Maybe people don't want to be put straight," referring, among other things, to her romance with John Gilbert. (That was largely a studio-inspired affair.) For one reason or another, story never got written.

Movie director George Cukor told Porter she was wonderful to work with, but would quit on the dot of five every day, even though scene was almost finished. Next day, though, "she would pick up just where she left off, and was always right with her lines and mood. She's the greatest workman I've ever known," Cukor said.

Always refers to herself in the third person; when she sees her pictures at the museum (Porter has them run off for her) she'll say things like: "Look—now she's going to ask for money," or "Isn't that an awful dress she's wearing?" meaning herself on screen. Is, however, in no way egocentric: doesn't consider herself a particularly good actress, and only now beginning to believe she did a good job in Camille. Thinks she overacted in Grand Hotel. Unless forced, though, doesn't talk about herself as an actress.

Spends most of her time shopping —and window shopping. Has about ten good friends, but they work daytimes and she doesn't like to stay out late nights. When shopping, always pays cash, and buys thoughtful little presents for friends (red ties for Porter, for instance). Is usually home and in bed by ten thirty or eleven. Does most of her reading (and *not* the comics) in bed.

In 11 years he has known her, she has never had a secretary.

Porter has never seen her signature; all letters are signed by initial or not at all. Doesn't write longhand; she prints.

Is distrustful of most people, and justifiably so. Once, in 1930s, bought guardsman-type coat, with lots of buttons, and in two-block walk along Fifth Avenue, all buttons were ripped off by passers-by.

Many people tongue-tied with her. Porter, with whom she has fine time, says even he sometimes feels his conversation "would not do credit to a child of five." Doesn't know why this is.

Impossible to compliment her. Sooner or later, everyone says how beautiful she is, and after 20 or so years this has lost its kick. Only real compliment, she says, came when she had to take off shoes in As You Desire Me. Erich von Stroheim looked at her feet and said, "I don't think they're as ugly as everyone else does." This she loved. (The canard about feet started because she was one of first women to wear low-heeled shoes. She stands about five five and has the feet of the average girl of this height.

Hates to be pinned down to anything. Will call a friend at six and say, "What are you doing for dinner tonight?" but if someone suggests theater a week from Friday she'll say it will depend on how she feels a week from Friday.

Refuses to make a picture in which she kills anyone. "Of course, they kill me off all the time," she says, but won't take active part in killing—or any violence, for that matter. (If Hitler item true, she must have made exception for him.)

Porter thinks she's slightly unhappy with self-imposed loneliness.

Garbo is still the greatest draw at the Modern Museum's showings of film classics, although many people have never seen her before.

Anthony Beauchamp (portrait photographer, married to actress Sarah Churchill and friend of Garbo's): Last spring, in California, with assistance of close friend of Garbo's, persuaded her to sit for what are apparently first color shots of her ever made. Photo session was set for six o'clock in the evening, at house of friend. Garbo arrived, managed to start active conversation, kept everyone distracted until too late to take pictures. Then left. This went on for 10 consecutive days, until pictures were finally made.

Garbo's odd behavior undoubtedly traceable to shyness and great reluctance to have photographs taken at any time.

Reads What Friends Suggest

George Schlee (friend of Garbo's, and husband of Valentina, *couturière* from whom Garbo gets many of her clothes): She has no set reading habits. Will read anything suggested by someone she respects. This leads to a variety of reading matter, both light and heavy.

Same goes for art. Is avid for information; likes to be led. Has gift for visual appreciation.

Same goes for theater, movies. Will see anything a friend recommends as being particularly good.

Same does *not* go for clothes. Her figure somewhat Grecian; prefers plain clothes that suit her to stylish ones that don't. Is conscious of well-dressed women, and envies their adaptability to mode of the moment. Has often argued (successfully) with dress designers who want her to be flashier. By same token, likes plain jewelry. In all things, seems to like nice things that aren't fancy.

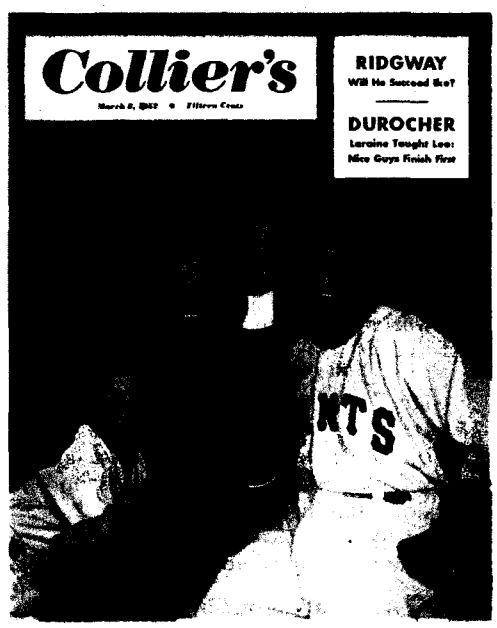
Will not fight with an author or producer. If there's a script she thinks might be good with changes, and people scream about changes, she says forget it, and walks out. Hates conflict of any kind. (Could be reason for no pictures recently.)

Has a fine sense of humor, and is good company.

Earl Blackwell (head of Celebrity Service, organization that keeps tabs on comings and goings of well-known people): Met her four years ago, at Easter party in Hollywood. Lots of stars at party, but when she and Frey Brown walked in, everything stopped except music. Blackwell introduced to her, and danced couple of Viennese waltzes with her. She danced well, and was relaxed, and made small talk for quite a while.

Saw her few months ago, on Fifth Avenue; at first didn't recognize her. She was with Mercedes de Acosta, an old friend; had dyed her hair darker, and cut it so it all but covered her face. Blackwell said, "Hi, Mercedes," and kept going, then did double-take, realizing it had been Garbo with her.

Next Week



RIDGWAY
Will He Succeed Ike?

DUROCHER
Laraine Taught Leo:
Nice Guys Finish First

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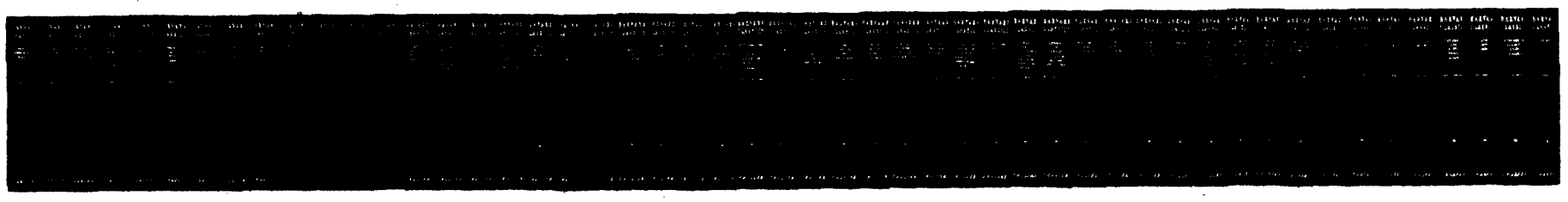

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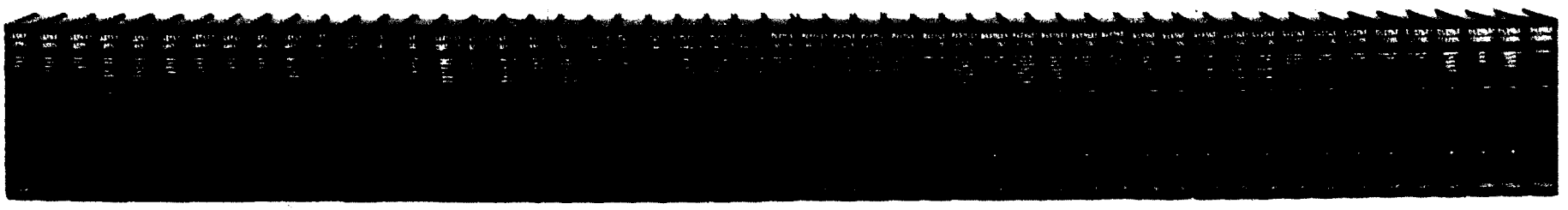

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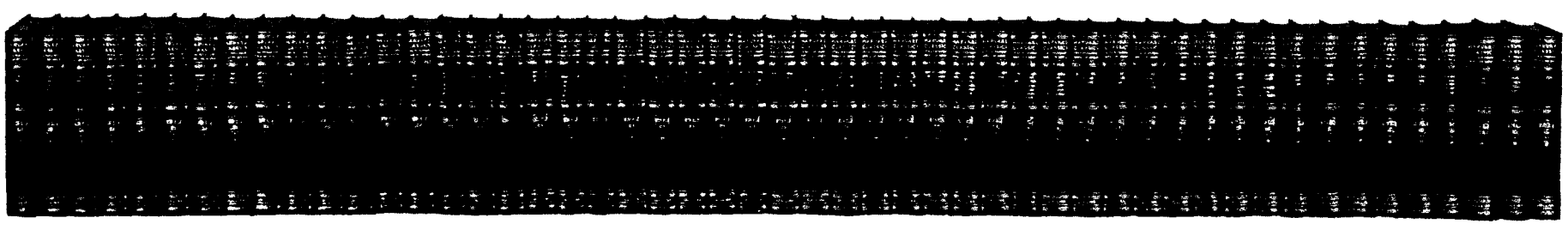

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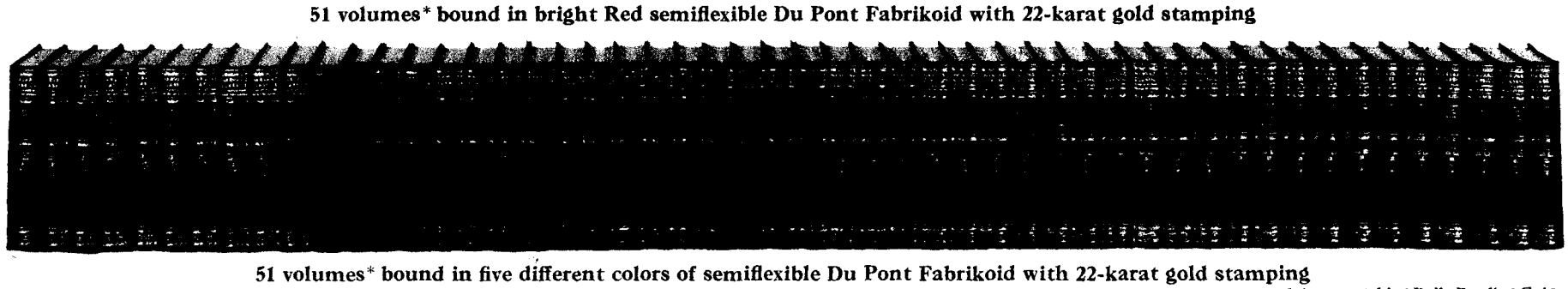

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Kicked himself for not stopping. Garbo had smiled at him.

She owns apartment at Hampshire House in New York: two bedrooms, big living room, kitchen and foyer. Decorated à la Hampshire House, with no Garbo touches added. When away, she locks personal stuff in one closet and rents apartment for $100 a day. (Joan Crawford once rented it; no other tenants' names available.)

Used to have maid in Hollywood named Hazel Washington, who now works for Rosalind Russell. When Blackwell first in Hollywood, he'd see Hazel come out of Garbo's dressing room (actually, a bungalow), scout to see if coast was clear, then nod inside to Garbo, who'd dart out and scurry for the set. Blackwell made a game of hiding until Hazel gave the all-clear, then would pop out and walk past Garbo, just to see what would happen. Nothing ever did.

One Way to Dodge Newshounds

A European correspondent (who managed, among other things, to interview Garbo without her knowing it): On recent trip to Paris, she avoided reporters by registering at Hotel Crillon as Greta Garbo; everyone looking for Harriet Brown at the Ritz, the George V, or the Plaza Athénée, previous haunts of hers.

Most people, seeing her, wouldn't recognize her anyway. Frenchman who dined with her said: "Her hair is cut short. It runs in all directions like one vast cowlick. Her nails are short and unpainted and look as though they had been bitten—Lord knows by whom. She wore practically no make-up except mascara on those beautiful eyes." (Note: Her eyes are blue. And her hair has recently been cut even shorter. It's been described as an "unattended poodle cut.")

Another described her as dressing "like a college girl who does not have too much money."

Entertainment in Paris consists of shopping on the Rue du Faubourg-St. Honoré (and not buying anything), and going out (although not to night clubs) with the wealthy "international set." English acquaintance reports she and Princess Margaret "get on like a palace on fire." In spite of impression she's a lonely recluse, gets around a good deal without public's knowing it. (Reason: Public seldom sees group she goes with.)

One aristocratic friend says: "It's difficult to define, but she's the type of woman you like to be with. She's not particularly feminine, but she's pleasant and talks just enough and not too much."

Hauser's dietary advice apparently forgotten in Paris. At one meal she had *brique à l'oeuf* (crisp, highly seasoned Tunisian egg dish), *merkerse* (African sausages with cayenne pepper), *cous-cous* (indescribable North African national dish). Had two glasses of lemon juice, however, of which Hauser approves. Only fair to point out that this meal was in the Mosquée, a North African-type restaurant.

In Europe (as everywhere) was pestered by people stopping to gape at her. Often shouts at such people; story goes she hid face with top half of bathing suit when one couple stared too long. Story current in Capri, but impossible confirm.

People in Sweden slightly disenchanted; feel she's snubbed them too much. Rumor has it she couldn't care less.

(The details of this correspondent's "interview" with Garbo cannot be given, because it would jeopardize his contacts; it can, however, be remarked that he had the impression she was bored.)

Harry Evans (editorial director of Family Circle magazine, accomplished raconteur, and a man with wide acquaintance among socialites and celebrities): Was alone with her once in elevator late at night at St. Moritz Hotel in New York; both she and he terrified.

Met her last year at large cocktail party. Schlee introduced him, then insisted he tell a long, complicated, dialect story, involving certain amount of leaping around. Garbo said she'd like to hear it, so Evans had no choice. Says it was nightmare, but Garbo laughed her hearty *sotto voce* laugh at end, which made him feel better. Afterward, she said she'd felt sorry for him when Schlee insisted on story, but added: "I couldn't very well say I *didn't* want to hear it, could I?" Agreed that humor is best social catalyst, and said that not many people knew of her ability to appreciate a joke. (Evans points out that her manners are near perfection; once, when introduced to two women younger than she, she rose to shake hands with them.)

Shortly after, Evans danced with her at Sherry Netherland; first time she'd danced in public in 15 years. (Blackwell's dance was at private party.) Says she was nervous at first, but then loosened and danced beautifully. He wrote experience for Family Circle, and said of her:

". . . The voice has the quality of a muted cello . . . When she speaks, her eyes reflect her words. And when she's listening, they reflect her thoughts. That may be why nature provided her with long, sweeping lashes. As protective covering. When she lowers those lashes, it's like dropping a curtain . . . Her hands are large, strong, beautifully formed, and like every other feature of this rare creature, seem to have a separate life of their own . . . From the shoulders to the waist her figure has the sloping grace of a fine athlete's. Everywhere I—shall we say—contacted her while dancing I was conscious of a vibrant strength . . . If while talking she inclines two degrees toward you, you feel that she's sitting in your lap. She reaches out, touches your arm lightly—and you feel you've been compromised. I'm kidding—but not much."

Re her shyness: she said, "Surely it is not a quality that one would choose. There is no pleasure in being shy."

Shyness isn't helped by way people react to her. Boors become effusive (often tell her they admired her in picture she was never in); others become ill at ease; result: bad conversation either way. She finds it easier to talk to men than women; prefers European men to most Americans, simply because they're better conversationalists. Said to Evans: "I wonder sometimes if I don't keep people from being themselves."

She is, Evans says, excellent audience; eyes never leave your face, laughs heartily (although not out loud), and is obviously sincere in what she says.

Re laughter: she laughs often (and has in many pictures) but advertisements for Ninotchka in 1939 made it look like world-shaking event. ("Garbo dances—Garbo loves—Garbo LAUGHS!") left such a scar she didn't laugh for long while after; became more self-conscious than she already was.

Is suspicious of almost everybody, including herself. Will preface sentence by, "I suppose this sounds silly, coming from me," or, "You probably won't believe this, but," simply because she's unsure of what people will think. Doesn't think she's beautiful, or great actress, and thinks people who tell her she is are out for something. Most of the time, they are.

Approximate dialogue re return to the movies:

Garbo: "Everywhere I hear, 'You should make another movie.' I have made a few films that have given me satisfaction. It is a pleasure to look back on these good things. But I will never return to the screen just to make 'another movie.' "

Evans: "But somewhere there must be the right story—now, or to be written."

Garbo: "The *right* story! If you only knew the roles I have been asked to play—the glib comedienne, the glamor girl in her twenties— My talents fall within definite limitations. I am not a versatile actress . . . No, it is much better to look back on the few good things."

She is, as Evans says, "one of the most sensitive creatures I will ever know . . . Sensitive, perhaps, to a great fault, so far as her own career and happiness are concerned."

Reporter (who tried to get in touch with Garbo while she was staying at the Hampshire House recently): Phone operator asks who's calling; there follows a 20-second wait, and the report that there's no answer. A message is left, and the whole procedure repeated at intervals for several days. The management, when contacted, express bewilderment at the constant no-answer report; say the only thing they can suggest is to leave a message. (It develops that there is a list of about five people to whom she is at home; her Hollywood agent, Charles Feldman, was once unable to reach her because his name was not on the list. He had to leave a message.) Staff of Hampshire House follow Garbo code, refuse to discuss their famous guest.

A Woman Beset by Many Fears

From all the foregoing evidence, a few facts seem to emerge fairly clearly. Garbo is a woman who is at the mercy of a legend—a legend that has built up around her, and that she strengthens in spite of herself. She does not want to be alone, but she cannot stand the people who, out of celebrity seeking or simple curiosity, try to intrude on her privacy. (The star-worshiping public is, as a noisy whole, one of the most frightening products of the twentieth century.) She would like to have friends, and does have a few, but she lives in a state of mistrust and fear—fear of intrusion, fear of annoyance, fear of anything for which she is not prepared.

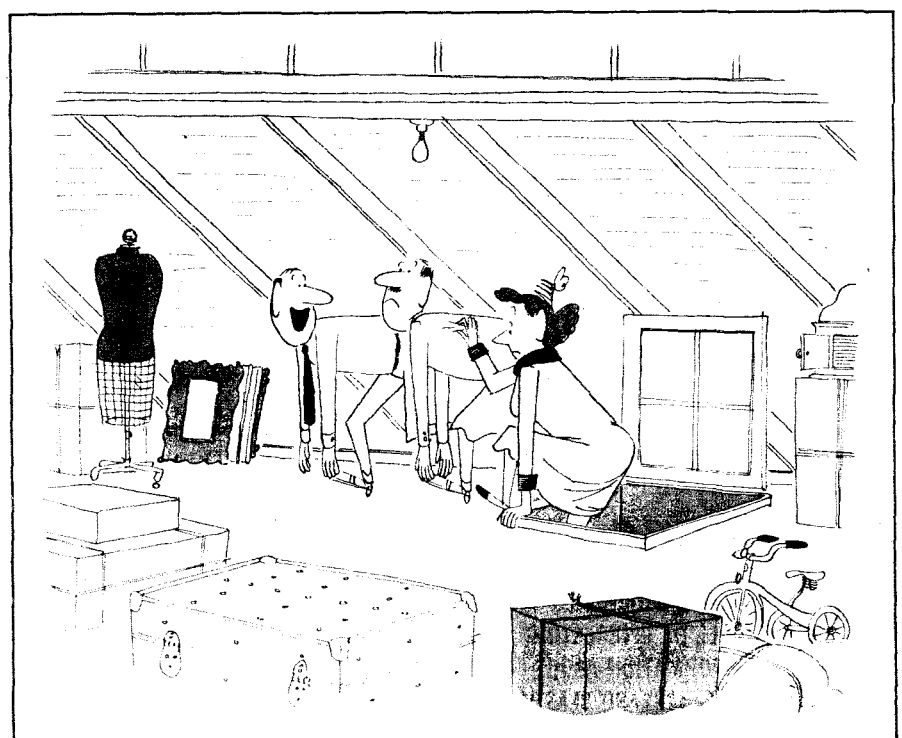
She is not equipped to handle any but the most rudimentary problems of social intercourse, and in trying to avoid these problems she makes it difficult for others to help her. Her natural shyness and her unusual beauty have conspired to hedge her off from a normally happy existence. And, because of her status as an actress and a celebrity, she is the target for many people with whom *nobody* would want to talk.

But, to those few people who know her, Garbo is a pleasant, sometimes gay companion, whose friendship they value as they might an exquisite piece of spun glass. Her beauty, her occasional flashes of warmth and her obvious sincerity make her, as one person said, "the type of woman you like to be with," and the rewards of her friendship far outweigh the problems resulting from her idiosyncrasies. (And these problems are actually minor ones; the eccentricities featured by the legend are unnoticed by those who know her well.)

Her friends deplore her shyness, because they know that, in the final analysis, it is the root of her unhappiness, but they are encouraged by her increasingly frequent appearances at public gatherings, if for nothing more than that it is a step in the right direction. Although she will never become an exhibitionist, she may learn to accept the public and, to a small extent, ignore it.

But nobody is willing to bet on it. THE END

COLLIER'S **"Really, fellows, it's my first child—a boy!"** IRWIN CAPLAN



" 'Course, you don't *have* to store things up here. You could make it into a couple of nice extra bedrooms"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

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Thirty-eight Coffins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his brow, he revealed to us what Roberts had told him.

The first shift inbye had been working their heading in the usual way, drilling and shot-firing to bring down the coal. But Roberts, the under manager, after the last two shots, found a thin trickle of water coming from the middle of the coal face. There appeared to be no pressure behind it but it had a bad smell of blackdamp; he knew it was not virgin coal water and he did not like the look of it.

Immediately the men began to tub the water, to try to get rid of it by letting it through the pack walls on the low side of the drawing road. Meanwhile, Roberts felt it his duty to warn the second shift of twenty-three men working farther inbye, two hundred yards up the branch. He started off and had almost reached the other face when he heard a terrific bang. He knew it was an inrush. He had expected trouble but nothing so sudden or terrible as this.

Instinctively, he turned back, but after going ten yards, he saw the water rushing down the main haulage, roof high, in a great swell of sound. The gas thrown back by the rushing water extinguished his lamp, but as he stood, petrified, for ten seconds in the sounding darkness, he knew that the men of his first shift, all of them, were drowning, or already drowned, in that frightful flood. The speed of the water was ferocious, its volume that of a tidal wave. On and out it swept, reached the pit shaft, spouted and cascaded, swirling the bodies of the first shift in the backlash, at pit bottom, drowning the ponies in their stalls there. As fast as one might think, the water had risen in the two main shafts, sealing the pit absolutely and preventing all access to the workings from the surface.

The suddenness of the calamity was unbelievable and deadly, but Roberts and his mates on the second shift were still alive. They were inbye at the top of the slant, and the inrush went away from them. They were altogether twenty-two men and a boy of fourteen, standing together without speech—they knew enough to make them silent. But Roberts had recovered himself. Long familiar with the mine, he remembered a return airway through which he might lead the party to a higher level.

STARTING off, he found the airway and began to crawl along it, on his stomach, followed by the others. But before he had gone thirty yards, he felt himself turning sick and sleepy, and hurriedly he ordered his men back. The airway was full of blackdamp, carbon dioxide driven from the old waste workings by the water, and Roberts knew then that every escape road was blocked. Trapped in the high dead end of the branch, the water and blackdamp rising steadily about them, they had perhaps half an hour to live. It was then, in this last extremity, that Roberts had remembered the telephone.

When Jenkins finished speaking—and his account, terse and technical, was briefer by far than the explanation I have given here—no one said anything for a full minute. Then, in an even voice, Mr. Deakin, the mines inspector, broke out:

"If they get through to the old workings, there's just a chance."

Jenkins turned to his deputy. "Take ten men and go to the old Penygroes shaft. Make an inspection—as quick and complete as you can. Find out the condition of the shaft. Then hurry back to me."

Meantime, three trucks had rolled into the yard, bringing the pumping gear, and the manager left the office to start off its erection. It would take hours to complete this heavy task, and I sensed that Jenkins had little faith in it. All his hopes were centered in these old workings which honeycombed the deep, surrounding strata. If only they could be penetrated, we might reach the trapped men.

Alone in the office, I telephoned George Conway in Tredegar, giving him the facts of the disaster and asking if I should stay on duty at the pit. The secretary endorsed my desire to remain—indeed, he insisted I hold myself, from now on, at Jenkins' disposal—Dr. Davies would take over my practice until further notice.

As I rejoined the group outside, the deputy came back from the old Penygroes shaft. There was rubbish and blackdamp in the shaft, he told Jenkins; a man lowered on a crab rope had come out pretty sick, but he believed the shaft could be cleared of gas and stowing in twenty-four hours.

Immediately, then, the necessary gear was assembled, and, leaving the pump erection at the main headstocks to proceed, a party of picked men, led by the manager and his deputy, went out across the troubled ground toward the old shaft. Following my instructions, I went with them. It had turned colder, and a few thin snowflakes began to fall, trembling gently out of the unseen sky.

THE disused shaft lay in a wretched place of wasteland known as the Common, all hummocks and subsidences from the network of tunnels underneath, now covered with snow and swept by a bitter wind. Small wonder they called it troubled land. Here they began to fit headgear, winding engine, and a fan.

In spite of the fire in the pit yard nearby, everybody had left the yard and stood gathered at the Common. They stood well back from the riggers who were raising the headstocks, working fast and hard.

Within three hours they had fitted headgear, steam winding engine, and fan, then they began to free the shaft of blackdamp. When the gas was finally cleared out, a fresh relay, standing ready, went in and started to remove the stowing which blocked the road into the waste. These men worked fast, so fast they were clearing the stowing from the main road at the rate of six feet an hour. There was more stowing than they had thought. But the relays launched themselves in waves. They battered into the obstruction. There was something frantic and abandoned in their assault. It was more-than-human progress; as one relay slipped in, another staggered out.

"This road runs due west," Jenkins said to the inspector. "It ought to take us pretty near the mark."

"Yes," the inspector answered. "And we ought to be near the end of that damned stowing."

All day long, this work went on, and by midnight the relays had cleared one hundred and forty feet of the old main road. Two hours later they broke through into clear road, into an open section of the old waste. A loud cheer rang out, a cheer which ascended the shaft and reached the ears of those who still waited on the surface.

But there was no second cheer. Immediately beyond, it was seen, by the light of torches, that the main road ran into a dip or trough which was full of water and impassable.

Dirty, covered with coal dust, wearing no collar and tie, the inspector stared at Jenkins. "Oh, my good God," he said hopelessly. "If only we'd known this before."

Jenkins remained unmoved. "We must expect difficulties. We must blast a new road above the trough."

There was something so sternly inflexible in the manager's words that even the inspector was impressed.

"My God," he said, exhausted to the verge of collapse. "That's the spirit. Come on then and we'll blast your blasted roof."

They began to blast the roof, to blast down the iron-hard whinstone into the water so that the trough might be filled and a road established above water level. A compressor was brought down to supply the drills;

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the finest diamond drill borers were used. The work was killing. It proceeded in darkness, dust, sweat, and the fume of high explosive. It proceeded in a sort of insane frenzy. Only Jenkins remained calm. He was there—the directing force. For a full eighteen further hours he did not leave the Penygroes shaft. Yet he ordered the others to take some rest.

Emergency cots and blankets had been brought into the long "lamp room" in the pit yard and here, with the inspector and other officials, I stretched out and got six hours' sleep. Fresh from this respite, the inspector pleaded with Jenkins to knock off.

"Take some sleep, for God's sake. You're killing yourself."

But the manager shook his head. All that day, and the next, he snatched only an odd half hour on his office couch.

The whinstone blasting was proving incredibly difficult. As the hours moved on, with only the slowest progress, hope began to fade. Nothing was said, but the expressions of the rescuers reflected a growing desperation.

ON THE evening of the third day, Jenkins told us to spell off for the night. As I passed through Pengelly on my way home, the streets were deserted, every door closed, not a single child at play. Many of the shops were shuttered. A still agony lay upon the terraces, the stillness of despair.

I returned to the pit early next morning. They had lowered the water level in the main shaft—not the Penygroes shaft—sufficient to allow divers to descend. The divers had to contend with a maximum head of eighteen feet of water in the levels. In spite of this, they fought their way along the levels as far as the fall. They made an arduous, exhaustive search. No one knew better than they how useless this search would be. All that the divers found was thirty-eight drowned bodies.

The divers came back. They reported the absence of any living soul. They reported that at least another month would be required to dewater the levels completely. Then they started to bring out the bodies: the drowned men, roped together, dangling out of the mine into the brightness of the day they did not see, laid silently on stretchers, and given to their womenfolk in that snow-covered yard.

Everything now was concentrated on the approach by Penygroes. Yet any hope that remained seemed forlorn. It was fully realized that the men unaccounted for might never have reached the waste. Moreover, eight days had now elapsed since the date of the disaster, and it was a slender chance that these men might still be alive. Nevertheless, in a fresh frenzy of endeavor, efforts above the trough were redoubled. The rescuers spurted, strained every nerve. Six days after blasting was begun, the last charge was fired; they broke through and regained the old main roadway beyond the trough. Exhausted but jubilant, the rescuers pressed forward. They were met, sixty paces due west, by a complete fall of whinstone roof. They drew up hopelessly.

"Oh, my God," the inspector moaned. "There might be a half mile of this. We'll never reach them—never. This is the end at last." Utterly spent, he leaned against the whinstone rock and buried his face in his arms.

"We must go on," Jenkins said with sudden loudness, and a note of hysteria in his voice. "We must go on."

At that moment, when all seemed lost, a faint, unearthly sound was heard in that unfathomable darkness, an almost ghostly tapping—ta, ta . . . ta, ta . . . ta, ta, ta, tap.

"For God's sake, listen. Can't you hear it—the jowling?"

Jowling is the name given to that method of signaling one's position by striking the rock face with a hammer. Many men have been saved by jowling their rescuers toward them. Everyone stood stock-still, with straining ears. Feebly, wearily, as though by one long since exhausted, the tapping was repeated.

"By God, you're right," cried the inspector. "They're there—close to us—just through the rock. They hear us."

"Stand back, behind there," Jenkins shouted through cupped hands.

A final wild blaze of effort; then, with a rending crash of whinstone, we were through, through to the imprisoned men.

There they lay, huddled together, with their backs against the branch wall, silent and spectral forms, clothed by their own comradeship, a few guttered-out pit candles at their feet. But they were alive, every man of them—yes, the boy was alive too, crying softly to himself as we came forward; he was only fourteen years old.

They were all too weak to stir themselves, nor would I permit them to be moved until I had administered to each one a pint of strong bouillon laced with brandy, glucose solution, and a hypodermic of strychnine.

"They'll recover, Doctor?" Jenkins asked anxiously.

"Yes—every one of them."

Slowly, carefully, we brought them out. News of the rescue had preceded us, and as we came to the surface there arose in a great volume of sound, soberly, yet spontaneously, swelling to the sky from the huge congregation assembled on the troubled wasteland of the Common, that favorite Welsh hymn, Our God, Our Help in Ages Past.

It was a moment I shall never forget. Yet through it all—the triumph of achievement, the gladness of reunion—one could not forget those thirty-eight coffins, ranged in the hall of Emmanuel Chapel, not a hundred yards along the street. The mass funeral was held the day before we left Tredegar. I attended it. A sad leave-taking of the valleys of south Wales. And it brought home to me, who from custom had perhaps grown heedless and indifferent, the endless hazards faced by these brave men.

YEARS later, in a famous London club, a plump, pink-cheeked man, having finished an excellent dinner and a pint of Burgundy, was standing, newspaper in hand, his back to a glowing fire, holding forth, to a little group, on the damnable iniquity of the current miners' strike. "Another sixpence an hour," he complained. "There's no satisfying these cursed blighters. What the devil do they want?"

"Only the right to live," I interposed mildly.

I was a new member at the time and should certainly have held my tongue. Instead, I told of this disaster, and of these thirty-eight "cursed blighters" who had no further need of those extra six pennies an hour which their comrades had dared to claim. THE END

"Now, what was it I was saying before I said what I was just saying?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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What Ike Believes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

labor to our position before the world, and to our own future happiness and prosperity. Nor need I extol the benefits that have been brought to the American working people during recent decades by labor organizations. Men of my generation, familiar in their youth with the specter of insecurity that haunted many a family whose meager shelter and clothing and food depended on the father's prolonged hours of toil and sometimes miserably small pay, are living witnesses of what has been accomplished. My own work week during the year before I entered the Army in 1911 was eighty-four hours.

"I should confess to you that my close associates in my office maintain that in thirty-five years I am still doing very little better. But I ask you, what other than a horse laugh would greet my attempt to organize a union for the benefit and advancement of brass hats?

"This progress has been possible because we live under a free system. Moreover, a practical result of this progress has been to enhance the enjoyment by the average American citizen of the rights, opportunities and freedoms which, under the Constitution, have been for a century and a half legally and properly his . . .

"The continuing efforts of organized labor to bring the good things of our country's production to the hands and homes of those of our own people who work at their creation call for every encouragement. As long as these efforts are in harmony with our national welfare, every true citizen must applaud. A prosperous virile citizenry is both the purpose and the strength of democracy. So if the United States of America is to retain and enhance the effectiveness of its leadership in the new venture toward international harmony, we must, first of all, stand before the world as a shining example of the superior advantages of self-government—the social, economic and moral advantages. We cannot expect the world to show great interest in a co-operative international mechanism unless co-operative effort, which is the essence of our democracy, is successfully practiced in the homeland of its principal exponent."

* * *

And in a speech at Galveston, Texas, in 1949, he said:

"If all that Americans want is security, then they can go to prison. They'll have enough to eat, a bed and a roof over their heads. But if an American wants to preserve his dignity and his equality as a human being, he must not bow his neck to any dictatorial government . . . We owe it to ourselves to understand the nature of the times and not trade the principles that made this nation great for some panaceas dished out by a bureaucrat sitting in an easy chair in Washington."

There is one social reform Eisenhower favors beyond doubt—that of halting the growth of bureaucracy in government and the encroachment of the federal government on local powers and duties and on the lives of the citizens. He made this plain in the following passage from his Commencement Address at Columbia University on June 1, 1949:

"Millions of us, today, seem to fear that individual freedom is leading us toward social chaos; that individual opportunity has forever disappeared; that no person can have rightful title to property; that we have reached the point where the individual is far too small to cope with his circumstances; that his lifelong physical security against every risk is all that matters. More than this, we hear that such security must be attained by surrendering to centralized control the management of our society. In short, to these fearful men, the free human individual is a social anachronism.

"On every count the fearful men are wrong. More than ever before, in our country, this is the age of the individual. Endowed with the accumulated knowledge of centuries, armed with all the instruments of modern science, he is still assured personal freedom and wide avenues of expression so that he may win for himself, his family and his country greater material comfort, ease and happiness; greater spiritual satisfaction and contentment.

"When even the rudiments of knowledge were possessed by only a privileged few, when man's appalling ignorance handicapped his participation in government, there was ground to believe that an all-powerful state had to rule each subject's life from the cradle to the grave. That ground has diminished with each year of our Republic's existence. None remains today. The free individual has been as his own master; the state as his servant . . .

"The modern preachers of the paternalistic state permit themselves to be intimidated by circumstances. Blinding themselves to the inevitable growth of despotism, they—craven-like—seek, through government, assurance that they can forever count upon a full stomach and warm cloak or—perhaps

COLLIER'S "But, Officer, I'm only dreaming" WILLIAM STEIG

—the sinister-minded among them think, by playing upon our fears, to become the masters of our lives.

"In the years ahead of you graduates, the fundamental struggle of our time may be decided—between those who would further apply to our daily lives the concept of individual freedom and equality; and those who would subordinate the individual to the dictates of the state. You will participate in the fight."

The extravagance and waste that may so easily accompany the expansion of government and its power over the dollars and the lives of the people is another danger against which Eisenhower has frequently warned. An example of his attitude toward this phase of statism is seen in the following passage from his Founders Day Address at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, on October 19, 1950:

". . . If the times demand a sudden and tremendous increase in the budget for defense, reckless extravagance, selfish grabbing, heedless spending of dollars we do not possess will make American citizenship in the future a mortgaged existence rather than a joyous privilege. If solvency and security are not synonymous, they are so closely related that the difference, if any, is scarcely discernible."

Government spending for higher education, whether extravagant or not, is strongly opposed by the general. In a speech in 1948 when the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York conferred on him a degree of doctor of laws, he said:

"Because I believe that the federal government has no right to take tax money out of our pockets and give it back to us without some form of supervision, therefore I say that they cannot give federal money for the support of higher education. When federal money comes into that field we are entering a dangerous situation.

"So that no one will misunderstand where an old soldier stands on that question—I will have no federal money in higher education as long as there is one single iota of federal control coming with it."

* * *

Eisenhower has often discussed the Negro in American society, and it is plain from his remarks on the subject that he has great admiration for the extraordinary progress of the Negro race toward full participation in all the advantages and responsibilities of American democracy, and that he believes the goal will be attained. But he seems to agree with the "gradualist" theory of one of the great leaders of the Negro race, Booker T. Washington, rather than with more impatient Negro leaders who advocate the quick and violent reforms which so often cause an equally violent and opposite reaction.

Speaking at the dedication of a boys' building at the Harlem branch of the Y.M.C.A. in New York in 1949, he said:

". . . My congratulations and felicitations to the boys who are going to have the great opportunity of using this building and to the groups that have made it possible. Because to my mind, it is Americanism at its best.

"These people who would have us forsake the ancient principles, who would have us forgo some of our liberties and our freedoms in return for what they call security from the federal government, are aided and abetted by a type of person called the agitator. He hopes, through the unrest that he can engender through class warfare—racial differences—to create a division that will allow him to get into a position of power where he, and his groups like him, can tell us what to do. One of the groups that the agitator is always attacking is the Negro section of the population. To my mind one of the greatest glories of the American Negro today is that this agitator has had no slightest measure of success. In my mind, not so great a success as he has had in other groups. It has been my great privilege more than once to appear before Congressional committees, and elsewhere, and testify to the loyalty and the value to us of that great 10 per cent of our population that is Negro in race. They, like their white brothers, have their representatives lying under the crosses of Tunisia, of Normandy and the Rhine. They have never hesitated to spill their blood for this great country . . .

"It is not for any man to say today that any of us have erased from our hearts the last vestiges of prejudice. That is not true. We are a fallible people and although we may have been created in the image of our Maker, we certainly have not, at this time of world development, attained to that spiritual perfection that we can claim the virtue that we know the Creator possesses. But we can strive toward it, and what I am trying to say is, the virtue is in the striving.

"That is the reason that I think you should be so proud of Booker T. Washington—the man we heard so eloquently described today—Dr. Anderson; Dr. Carver; Dr. Bunche, today one of the greatest statesmen this country has produced. And I assure you I admire Jackie Robinson right along with them. But more than that—more than in those mere special cases—I should like to point one thing out which I fervently believe—that there is no race in the history of man—none—going back to the Pharaohs and the Ark—that has, in 85 years, come so far on the road to understanding useful citizenship, satisfaction in its own culture, and its own advancement, as the American Negro race . . .

"Now if you have come all that way in 85 years, in terms of history, think of what great moment that is. If you will cast your minds back, how many of you here can quickly tell how many years there were, for example, between the Peloponnesian War and the Phoenician War in Rome? Well, a couple of hundred years. What I am trying to point out, ladies and gentlemen, when you look at it in terms of history, 200 years is nothing. But in 85 years you have come that far. Wouldn't it be fun to cast our minds just this far forward—say when the boys, the young boys who are just going into that building—are as old as I am?

"Well, it's going to be about the year 2000. Sounds like a long time when you say it that way. They will be up here, probably with another renovation of this building, an extension, a building bigger and better than ever. What will they be saying about the Negro race? I rather doubt, ladies and gentlemen, at that time if it will occur to us to mention those words. We will just say Americans, because that is what we all are. And if this great country, with those institutions to keep you and me free, which allows us to do as we please, to take a job where we want to, to think what we please, to worship as we please [—if this country] is going to endure, then we must practice democracy, which means that we are all merely, but proudly, Americans."

* * *

Eisenhower's hatred of war is well known. His belief in military preparedness, as a preventive of war, is equally strong. In a report before a special meeting of Congress in January, 1946, he put the problem in simple terms:

"You see firemen playing checkers sometimes, but that doesn't mean you fire them and send them home. They may be vitally needed a few minutes later. It's the same way with our occupation forces. We must maintain them at a safe level, because we may need them, even though we don't have full work for all of them, all the time."

He went on to say:

"I know and you know that many of

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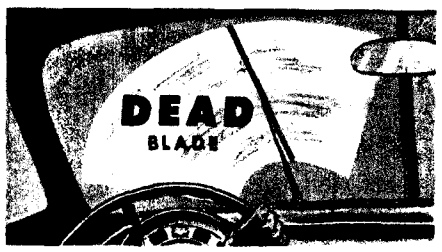
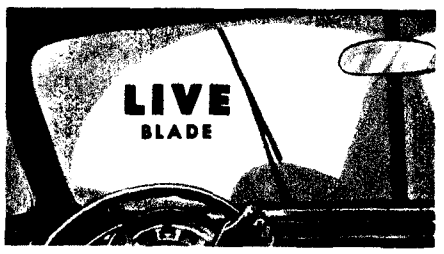
DEAD BLADES MAKE DEAD DRIVERS



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still may look okay but it streaks glass dangerously.



THIS LIVE ANCO BLADE wipes clean . . . clears rain . . . clears muck . . . lets you SEE.

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Come Clean! Replace at once your Dead wiper blades with LIVE new ANCO Blades. Best for most miles of quicker, cleaner wiping. At more than 260,000 service stations. Get yours today.

ANCO RAIN-MASTER model for Flat windshields. Fits all cars quickly. World's largest selling replacement blade.

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THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana, U. S. A.

COLD got you?

MAKE A FRIEND OF

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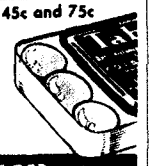
45c and 75c



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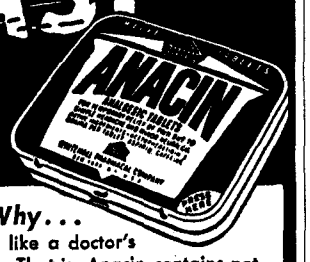
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

ALL DRUG STORES *in the* BRIGHT RED *package*

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN FAST



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Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

them [the soldiers on occupation duty abroad] are homesick men. But there is a job to be finished. Although our allies are carrying a heavy load, Americans have assumed the definite commitment and responsibility of carrying out their own share. To the Army has been delegated the principal job in performing this work. The work cannot be done without men. Remember, this is your Army—not the War Department's Army and not the general's Army. It belongs to the country—to the Congress and the people. It carries out their wishes and their orders."

With prophetic foresight he added:

"When we have secured the peace and liquidated our emergency tasks, we shall then have a third task—to preserve the peace. This is the long-term, continuing peacetime mission of the Army. It will be the job of our permanent peacetime military establishment."

* * *

Ten months later, with Soviet obstructionism becoming more evident, he had this to say about preparedness in an address broadcast to the New York Herald Tribune Forum:

"Great tragedies do not spring out of logic and reason. We found in 1914 and again in 1939 that abuse of power, lack of restraint in its exercise, lust for its increase breed war. We learned that though the world's masses may recoil from the thought of war, wherever they are regimented, inarticulate or tragically misinformed, a mere miscalculation by a few officials of another's intent or strength can result in conflict. In many regions, local passions, misguided fanatics and age-old prejudices can all bring about crises of the gravest kind.

"The world organization is striving to develop machinery to control such dangerous outcroppings of human weakness and greed for power. Until that has been accomplished, demagoguery, fed on fear and hatred, can still bring misery to millions of weary people. While this situation endures, we must realistically face the need for military strength adequate to our times and our position. Every American, as well as the Army, owes first allegiance to our country. No crime could be greater than blind exposure of America's heritage to ruthless attack, merely because we hate war with a consuming hatred. To work for peace does not excuse you, or the Army, from the toil and work of assuring our own security."

On the controversial subject of universal military training, Eisenhower early took a definite stand. He was for it, both as a democratic principle and as a practical necessity. In a letter from Supreme Headquarters, dated June 2, 1945, he wrote:

"Fairness to the country and the individual's chances of survival in war demand that each able-bodied citizen receive in time of peace a thorough grounding in technique, discipline and understanding of the citizen's obligations in time of emergency.

". . . To realize the . . . speediest possible mobilization of maximum power, after an emergency, much of this training must be done in peace. Physical hardening will always have to be repeated after the war starts, but it takes the least time. Technical training takes more time, but with individuals graduating from a full course of training before the emergency starts, units with competent leaders will quickly qualify for service . . . There is no possibility of overemphasizing the value of intelligent training of this kind."

Eisenhower has repeatedly expressed his opposition to isolationism, his belief in the United Nations, and his conviction that free men must help other free men who are under attack from totalitarianism, lest all people lose their freedom. On the menace of Communism, he has spoken often and vigorously. At the launching of the Crusade for Freedom movement in Denver in 1950, he said:

"Americans are dying in Korea tonight. They are dying for ideals they have been taught to cherish more than life itself. But it will be written and said tonight in Warsaw, in Prague, in Moscow, that they died for American imperialism. Unfortunately, millions of people will believe this devilish libel against American soldiers, who have taken up arms in defense of liberty a second time in a tormented decade. Those millions will hear no other version but a hissing, hating tirade against America.

"We think it incredible that such poison be swallowed; but those people, behind and beyond the Iron Curtain, have seen so much political wickedness and cold-blooded betrayal, such godless depravity in government, that they find it harder to believe in our peaceful intent and decent motives than in the calculated and clever lies that Communism is spreading every hour, every day, through every broadcast and newspaper that it controls.

"This slander against our purposes and our men in Korea is merely one example of the campaign of hatred that is being waged against America and freedom around the globe. We face not only ruthless men, but also lies and misconceptions intended to rob us of our resolution and faith within, and of our friends throughout the world . . .

"The Communist leaders believe that, unless they destroy our system, their own subjects, gradually gaining an understanding of the blessings and opportunities of liberty, will repudiate Communism and tear its dictators from their positions of power.

"They know that, for the mass of humanity, America has come to symbolize freedom, opportunity, human happiness. They have a mortal fear that this knowledge will penetrate eventually to their own people and to all others in the world . . .

"In the totalitarian countries the individual has no right that the state is bound to respect. His occupation is selected by his masters, his livelihood is fixed by decree, at the minimum which will give him strength to work another day.

"Because representative labor leaders of America know the record of Communism in beating down labor, they have long been in the forefront of those fighting the spread of this vicious doctrine. But Communism goes further than the exploitation of labor. Unless the individual accepts governmental mastery of his life and soul, he can be convicted without trial; he can be executed without the right of appeal; he can be banished to live out his life in a slave camp. This is what the Soviet planners contemplate for all the world, including America.

"We must meet this threat with courage and firmness. Unless we look, with clear and understanding eyes, at the world situation confronting us, and meet with dynamic purposes the issues contained therein, then we will lose the American birthright. The system of government established by our forefathers will disappear. The American record, from Washington to the day of that disaster, will be only a blank page in history . . .

"The die has been cast in Asia, but we are in no limited conflict. Free Europe, struggling for moral and economic recovery, is still a tempting target for predatory military force. We must give real support to all aspects of the military aid program and re-examine, at once, our troop strengths in critical areas.

"All this means that we must resolutely tighten our belts, both nationally and individually. We must insist upon facing up to the task of paying for the accomplishment of these vital measures, else the Soviets will take heart from their success in bringing us further inflation and closer to economic ruin.

"We must have efficiency and economy in all governmental expenditures; and we must concentrate all our resources to assure victory in this bitter and probably prolonged struggle. Until it is won we must practice Spartan frugality in all nonessential matters, so that we may make the greatest possible contribution to the defense of our way of life. All lesser considerations must wait: we cannot tolerate politics as usual any more than we can tolerate business as usual. Ladies and gentlemen, we must get tough—tough with ourselves.

"Success in such national crises always requires some temporary and partial surrender of individual freedom. But the surrender must be by our specific decision, and it must be only partial and only temporary. It must be insured that, when the crisis has passed, each of us will then possess every right, every privilege, every responsibility and every authority that now resides in an American citizen. It would do no good to defend our liberties against Communistic aggression and lose them to our own greed, blindness, or shiftless reliance on bureaucracy and the federal Treasury.

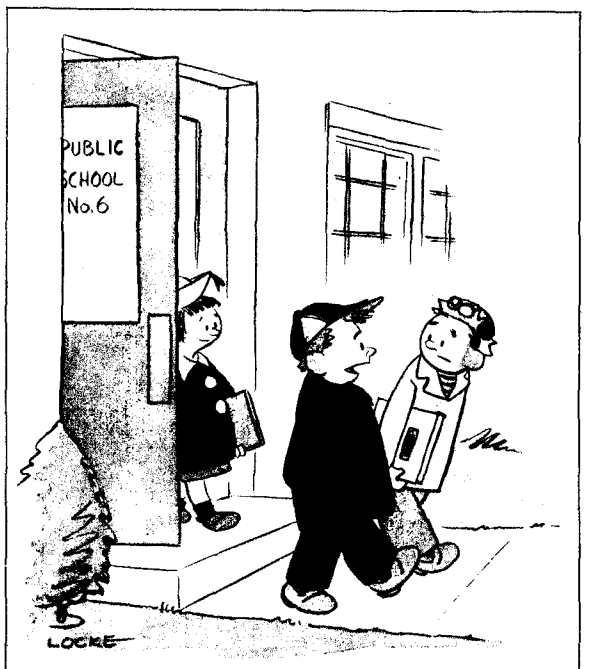
"In the dangers and trials ahead, our ultimate security lies in the dynamic purpose, the simple courage, unshakable unity of the United States and the free world; a unity that depends upon common understanding of and common veneration of freedom. But these can live only where there is access to the truth. Thus truth becomes our most formidable weapon, a weapon that each of us can help forge through the Crusade for Freedom. And let us never forget that for those who have lost freedom there is no price or cost or sacrifice that can even faintly reflect its value. But it is still the core of America's boundless heritage. It will remain so for as long as we plain American citizens are ever ready to guard it with vigilance and defend it with fortitude and faith."

* * *

One more quotation about what Eisenhower thinks concerning America's opportunity and future. It was said to his Columbia University students in June, 1950:

"The United States of America has been marked to wear the burdensome but glorious mantle of world leadership. Today's great opportunity in this country is to make that leadership a moral, intellectual and material model for all time. I am glad the opportunity is in your hands."

This was spoken from the heart. It embodies in simple terms a fundamental faith and optimism which answers a profound need of the people of the United States and of other free nations. THE END



"Oh, I'm old enough to start thinking about girls, but I don't know anything to think"

COLLIER'S LAFE LOCKE

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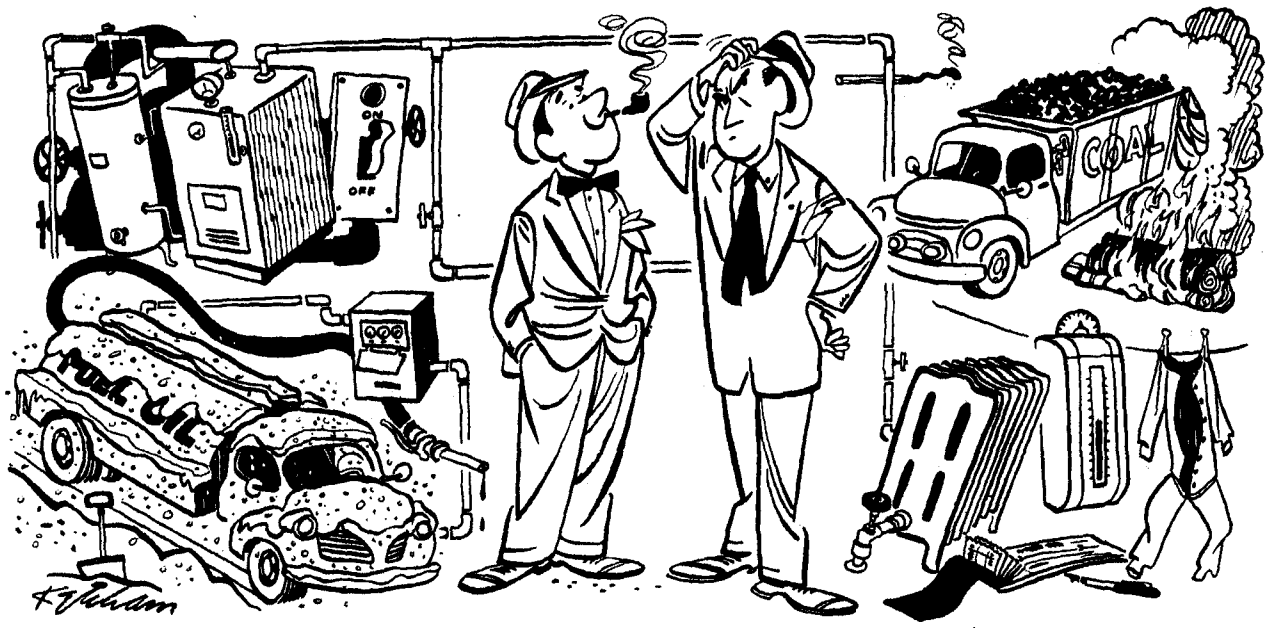

ALL HEATED UP

By PARKE CUMMINGS

Your neighbor probably doesn't know how much it costs to heat his home, either

GENERALLY speaking, I wouldn't call Sanders a secretive fellow where his expenses are concerned. He told me on one occasion that he paid $85 for a set of golf clubs, and on another he went right down to the last penny by reporting that a tropical cruise set him back $868.72. Once he even revealed that his family food bill averaged $120 a month (he has a very small family).

Don't get the wrong idea. I'm not the prying type. In none of those instances did I ask him. He gave me the information voluntarily. Accordingly, since Sanders seemed to have no reticence about fiscal matters—and because he was a man who always knew exactly where he stood—I decided that it wouldn't be amiss to quiz him on another expense. One day I asked him: "How much does it cost you to heat your house?"

"What?" he said.

We were standing about two feet apart, I had enunciated clearly, and Sanders is not hard of hearing. I repeated the question.

"Heat my house?" said Sanders.

"That's right," I said. "I'd like to know how much it costs you to heat your house. I don't mean to be nosy. It's just that I want to get a line on how my own expenses compare."

"That's a pretty hard question to answer," he said, "because we burn oil."

"Doesn't the oil company charge for it?" I demanded.

Sanders laughed—although somewhat mirthlessly. "It's not that," he said. "You see our oil burner also heats our hot water, so it's pretty hard to say just what proportion of oil goes to heating the house and what proportion to heating the water."

"But you could figure it out from what you use in summer when the burner is only being used to heat the water. Subtract that sum from your total expenses, and—"

Sanders shook his head. "In the summer we heat our water by electricity."

I was licked and, frankly, I suspected beforehand that I would be. I had discovered a simple fact long before that. A man's other expenses—sometimes even what he drops annually on the horses—may be an open book, but when you try to pin him down on heating costs he becomes shiftier than a weasel. He won't even approximate them.

Take Norton. He heats his house by gas. I asked him the same question, and he said he didn't know, because they cook by gas and run the refrigerator by gas. I made the same point about deducting summertime expenses from wintertime ones.

Norton hesitated, and I thought I had him. Then he replied, with a poorly concealed air of triumph, "Sometimes we get cold spells in summer when we have to run the furnace. That would throw the figures off."

"Well, just your over-all annual expenses," I qualified. "That's all I wanted to know."

"It's not that simple," he objected. "Sometimes we don't get those summer cold spells. Take last summer. It—"

I let him take it. But I do have to admit that I had higher hopes with Billings. Before I put to him what seems to be regarded as an indecent question, I first checked carefully on his heating arrangements. It developed that the Billingses cooked, heated water, ironed, squeezed fruit juices and did a number of other miscellaneous things by electricity. They heated their house exclusively by coal, and used the coal exclusively for heating the house—no auxiliary gadgets to melt snow off the driveway or heat the dog kennel—so I felt certain that I had Billings where I wanted him. Getting right to the nub I asked: "What do your coal bills run?"

He replied instantly: "That depends."

"Depends on what?" I demanded, a little truculently.

"In winter," he said, "we shut off some of our rooms—don't heat them."

"Okay," I said, "so you shut off some of your rooms in winter. I'm just asking you what your coal bill runs."

"But sometimes," he continued, "the children are home from college and we have to open the rooms."

"Okay," I said, "sometimes they're home from college. I merely want to know—"

"Next year," said Billings, "Sandra won't be in college. Maybe she'll be with us all the time. On the other hand she may go off and take a job or get married or—"

"It's this year I'm talking about!" I shouted hoarsely. "Not next year!"

"This year my mother-in-law is with us," he replied blandly. "I thought she'd only be here a week, but yesterday Ruth told me she might stay the entire—"

But of course it's a waste of time to ask a private homeowner. If you're moving into a new house or thinking of changing your heating system, the boys to go to are the pros—the plumbers and contractors. They've got the dope right at their finger tips and they'll tell you:

"Well, it depends on the number of rooms in your house, naturally, and how warm you keep it. Some people, their house is like a steam box. And insulation. You have good insulation, and it means a saving of—well, you make a considerable saving. And then you take exposure. Makes a tremendous difference if you have a big northern exposure or are on a windy site. Now you consider the December we had three years ago and compare it to last December—"

Ah, well, maybe *someday*, if I keep at it, I'll succeed in finding out whether I'm paying too much to heat our own house. It costs me— approximately, that is—well, it's pretty hard to say right now because we've got complications. We're all wearing flannel underwear this winter, which ought to help, but, on the other hand, that sun porch we added may make a big difference. I guess we'd better wait till spring, and then maybe I can give you something definite. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY HANK KETCHAM

Grandma's Saying

LOTS O' FOLKS might profit by the realization that hardenin' o' the heart ages much faster than hardenin' o' the arteries.

$10 paid Mrs. Richard Gallop, Artesia, Calif.*

SPEAKIN' OF STYLE, all I can say is Miss Nu-Maid really sets the style in modern margarines. Pure, sweet Nu-Maid is delicious tastin', smooth spreadin'. If you set a modern table, set it with Nu-Maid. If you keep a modern kitchen, cook with Nu-Maid.

STRIKES ME the only thing wrong with child psychology is that the children don't understand it.

$5 paid Evelyn Still, Villisca, Iowa*

WHEN I LOOK for margarine, I allus look for the picture of Miss Nu-Maid on the package. And folks, there's a package that's really sumpin' . . . modern in every way. Seals in Nu-Maid's "Table-Grade" flavor. And that churned-fresh flavor makes a big difference in my cookin' and bakin'.

*$5 will be paid upon publication to the first contributor of each accepted saying or idea . . . $10 if accepted entry is accompanied by large picture of Miss Nu-Maid from the package. Address "Grandma" 103C East Pearl Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR SWEET, wholesome Miss Nu-Maid on the package when you buy margarine. Miss Nu-Maid is your assurance of the finest modern margarine in the finest modern package.

BEST POP CORN YOU EVER ATE
JOLLY TIME

FLORIDA...
Nice homesites $245 at $10 monthly. New development adjoining Ocala National Forest. Best fishing, hunting. Folder free. Webb Verner, DeLand, Florida.

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The comely night-club photographer's eye is on the new off-shade blues. Sheen gabardine (left) is by Louis Roth, Calif.; lighter blue by Timely. Shirts are by Van Heusen; ties by Stern-Merritt

TRY THESE FOR SIGHS

You'll find the new suits and coats warm enough for March winds, cool enough for June heat—and handsomer than ever

By BERT BACHARACH

IN THE spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of lighter clothing. And after a winter's sartorial hibernation in heavy, dark apparel, it's good to step out in colorful togs. So, off with the somber overcoat and on with a plaid or checked topcoat. Into the moth balls with winter suits and give your cold-weather hats and shoes a well-earned vacation from duty. Now that the temperature is on its way up, it's time to spruce up a bit.

This year's new-season wardrobe is as practical as any ever produced. Actually, because of its fabric and construction, the term "spring clothing" is a misnomer. It's really clothing for right now, for late spring, for early summer, for late summer and fall—warm enough for March winds and cool enough for June sunshine. This kind of adaptability for changes in weather has been one of the major developments in clothing in our time. And it has reached its peak of perfection in the current offerings.

There have been major advancements again this season in color, pattern and durability. For instance, in woolens, which are increasing in popularity, it has been possible to introduce patterns and color treatments not usually found in other types of cloth. Best examples of this are seen in the new tweed, saxony, cheviot and Shetland types of topcoats, suits and sport jackets. And to help make clothes last, certain fabric-finishing processes will give unprecedented protection against moisture, mildew and moths. Other fabrics, blending natural and man-made fibers, resist wrinkling as if by magic and allow suits and topcoats to hold their shape even in a downpour.

The color and comfort to be found in men's apparel has followed the pace set by sportswear in this age of more casual living. Clothing today is softer, lighter and gayer in character. Hats are smaller in shape and zephyr in weight compared to the heavy lids you used to wear. Shirts are made with a more comfortable and more flattering collar slope. Ties are narrower and trimmer than the chest-protector shapes of yore. Shoes are neater, softer, in many cases ventilated and, always, easier on the feet.

The new clothing adds up to a wardrobe that will make you look better and feel better. Try it on for size—and sighs of satisfaction. THE END

For the races, jackets (l. to r.) by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Greif, McGregor. Slacks by Haggar; shirts, TruVal; ties, Wembley; sweater, Puritan; hats, Lee

There's more brightness in business clothing than ever. Suit at left is by Worsted-Tex. Checked coat and suit are both of Botany 500 by Daroff. Shirts and ties are by Arrow; the hat by Mallory

For outdoors, the man in center wears a Westberry coat over a Merit flannel suit, while the other has on a Mt. Rock topcoat. Hats are by Mallory; shirts by Marlboro, and the bow tie from Wembley

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

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Tom Meany's 1952 Baseball Preview

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Easter (.270) figure to improve the Indian attack. Prior to his plaguing knee injury, first baseman Easter was one of the most dangerous hitters in the league, batting in 107 runs in 1950.

A top prospect for Cleveland is Sad Sam Jones, a six-foot four-inch Negro right-hander, who is a much better pitcher than his 16-13 record with San Diego indicates. He lost five games by one-run margins, pitched five shutouts and led the Coast League in strike-outs with 246. He's another reason why general manager Hank Greenberg insists the Indians will have the best pitching in the American League in 1952.

The National League race should be dominated by the Dodgers and Giants. It should be a two-club race down to the wire again, but not close enough for any postseason heroics or hysteria. "The pitching in the National League is back to its prewar strength," declares Giant manager Leo Durocher, "and we have far and away the best pitching in the league."

Adding Max Lanier to a staff which already boasted Larry Jansen, Sal Maglie and Jim Hearn puts the Giants in the front row so far as senior loop pitching is concerned. Jansen and Maglie were 23-game winners last season and Hearn bagged 17. Lanier's record was only 11-9 with the Cardinals, but the chunky southpaw practically made a career out of beating Brooklyn. He has a lifetime mark of 24-10 against the Bums.

The general impression is that Davey Williams will come off the bench to fill Eddie Stanky's shoes at second base, although he won't draw as many passes as the Brat did, nor is he likely to work as smoothly with Alvin Dark at short. Dark and Stanky were teamed up ever since 1948 with Boston. Since the Giants are a veteran team, Williams will not find playing regularly as difficult a job as it would be if he were with a club that was being completely made over.

Despite admittedly fine pitching, I can't see the Giants as repeaters. They made an incredible stretch run last season, winning 39 of the last 47 games, but five of the eight regulars are outfielders by trade. Thomson at third base and Whitey Lockman at first are bound to make defensive lapses from time to time. With Willie Mays Army bound, the Giants lose a colorful performer; but Chuck Diering, obtained from the Cardinals along with Lanier for Stanky, is a fine defensive center fielder—though a weak hitter (.259 average).

Apart from the pitching, where they admittedly could stand help, the Dodgers have the best club in the league, man for man. "The only National Leaguer, outside of a pitcher, who could break into our line-up is Stan Musial," says President O'Malley. "And is there any club that couldn't use Stan?"

It may be an all-Eastern finish in the first division of the National League, unless Stanky can work a miracle in his freshman year as Cardinal pilot.

"The Phils will bounce back," promises manager Eddie Sawyer, who has mapped out an all-work-and-no-play program for the Clearwater camp, with wives and autos barred. Club assets include Robin Roberts, one of the best young right-handers in the league, who was 21-15 last year with a sagging club, and Howard Fox (9-14), who should pitch better for the Phils than he did for the Reds. Sawyer will have a truly formidable staff if Curt Simmons, who expects to be discharged from the Army in early July, can do any pitching. Connie Ryan, who came from Cincinnati in the same deal with Fox, should steady the Phils at second base.

Meanwhile, in Boston, the trend is to youth.

"We're going to try to break in as many new players as possible," admits Tommy Holmes of the Braves. One of these new players may be Gene Conley, a kid right-hander who was 20 and 9 with Hartford in the Eastern League. With Chet Nichols (11-8) Army bait, Boston will need pitching. The club has punch but, aside from Sam Jethroe in the outfield and Earl Torgeson at first, the '51 Braves had no speed. Hence the new accent on youth.

Player-manager Stanky has his work cut out for him in St. Louis. Eddie's ability to reach base an average of more than 200 times in the course of a season should be a big help to Musial's RBI total, but the Cardinals seem to have too many holes.

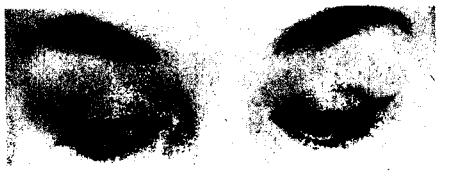
The club may miss the lift promised by Bill Mizell, the southpaw from Vinegar Bend, Alabama, who was being touted as one of the most colorful rookie prospects since Dizzy Dean, until the Army stepped in last month. Mizell had a 16-14 record at Houston, but that indicates nothing of his ability. He led the Texas League in earned runs, with an average of 1.96, and in strike-outs, with 257, and set a modern record for strike-outs in that loop with 18 in one game. Bill pitched three straight shutouts and in 13 games held the opposition to five or fewer hits.

Johnny Keane, now managing Columbus in the American Association but who was at Houston, predicted Mizell could be another Lefty Grove. "He's faster right now than Dean or Wild Bill Hallahan ever was," declared Keane. "He has a good curve

1952 ROOKIES TO WATCH

Name, Club	Bat Throw	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Home	1951 Club	W-L
PITCHERS							
DON CARLSEN, *Pirates*	R-R	6'1"	180	1926	Denver, Colo.	New Orleans	11-3
ERNIE JOHNSON, *Braves*	R-R	6'4"	195	1924	Brattleboro, Vt.	Milwaukee	15-4
*SAM JONES, *Indians*	R-R	6'4"	200	1925	Monongah, W. Va.	San Diego	16-13
*NILES JORDAN, *Reds*	L-L	5'11"	180	1926	Sedro Woolley, Wash.	Wilmington	21-3
*JIM McDONALD, *Yanks*	S-R	5'10"	185	1927	Modesto, Cal.	Louisville	10-7
*OCTAVIO RUBERT, *Cards*	R-R	6'	160	1925	Sancti-Spiritus, Cuba	Houston	19-4
*HARRY SCHAEFFER, *Yanks*	L-L	6'3"	175	1925	Shillington, Pa.	Beaumont	19-9
JAKE SCHMITT, *Giants*	L-L	6'1"	175	1925	Wilton, Conn.	Baltimore	10-14
CATCHERS							B.A.
*HARRY CHITI, *Cubs*	R-R	6'2"	221	1932	Detroit, Mich.	Des Moines	.301
*JOE ROSSI, *Reds*	R-R	6'1"	205	1923	Albany, Cal.	Portland	.304
FIRST BASEMEN							
BOB BOYD, *White Sox*	L-L	5'9"	167	1926	Memphis, Tenn.	Sacramento	.342
*DEE FONDY, *Cubs*	L-L	6'3"	195	1924	San Bernardino, Cal.	Los Angeles	.376
TOOKIE GILBERT, *Giants*	R-L	6'2"	185	1929	New Orleans, La.	Minneapolis	.273
*GORDON GOLDSBERRY, *Browns*	L-L	6'	170	1927	Ontario, Cal.	Seattle	.240
INFIELDERS							
*JIM BRIDEWESER, *Yankees*	R-R	6'	165	1927	Los Angeles, Cal.	San Francisco	.283
*LEON BRINKOPF, *Cubs*	R-R	5'11"	185	1926	Cape Girardeau, Mo.	Los Angeles	.279
JACK DITTMER, *Braves*	L-R	6'1"	180	1928	Elkader, Iowa	Atlanta	.334
BILL REED, *Braves*	L-R	5'11"	175	1922	Shawano, Wis.	Milwaukee	.311
*HECTOR RODRIGUEZ, *White Sox*	R-R	5'8"	165	1920	Alquizar, Cuba	Montreal	.302
RUDY RUFER, *Giants*	R-R	6'	170	1927	Malverne, N. Y.	Minneapolis	.233
DICK SMITH, *Pirates*	R-R	5'8"	160	1927	Port Matilda, Pa.	Charleston	.330
OUTFIELDERS							
*FRANCISCO CAMPOS, *Senators*	L-R	5'11"	180	1925	Havana, Cuba	Charlotte	.368
HERB GORMAN, *Cards*	L-L	5'11"	180	1925	San Francisco, Cal.	Hollywood	.275
*BOB NIEMAN, *Browns*	R-R	5'11"	195	1927	Kent, O.	Oklahoma City	.328
*JIM PIERSALL, *Red Sox*	R-R	6'	175	1929	Waterbury, Conn.	Birmingham	.346
WALLY POST, *Reds*	R-R	6'1"	190	1929	St. Henry, O.	Buffalo	.306
*JIM RIVERA, *Browns*	L-L	6'	196	1922	Bronx, N. Y.	Seattle	.352
*FRANK SAUCIER, *Browns*	R-R	6'1"	175	1927	Washington, Mo.	San Antonio (1950)	.343
*GEORGE SCHMEES, *Browns*	L-L	6'	190	1924	San Jose, Cal.	Hollywood	.328
*RUSSELL SULLIVAN, *Tigers*	L-R	5'11"	195	1926	Hartwood, Va.	Toledo	.341
*ARCHIE WILSON, *Yankees*	L-R	5'11"	175	1923	Henderson, Nev.	Buffalo	.316

(*) Good chance of sticking.



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ball and needs only a change of pace."

Now, with the Army speaking up for a priority on Mizell's services, Stanky may find that he'll have his troubles lining up a strong mound staff.

One newcomer to the Cardinal pitchers is Octavio Rubert (19-4), also from Houston. A one-eyed Cuban, he has the poise to become a good relief pitcher, according to scouts' reports.

Cincinnati picked up some sadly needed power when it acquired Dick Sisler (.287) from the Phils, although the son of the great George isn't exactly a gazelle in the outfield. Manager Luke Sewell has good pitching—Niles Jordan, 21-3 at Wilmington, may be a southpaw surprise; but unless Ted Kluszewski (.259) comes back to the .300 class, there isn't much punch. And it was Casey Stengel who long ago remarked of those good-pitch, no-hit clubs, "They make every game close but lose in the end, so all they really do is keep you late for dinner." On the bright side, though, Bill Bevens, the old Yankee right-hander who came within one pitch of a World Series no-hitter in 1947, had a 20-12 '51 record with Salem in the Western International. He could be a surprising help to the Reds.

Hot Contest for Cellar Spot

The real dogfight in the National League should be between the Cubs and the Pirates for the cellar. Both are young clubs and seemingly years removed from contention. Branch Rickey admits that the first division is beyond Pittsburgh this year. The Pirate formula will be as it was in the past—Kiner and kids. But Ralph, the home-run king, can't carry the load by himself. It is a club, however, which can get runs and must be rated over Chicago.

The Cubs, by the way, may have a good infield prospect in Leon Brinkopf (.279), who hit 25 home runs for Los Angeles and drove in nearly 100 runs.

Detroit, which led the American League with only a couple of weeks to go in 1950 and wound up in the second division last season, may be the surprise team of that circuit. As a matter of fact, the entire league may be filled with surprises, not to say shocks, for there are many veterans in key positions who may be ready to slide down the hill.

Ballplayers over thirty sometimes develop almost overnight into what baseball-wise Branch Rickey calls "anesthesia players." He explains the term this way: "They go through the motions so smoothly from force of habit that you don't notice anything until you're in the second division with no chance of escape." There are several ballplayers in the American League who could fall into this category in 1952.

Detroit played so far below par in 1951 that the experts believe the law of averages will assist the club to bounce back. Manager Red Rolfe thinks Art Houtteman, the young right-hander who spent all of 1951 in the Army, will be of great assistance, and Rolfe has had encouraging winter reports on the thirty-year-old Hal Newhouser (6-6), once one of the league's best left-handers.

Yankee Stadium will look more than passing strange this season with Joe DiMaggio performing in a television booth instead of in center field. The Clipper, perhaps the greatest all-around ballplayer of his time, meant far more to the Yankees last year than his .263 average. It is likely that Casey Stengel will rely on his favorite remedy—the two-platoon system, alternating Gene Woodling (.281) and Jackie Jensen (.298) in center. Mickey Mantle (.267) will probably stay in right. Another center field possibility is Archie Wilson (.316), who with Buffalo in '51 was voted the most valuable player in the International League.

With Vic Raschi's knee mended, the big right-hander (21-10) should again be the mainstay of a solid staff, backed up by "the junk man," southpaw Eddie Lopat (21-9), and Allie Reynolds (17-8) who pitched two no-hitters last season. Tom Morgan (9-3) is a young fellow, still coming along. Jim McDonald (4-7), who came to the Yanks from the Browns after the season, could be a big winner in the Bronx.

"SLEEPER" CROP

YANKEES—*Andy Carey, infielder,* on Kansas City roster.

BRAVES—Gene Conley, a right-handed pitcher, and George Crowe, first baseman, both on Milwaukee roster.

DODGERS—Bob *Alexander* and Ben Wade, right-handed pitchers, both on Montreal roster.

Winning four straight pennants is a big order, which is why the odds are against the Yankees. Only two managers in the history of organized baseball have done it: John McGraw with the Giants in 1921-'22-'23-'24 and Joe McCarthy with the Yanks in 1936-'37-'38-'39. Thus, in addition to losing DiMaggio and Coleman, the Yankees are bucking the problem of the law of averages. But George Weiss, general manager of the champs, says, "It would be foolish to write us off, the way our young players are coming along."

If you don't agree that Stengel turned in the outstanding job in the American League last season, then the honor must certainly go to Paul Richards, who landed the White Sox in the first division for the first time since 1943. Despite Richards' admitted skill and the lofty aspirations of general manager Frank Lane, who says, "I wouldn't faint if we won the pennant," it doesn't seem that the Sox can improve on their fourth-place finish of 1951.

Even though Saul Rogovin (12-8) led the American League pitchers in earned runs with 2.78, Chicago's pitching doesn't seem to have the depth or strength to make a real run for the flag. The club should be stronger through Lane's judicious trades. In acquiring Hector Rodriguez (.302) from Montreal via the draft, Frank picked a real prize. The thirty-one-year-old Cuban Negro was tabbed the No. 1 rookie of the International League last season. He will play third base regularly, enabling his compatriot, the sensational Orestes Minoso (.326), to devote all his time to the outfield.

Ever since World War II it has been the policy of the majority of the experts to pick the Red Sox to win the American League pennant. In the very first year, 1946, the experts hit it right on the head, but since then the Boston club has been hitting the experts on the head, mostly as a result of September collapses. This may explain why there was so little support for Boston in the Hot Stove League, even before Williams was notified to stand by for an April physical by the Marines.

The general view is that the Red Sox have been steadily going downhill. When Bobby Doerr (.289), the great second baseman, decided to retire, the realization was brought home that the Sox are getting old. Johnny Pesky (.313), Vern Stephens (.300) and Dom DiMaggio (.296) are all over thirty. The general age of the Sox explains why the new manager, Lou Boudreau, was so eager to trade Williams during the winter, asking merely for "the guts of a ball club" in return.

Mel Parnell (18-11) tops a none-too-formidable staff, although Ellis Kinder (11-2) is an excellent relief pitcher. Talented Leo Kiely (7-7) has been called into service and, unless Maurice McDermott (8-8) lives up to the promise he showed two years ago, there isn't much hope for the club. One bright spot is outfielder Jim Piersall (.346), called up from Birmingham. Jim, a handsome, talkative kid, seems to be ready for the big top. No less an authority than Dom DiMaggio says, "I never saw a rookie come up who could do so many things."

One of the most interesting clubs in the American League should be the Browns. Bill Veeck, the stunt-minded president, already has declared, "It won't be a miracle if the Browns finish in the first division—it will only seem like one." The first division seems a long haul for the chronic tailenders, but it wouldn't be impossible for the so-called "po' white trash" of the league to edge out the Fenway Millionaires for fifth place.

Veeck has done a complete overhaul job on the team Rogers Hornsby will manage in 1952, particularly in the outfield. Here the Browns have Jim Rivera, the most discussed rookie of the year, as well as Frank Saucier (pronounced *so-shay*), who was 1950's outstanding minor-leaguer and who refused to report because the Browns couldn't, or wouldn't, meet his salary demands. Veeck brought him into the fold last July after he took over the club. Other outfielders with the Browns worth noting are George Schmees (.328), drafted from Hollywood, and Bob Nieman, who broke in with a pair of home runs against the Red Sox and batted an incredible .372 in the dozen games he played with St. Louis.

Beyond a terse "We'll get some runs," Jimmy Dykes hasn't much to say about the Athletics. Jimmy has "a pile of wood" at Philadelphia, a club which makes a lot of runs, but unfortunately the team usually permits the opposition to make even more.

COLLIER'S

"Relax, Mom! I'm only stepping on the black squares"

DICK ERICSON

The A's always cast a deceptive shadow in September as, loose and relaxed in the cool of the second division, they unload their lumber on teams tense with pennant pressure.

Washington's sole distinction for 1952 seems to be that Bucky Harris finally has come up with another Cuban who is *not* a pitcher. The newcomer is Francisco José Campos, who batted .368 with Charlotte, North Carolina, in the Class B Tri-State League and batted .423 in eight games with the Senators at the end of the season. He may wind up with a regular outfield job, alongside of Irv Noren (.279) and Sam Mele (.274).

Scanning the rookie crop, there are favorable scouting reports on about a half dozen, with modified raves for about as many more. On the major-league reserve lists published last November there were 122 rookies, players who broke in during September or who had never played in the majors before. On the basis of sound baseball opinion, therefore, the mortality rate of rookies can be estimated at 90 per cent.

There are, of course, the inevitable "sleepers," such as Mickey Mantle (Joplin) and Gil McDougald (Beaumont) were last spring. Both were carried on the Kansas City roster when the Yanks were in '51 training, yet both shortly became regulars with the parent club and McDougald went on to become Rookie of the Year in the American League. The Yanks may have another such candidate this year in Andy Carey, an infielder who hit .288 for Kansas City and who is respected by rival scouts. He received a good-size bonus when the Yanks originally signed him out of Saint Mary's College in California.

It's an Old Rookie Custom

Although it may smack of skulduggery to the laity, the business of carrying rookies to major-league training camps on minor-league rosters is standard operating procedure. A player can be optioned out of the majors only three times and it is the practice to keep players on minor-league rosters during training until it is fairly certain that they can make good. Mantle, for instance, didn't sign a Yankee contract last spring until he was on a train bound for the opening game in Washington.

The most notable instance was Jackie Robinson, the first Negro to play in organized baseball in modern times. Jackie, after a brilliant 1946 season with Montreal, was kept on the Montreal roster throughout all of the 1947 spring training, and was transferred to the Brooklyn roster only when the teams were playing an exhibition game at Ebbets Field a few days before the season opened. Brooklyn this spring will have two pitchers, the previously mentioned Alexander and Wade, on the Montreal roster, but they are almost a cinch to be Dodgers by opening day.

Other "sleepers" are Gene Conley, the six-foot eight-inch, 225-pound right-hander whom the Braves list on their Milwaukee roster, and George Crowe, a first baseman, also listed with the Brewers. If Earl Torgeson is traded, George will be the Boston first sacker. Manager Holmes, who had Conley at Hartford before being promoted to pilot the Braves last June, wants to be sure Gene works regularly.

"He's a great prospect," says Tommy, "but I don't want him rusting on our bench. If Gene can pitch every fourth day for the Braves, swell; but if not, he'll be pitching every fourth day for Milwaukee. All he needs is experience." Conley is no mere glandular freak; he was an all-state athlete in baseball, basketball and track at Columbia High in Richland, Washington, and leading scorer for Washington State's court team as a sophomore.

Gene has phenomenal control. He scored nine shutouts with Hartford, two below the Eastern League record set by Allie Reynolds with Wilkes-Barre in 1942. He walked only 53 batters in 263 innings—fewer than two per game. Travis Jackson, the old giant shortstop who took over Hartford after the

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promotion of Holmes, gives Gene a rare tribute. "I've never seen a finer pitching prospect in all my years in baseball," declares Jackson.

Rivera of the Browns may not turn out to be the Rookie of the Year, but he certainly has been the rookie-of-the-winter. Purchased from Seattle in midseason by the White Sox for spring delivery, the outfielder cost a reported $65,000. Yet almost as soon as Hornsby was named Brownie manager, the rumors flew that Rivera would get his major-league chance under the man who managed him at Seattle.

Considered something of a "problem player," Rivera draws only raves from Hornsby. "He's the only ballplayer in America I'd pay two bucks to see play," flatly asserts the forthright Rajah. This praise is particularly lavish when it is considered that Rivera was still White Sox property when Hornsby made this statement. Some months later, Veeck shipped catcher Sherman Lollar and others to the Sox for Rivera and first baseman Gordon Goldsberry.

Joe Gordon, the old Yankee and Cleveland Flash, who managed Sacramento in the Coast League last season and saw a lot of Rivera (who hit .352 to lead the league), says, "If he were twenty-three, instead of thirty, I'd say he was the greatest rookie ever to come to the majors."

Born in Brooklyn of Puerto Rican descent, Rivera, who now lives in the Bronx, owns to the full handle of Manuel Joseph Rivera, but prefers to be known as "Jim." When he was playing with Gainesville in the Class D Florida State League in 1949 and stole 55 bases, Andy High, chief scout of the Brooklyn organization, wanted to draft him; but the brain trusters couldn't see a player nearing thirty who was no higher than Class D.

In 1950, Rivera batted .338 for Pensacola, Florida, in the Class B Southeastern League and again High urged that the Dodgers take him. "He's a year older now and I still think he can help us," reported Andy.

Rivera, who had been toying with the idea of becoming a professional fighter if baseball didn't prove more rewarding, got his chance when Hornsby saw him in the Puerto Rican League in the winter of 1950-'51. Rogers had Jim with him at Seattle last season and the jump from Class B to Class AAA seemed to invigorate him. He not only led the Coast loop in batting but also in hits, runs scored and two-baggers, and stole 33 bases by way of showing his speed had not deserted him.

A left-handed batter and thrower, Jim plays center field but, according to Hornsby, he can "catch balls hit anywhere in the outfield." Rivera returns the compliment by crediting Hornsby with improving his fielding by teaching him how to get a jump on the ball.

While the odds are 10 to 1 against any rookie making good the first crack out of the box, those listed in these pages are believed to have exceptional possibilities. In addition to the normal drags of inexperience and playing in faster company, some rookies face the problem that their position already is filled by a veteran who shows no signs of slipping. Many a first-base prospect went by the boards when Lou Gehrig was in his heyday with the Yanks. And sometimes two rookies of promise will be fighting for the same spot, as is the case with Jack Dittmer (.334) and Bill Reed (.311) with the Braves. Both are second basemen—Dittmer from Atlanta, Reed from Milwaukee—and both are left-handed batters. And there is no indication that the incumbent, Roy Hartsfield, is ready to be chased from the bag.

Turning from the gamble of the rookies to the tried and proven, it takes no great courage to predict that Stan Musial will again lead the National League in batting. The Cardinal ace has taken the crown five times in nine seasons and should do it again. Williams, if he hadn't been called by the Marines, would be the choice to lead the American League. Ted led four times in 10 years and had one near miss. With the Red Sox belter gone, the pick is the consistent George Kell. Tiger third baseman. Kell, who led the league with .343 in '49, batted .340 the following season but fell off to .319 in '51. He's one of the steadiest hitters in the game.

Ralph Kiner of the Pirates is another form pick to lead the National League in home runs. This remarkable young man has led or tied for the league leadership in homers in every one of the six seasons he has been with Pittsburgh. Even Babe Ruth, who led the American League in homers a dozen different times, never put more than six crowns together in one string.

There is no such home-run monopoly as Kiner's in the American League. There hasn't been a homer champion who repeated since Williams did it in the seasons of 1941 and 1942, just before he went into service. Gus Zernial of the Athletics led last season with 33, a modest enough total in these days of the jack-rabbit ball. Yogi Berra, who hit 27 last season despite a September slump, could be the first catcher in history to become a home-run leader.

"Yogi has the power to do it," insists one of his teammates, who wishes to remain anonymous, "if only he wouldn't get the idea that he's tired in September. He catches almost every game for the Yankees and every once in a while he reaches the conclusion that he's tired. With his physique and his stamina, I can't picture him getting weary. He just thinks he's tired. Yankee Stadium is built for him and, mark my words, if he's leading the league in homers around Labor Day, he'll forget all about being tired and go on and clout 35 or so."

There used to be a standing gag among baseball writers during spring training to wager even money that you couldn't pick four 20-game winners among all the major-league pitchers. And this was when Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell and Red Ruffing all were active. Even then it wasn't any cinch. But emboldened by the fact that there were 13 pitchers in the majors who won 20 last season, the highest number in years, Collier's Baseball Preview will go out on the limb in this department too, listing four in each league—Garcia, Houtteman, Lemon and Raschi, and Blackwell, Maglie, Roberts and Spahn.

This list includes Houtteman of the Tigers, who never made the charmed circle before. Lemon of the Indians, who had a mediocre 17-14 year after three straight seasons as a 20-game winner, is picked to bounce back. As a matter of fact, Bob might even pitch the opening game of the World Series against the Dodgers at Ebbets Field on October 1, 1952.

Don't say we didn't tell you! THE END

He Stalled Stalin in France

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

have been a dangerous venture, if not impossible."

The man who almost singlehandedly licked the Communists in their greatest test of postwar strength in France is a born fighter, a veteran of a Nazi concentration camp, and an uncompromising defender of the downtrodden. He has known poverty all his life, a fact he will never permit to be glossed over.

Recently, an amateur social worker from the U.S. delicately raised the subject of Jouhaux's birth and forebears. "Yours was a family of dilettantes interested in helping the poor, wasn't it?" purred the lady happily.

"Madame," thundered Jouhaux, "my grandfather dropped his dung pitchfork to pick up a rifle so he could fight in the Revolution of 1848. My father was half starving when he fought in the uprising of 1871, and I was born a few years later right near a slaughterhouse in one of the poorest districts of Paris."

From childhood, Jouhaux's life has been bound up with strikes, unemployment and hunger. His education was brief; he was a wage earner at an age when most children are in the sixth or seventh grade. The family was always scrabbling for an existence. Jouhaux's father, a militant trade-unionist, found employment scarce. His mother, a cook before she was married, tried to tide the family over between unemployment periods, but her wages were skimpy.

Nevertheless, the parents wanted Léon to become an engineer. Jouhaux obtained a scholarship and for a time returned to school, but that didn't last very long. Another chapter of parental unemployment sent him back to sweeping up and collecting refuse in a soap factory. When his father went to work in a match factory, Jouhaux returned to school for a few months again.

It was, however, the last time. The family couldn't get along without his salary. At fourteen, he was working in the match factory, working 14 hours a day.

"I used to think," he reminisced recently, "that perhaps because I was only fourteen, I had to work one hour for each year of my life."

Jouhaux didn't waste any time becoming associated with trade-unionism. At sixteen, he joined an affiliate of the CGT, and in a couple of years he was telling men twice his age how to conduct employer-employee relations.

Despite his youth, his leadership wasn't questioned. When he was twenty-one—a rangy, rich-voiced six-footer with a scraggly mustache—he led several hundred workers in his local out on strike against the match factory, to protest the use of white phosphorus, which causes disease after too much handling. Jouhaux won the strike, but not before he was given a brief prison sentence (he remained under police surveillance for four years).

The conduct of this brassbound, impassioned young man so impressed the match workers that they elected him president of their union in 1904, when he was twenty-four, and two years later appointed him a delegate to the CGT.

His energy and uncompromising demands for an eight-hour day, social insurance and a minimum wage elevated him rapidly in the union hierarchy, and in 1909 he became secretary-general of the CGT, the post he held until the winter of 1947.

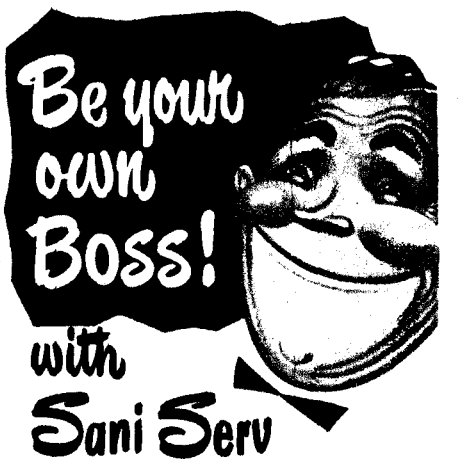
While many CGT officials in the early 1900s were members of the Socialist party, Jouhaux strongly opposed committing the organization politically.

The first test of this attitude came in the summer of 1914, the eve of World War I. Pacifism was an abiding principle of trade-unionism in those days, and many of France's labor leaders wanted a vote of disapproval against war. But Jouhaux entered a vigorous dissent.

"France is in danger," he declared to the CGT executive council. "We will work and we will die to defend France!"

During World War I, Jouhaux worked closely with Premier Georges Clemenceau. The association between these two diametrically opposed, tough-minded men often appeared to be at the brink of open warfare. "The only thing that saved the situation," a contemporary of theirs has said, "was their love for France. On that point—and that point almost alone—could they agree."

Midway through the war, Jouhaux called a conference of all Allied trade-unionists at Leeds, England, to discuss the workers' role after peace was established. He insisted that the trade-unions be given a voice at any postwar negotiations. Clemenceau



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promised him representation and ultimately appointed Jouhaux supplementary delegate of the working class to the Versailles Treaty negotiations. He was a member of the committee that drew up the International Labor Organization Charter.

It was shortly after the war that Jouhaux first found himself embroiled with world Communism. On August 25, 1920, noting growing Red strength in the labor movement, he blasted the Bolsheviks, and angrily challenged the right of Lenin to meddle in the affairs of French workers. "As long as I live," he declared, "I will never become identified with the doctrine from Moscow."

Communist Members Expelled

But that didn't stop Moscow's "meddling," and a bitter struggle broke out within the CGT between anti-Communist Jouhaux and a large Communist faction led by Benoît Frachon—a man against whom Jouhaux was to find himself pitted repeatedly during the next 30-odd years. By 1921, Jouhaux had had enough. Crying, "The Communists are Russians first and Frenchmen second," he expelled the entire Communist membership from the CGT, staking his future on the move.

For months, it appeared that the doughty labor leader had suffered a stinging defeat. Some 400,000 members followed Frachon and the Reds out of the CGT, while only 350,000 rallied around Jouhaux. But, little by little, the anti-Communist movement began to pick up strength, and soon the CGT returned to its former effectiveness.

Meanwhile, Jouhaux was busily engaged in working for an enduring world peace. While the League of Nations was still in its infancy, he denounced it strongly, accusing it of cowardice for refusing to forge rigid controls preventing the traffic and sale of arms. He helped revive international trade-unionism, in the hope that it would serve as a force for peace, and fought for that concept at international labor conferences (conferences, incidentally, that included German union leaders, at his insistence that peace was impossible without the support of German workers).

Even at these meetings, Jouhaux found himself at odds with Communism. At every international conference where Soviet delegates appeared, he sprang to the attack, chiding them, challenging them, denouncing them. And later, when Mussolini's (and, still later, Hitler's) stooge labor representatives began turning up, Jouhaux flayed Communists, Fascists and Nazis alike with the vitriolic language he reserved for all things totalitarian.

At one international conference in Geneva, Jouhaux badgered a cigar-smoking delegate of Hitler's Labor Front into such a state of frenzy that the Nazi stuck the lighted end of the cigar into his mouth.

The depression checked Jouhaux's international activities for peace and turned his thoughts to the mounting unemployment that soon gripped the war-weakened economy of France. Jouhaux held the industrialists of France largely responsible for the plight of the workers, and he launched an all-out fight for better working conditions and the alleviation of joblessness. In the course of this struggle, he uncorked a number of secret weapons which later were taken up by other hard-pressed labor movements, notably in the United States.

He promulgated the sit-down strike, which tied up factories. He plunged Paris into darkness, railroads into idleness and tied up docks and shipping. He inaugurated the lightning strike, which occurred without notice, and the solidarity strike involving many unions in big labor cities.

In the unrest and uncertainty of the mid-thirties, he was the workers' man of action, his only interest their well-being. And, while he was taking on the industrialists, he warned the French Fascist organizations that he would not hesitate to fight them on the streets if they threatened the rights of the working class.

One of the measures Jouhaux worked hardest for was a great program of public works to provide employment for laborers displaced by the nation's shrinking economy. This proposal ran into strong opposition, and Jouhaux boldly carried his battle against the government itself.

COLLIER'S **"Will this be your first flight?"** ROBERT J. WILSON

In 1936, the CGT official threw his most potent punch: he called a general strike, the gravest in all French industrial history. More than a million men laid down their tools and sat around in factories. The nation's economy came to an abrupt halt, creating a crisis that fastened the attention of the whole world on France.

It was the people of France who decided the fight. In the elections of 1936, they threw out the government of Albert Sarraut, and the Popular Front government of Léon Blum rose to power. Blum promptly started negotiations with the CGT. Jouhaux called off the strike on his own terms, getting a contract which called for a 40-hour week, recognition of trade-union rights, and vacations with pay.

With the exception of Blum himself, Jouhaux exercised more political power in the Popular Front government than any other one man.

In one year, from 1936 to 1937, the prestige of Jouhaux and the CGT soared so high that membership in the organization increased from about 1,300,000 to more than 5,000,000.

Among the new members were the Reds Jouhaux had expelled 15 years before. A number of parties were represented in the Popular Front, and one of them was the Communist party. Citing this, the Red unionists begged for readmission to the CGT. They were finally allowed to rejoin —under stern terms dictated by Jouhaux.

That marriage of convenience lasted a mere four years. With World War II on the horizon, news of the Russo-German friendship pact tore France apart.

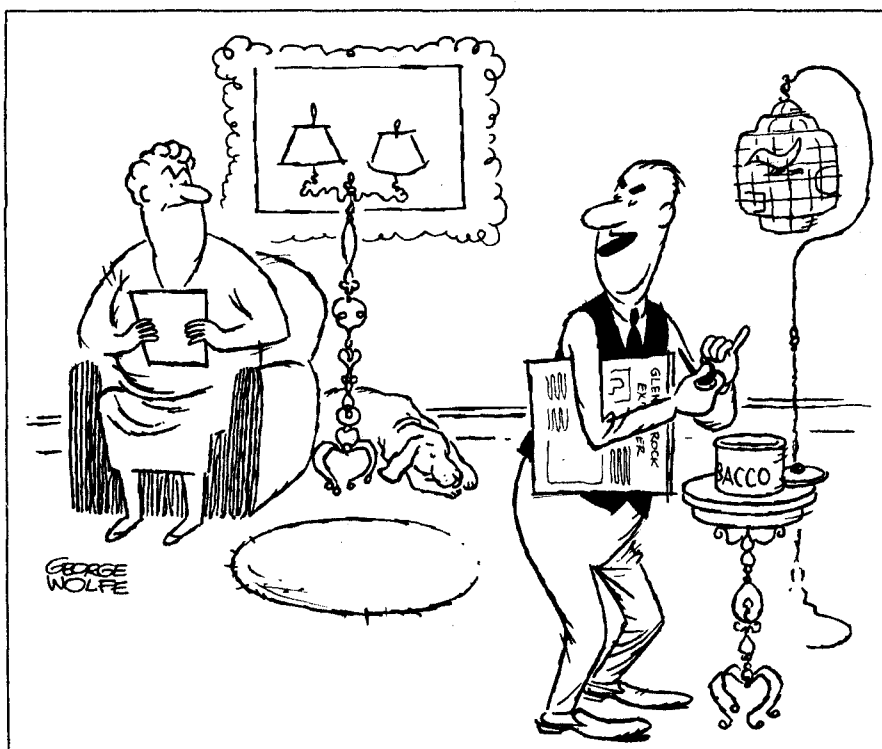
Several nights later, Jouhaux summoned Frachon and told him: "I've had enough. The people of France have had enough."

While Frachon listened without protest, Jouhaux gave him this ultimatum:

"Either you disavow the Russo-German pact or get out of the CGT."

Frachon, stalling for time, asked for a couple of days to think it over. When no answer was forthcoming by the third day, Jouhaux booted him and his Communist followers out of the CGT for the second time.

Meanwhile, France was going through a critical period, in which the labor movement was playing an important (and, some of its critics still believe, a disastrous) part.



COLLIER'S **"Met an old boy friend of yours, today. He was riding a big limousine—chauffeuring!"** GEORGE WOLFE

After the appeasement of Hitler at Munich, Jouhaux had violently attacked Premier Édouard Daladier for his part in the affair. Daladier countered by suspending the CGT's hard-won 40-hour week.

Jouhaux's reaction was characteristic: he called another general strike. But France was now engulfed by a feeling of hopelessness and defeatism, and for the first time in his career Jouhaux lost a major battle. Only half the workers responded, and Daladier broke the strike easily.

Calamity was to strike France in the months ahead; whether Jouhaux's adamant attitude in holding fast to the contract, or the French employers' greed and thirst for revenge, or the flabby and corrupt structure of the government were separately or collectively responsible for the debacle that followed is still hotly debated.

At any rate, Jouhaux bounced back from his defeat swiftly. He stumped the country, his blue eyes flashing and his voice more richly resonant than ever. Convinced that there could be no appeasement of Hitler, Jouhaux rallied the working class behind him in a demand for a world-wide embargo against the Nazis.

"The strength of Fascism—all totalitarianism," he thundered, "lies in the division of the world's democracies."

When World War II began, Jouhaux responded as he had 25 years earlier. Tirelessly, he visited factories and plants throughout France, urging greater production and faith in France. But it was too late.

After the fall of France, the "Minister of the Masses," as he was now described by his supporters, refused to flee to Britain and comparative safety. Instead, he went to the south of France, posing as an artist. (He is a talented water-colorist.) Garbed in a stained smock and beret, he organized Resistance units among the cadres of trade-unionists. Moreover, he helped to establish a courier system with Britain and set up counterespionage posts in German headquarters areas. It was during this period that Jouhaux and Frachon, now both underground leaders, arranged the third reunion between the CGT and the French Reds. They were fighting a common enemy now, and it was essential that they suspend hostilities between themselves.

In the Hands of the Germans

By changing houses regularly, Jouhaux evaded capture for 18 months. Then, in 1941, he was caught by Vichy officials and placed under house arrest. In 1943, he was turned over to the Germans.

The aging labor leader was sent to a concentration camp in Austria, a satellite camp of the infamous Dachau establishment. There he shared prison life with his old archenemy, Daladier, with his friend Léon Blum, and with wartime Premier Paul Reynaud. Old differences were cast aside. They were determined to come back and rebuild France.

But with liberation, Jouhaux was in for a rude shock. Back in Paris, he discovered that the Communists had taken over the CGT, lock, stock and barrel. In the fuzzy days of the French liberation in 1944, they had wormed their way to control of the union, executing anti-Communist labor leaders under the guise of collaboration and terrorizing others into silence.

The Communists welcomed "the General" back to the fold with a public display of affection. But any illusions Jouhaux may have entertained about exercising his old authority were quickly dispelled, for the Reds had installed their own co-secretary-general—Frachon, their Moscow-trained hatchet man.

"I had to make a choice between walking out right then or trying to oust them from control," Jouhaux explained recently. "If I went out immediately, with France prostrate and the workers hungry and penniless, I would have left them to the utter mercy of the Communists. I decided to wait and to work."

In this exacting task, he had ample as-

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sistance. For 20 years, Jouhaux's secretary had been Augusta Bruchelen, a handsome woman who had given up schoolteaching in 1924 to devote her life to the labor movement, and who had been imprisoned by the Nazis along with her boss. In 1946, Augusta and Jouhaux were married, and together they began the fight to re-establish the power of the anti-Communists in the CGT.

Jouhaux canvassed local unions all over France, encouraging despairing shop stewards who were being bullied by Red goons, and setting up his own information system with the organization. Meanwhile, he doggedly beat off all efforts to deprive him of his title as co-secretary-general.

Although the Communists didn't dare oust Jouhaux outright, they kept trying to shunt him aside by offering him high-sounding (and unimportant) posts that would get him out of their way.

Reds Refused Secret Ballot

Jouhaux stubbornly held on. Whenever they insisted, he would propose taking the question to the workers by secret ballot. The Communists, of course, demurred; they wanted no secret votes.

The tension reached its pitch when the Marshall Plan to aid European recovery was announced—and was attacked by the Reds.

Grayer, and asthmatic because of his concentration-camp existence, Jouhaux summoned all his old energy. He confronted Frachon and the Communists on the CGT's executive council with a stinging denunciation of their use of the union as a political instrument.

"You call yourselves Frenchmen," he said scathingly. "You are not Frenchmen. You are dupes, or traitors to your country and to the French working class! Otherwise, you would not oppose the rebuilding of France and the employment of French workers. You would accept the Marshall Plan."

Persisting to the last in the hope that he might yet force the Communists to leave the CGT, Jouhaux remained at his post. The Reds played it cagily, safe in the knowledge that CGT property, organizational control and funds were all in their hands.

Then, in a decision now known to have been taken in a council of war with Stalin in the winter of 1947, the Reds took the big step apparently intended ultimately to bring all Europe to their feet: they called the big November general strike. Jouhaux and his supporters, outnumbered on the CGT executive council by eight to five, were powerless to halt it, although they detected strong antistrike sentiment in the rank and file. Frachon's group closed down the factories without even the formality of a strike ballot.

Red wrecking squads roamed the country, terrorizing workers, threatening their families and cracking the skulls of recalcitrants. Teams of *saboteurs* twisted rails and flooded mines. The government rushed troops to protect workers who defied the strike. France's transport network was crippled. In Paris, army trucks were brought in to serve as busses. Railroads were sabotaged, and scores were killed or injured.

In Washington and London, statesmen privately expressed fears for the future of France—and the rest of Europe.

Jouhaux knew that the crisis had come. Despite anonymous threats on his life if he interfered, he went to the French radio on the night of December 2d to throw the full force of his eloquence, logic and enormous prestige into an effort to break the strike.

The choice, he said, was up to the workers of France: to ignore the Reds and work as free men or bow to them and face a dismal future of slave labor.

In the mines, "the General" organized volunteer defense units. One group of anti-Communist workers would stand guard over another as it went into the pits, past the line of threatening Communists.

"It was like the French Revolution all over again," one of Jouhaux's Force Ouvrière executives in the Lille area recalled not long ago. "Even the wives and families were threatened. The wives retaliated by throwing scalding water on the *provocateurs* from their windows, and even the children pelted them with stones."

By night, loyal anti-Communist railroad workers walked thousands of miles to guard the tracks against sabotage. Trains were hours and sometimes days behind schedule. But still they ran.

On the vital river and canal network stretching through France, into the international waterways of Europe, the struggle was even more bitter and decisive. Since the days when the great ports had been the Communist espionage centers of Western Europe, the Reds had used the barge network to carry their couriers across borders with a fair chance of escaping detection. When the word went out from "the General" to break the strike, the loyal crews started their own purges on the boats that snake up the Seine and the Rhone. In violent night battles, often using knives and spikes, they pitched the Communists overboard.

In Paris, Jouhaux was fighting the battle with every weapon at his command. Three times he met with government representatives, planning tactics to break the strike.

Meanwhile, his own militant allies in the CGT executive, unable to stomach the Communists any longer, had walked out. He was now alone in the executive.

The time had come, after half a century, for Jouhaux to leave his beloved CGT, join his loyal lieutenants and start a new battle and a new life, fighting against the Communists—who still held the funds, the property and all the apparatus of the old organization.

The formation of the new CGT Force Ouvrière gave anti-Communist workers a rallying point. They rushed to sign up with Jouhaux; in two weeks, he had more than 800,000 persons enlisted on his side.

The strike was decisively broken, and Communism began receding from its high-water mark in the French labor movement. The Reds were never able to mount another general walkout, and their effectiveness diminished all along the line.

An Incredible Phenomenon

"Only history will be able to give Jouhaux his proper place," Irving Brown, European representative of the American Federation of Labor, says today. "I watched this phenomenon, and it was incredible. That man, virtually alone, stopped the Communists in their tracks in France!"

Jouhaux hasn't stopped fighting. Along the entire labor front, the Force Ouvrière today challenges the Communist-dominated CGT. Jouhaux does not acknowledge that the Communists are rightful possessors of any CGT property or membership, including the name. At every opportunity, he takes them into court for a decision on their right to a building or a ledger. If they walk onto the piers and jeer at stevedores unloading arms, his supporters wade into the Communists, fists-first.

"Nothing is too small, too insignificant to let them have without a fight," Jouhaux remarked to these writers as he took a little time off during his 12-hour day to review the work of the Force Ouvrière for our benefit. "Remember, they are usurpers and they have usurped our house."

His greatest problem of the moment? He pondered briefly.

"It's all part of the same struggle," he observed. "Defeat the Communists for good. In trade-unionism, we must achieve unity, unity among all the non-Communist trade-unions. Together, we have the overwhelming majority. We must create a unity of purpose. Then there will be no doubt about the outcome.

"We must have rearmament, but at the same time we must not lower the standard of living. We must try to raise arms and living standards. If living standards fall, then the Communists gain. We must make the workers capable of fighting a good battle."

As we rose to leave, Jouhaux held up his hand to keep us a moment longer.

"Just this thought," he added. "In your American history, there's a famous saying: 'I have not yet begun to fight.' Well, we have not yet begun to fight.

"And, like you, we will win." THE END

BUTCH

"Y'happen t'have any cash, too? I had t'promise the man next door two bucks for the use of his ladder"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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DORMAN H. SMITH

THE CAMPAIGN ISSUES

Which Direction?

THE GREATEST SINGLE HOPE for peace and freedom in the world today lies in the strength of the American economy. It is the key to the whole situation. Without that strength, all plans for European rearmament and European federation, all bold words and diplomatic subtleties are meaningless.

The preservation of a sound economy depends to a great extent on the direction that the American government takes in the next four years. And the direction in turn depends on the decision of the voters in November. So that decision clearly will be the most important factor of the 1952 elections. That is why Collier's has chosen to discuss the question of direction this week, in the first of several editorials dealing with the campaign issues, which will appear on this page during the coming months.

What the voters must decide is simply this: Will the country's strength and stability be promoted best by continuing the drift toward bigger and bigger government, or by putting the control of more activities in state and local governments and private hands?

We should like to make it plain that we are not neutral in this matter. We believe that the second solution is imperative. Admittedly much of the bigness and heavy spending and heavy taxation has been forced upon the country by external events. But for this very reason it is time to try to check the growth and the spending wherever it is possible. The federal government and the federal debt—unlike Dr. Einstein's universe—cannot go on expanding indefinitely.

This drift toward big government is a drift toward Socialism. The current phase of the drift began 19 years ago, and it was born of bold and necessary measures to relieve the depression. These measures were partly emergency first aid for an ailing nation, and partly an application of theories held by professional and amateur economists in the first Roosevelt administration. Some of them were temporary, others were repealed or just disappeared, and a few survived.

But the important point is that the politicians, in the course of trying to cure the depression, made a remarkable discovery: they had an almost inexhaustible slush fund at hand in the people's own money. Their mixture of economic remedies had produced a potent political tonic. Its formula was tax, spend and elect.

We do not mean, of course, that all the spending was in vain. But we do say that the formula has not changed to this day. And we also submit that if all the money that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman asked for in the last 19 years had been spent for the purposes which they proposed, the United States would be a lot closer to Socialism than it is. For Socialism does not need to come by revolution, or even by a choice at the polls. It can creep up on an unsuspecting or indifferent electorate. It can creep up on a people who have come to look to a central government as the giver of all good gifts.

We believe that many Americans of the generation that grew up in the last 20 years take that view of the federal government. They are preoccupied with a government-guaranteed security for the individual. Now the desire for security, of course, is about as basic as the desire for survival. But neither a person nor a nation can attain a real security without some individual effort. To be secure is to be safe. And the people of the United States will not long be safe or strong if they continue to give over to a paternalistic government a little freedom of choice here and a little freedom of action there as the price of their security. For a threat to one of our freedoms is a threat to all of them.

The domestic programs of the New Deal and the Fair Deal have been offered to the people in the name of social gains and the abundant life, and the people have bought them. Some aspects of the programs have turned out to be as advertised, but in many cases the advertising has been both exaggerated and misleading.

Today we see the government spending the people's money in unnecessary competition with private business in such fields as the development and sale of power and the lending of money. (Think back to some of the loans uncovered by the Senate investigation of the RFC scandals, and ask yourself if they were in the "public interest.") Today we see young men refusing to take better jobs or to start their own business because increased taxes would leave them no better off than they are now. Today we see increasing production controls and subsidies, bureaucratic regulations, and—until our big industries were needed to preserve the country's safety once again—Congressman Celler's theoretical and, in our opinion, cockeyed, crusade against *bigness* as such.

Those are not "social gains." Those are structural economic changes. And they were not part of a political platform on which the present administration was elected. They just happened.

In this the administration differs from the late British Labor government. Most of its leaders, at least, were on the record as Socialists of long standing. And they offered the British voters a Socialist program. But on the basis of Mr. Truman's background, scholarship and pre-Presidential record, we do not believe that he is any more of a convinced Socialist than, say Senator Homer Capehart. We would say the same for many of his closest advisers.

We do not think it unjust to say that the creeping Socialism in the Fair Deal program is largely a political stratagem—though in practice it is something else again. In fact, we would hazard a guess that the President doesn't even want all that he has asked for. It is just as effective to say to the voters, "Look at all that I might have given you if the reactionaries and the 'special interests' hadn't opposed me."

The tax-spend-elect formula is an instrument for perpetuating political power. And in the light of recent disclosures it scarcely needs to be repeated that power corrupts. That is bad enough. But the Socialistic by-product of the tax-spend-elect formula is potentially worse.

We are not being alarmist or reactionary. We are not sighing for the good old days of McKinley and Mark Hanna. We are not saying that a sensible regulation of business practices is not necessary. But regulation is coming to the point where its effect is not to direct and protect, but to stifle. And if regulation is increasingly imposed on the American economy, the time will finally come when the only alternative to failure and collapse is complete government control. And that means dictatorship.

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